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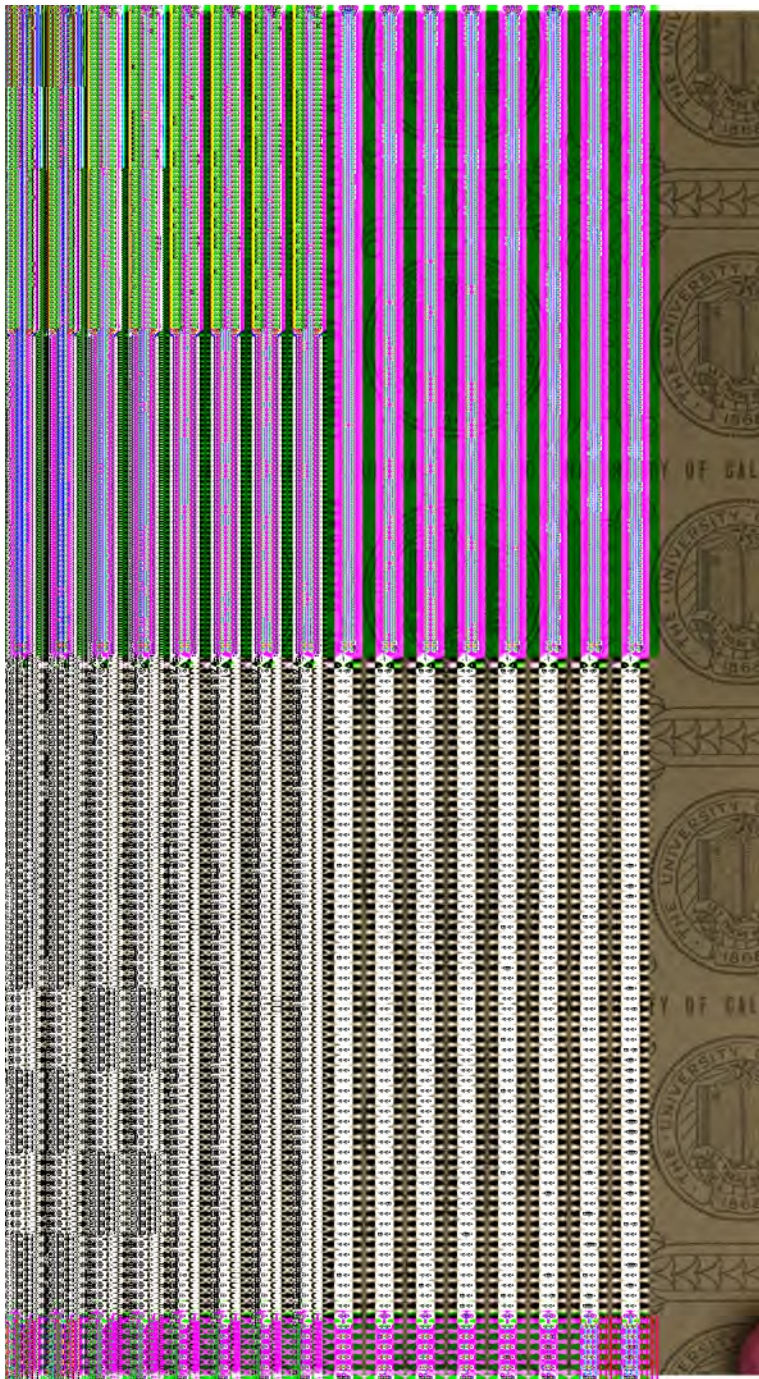
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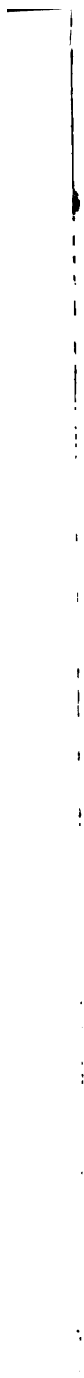
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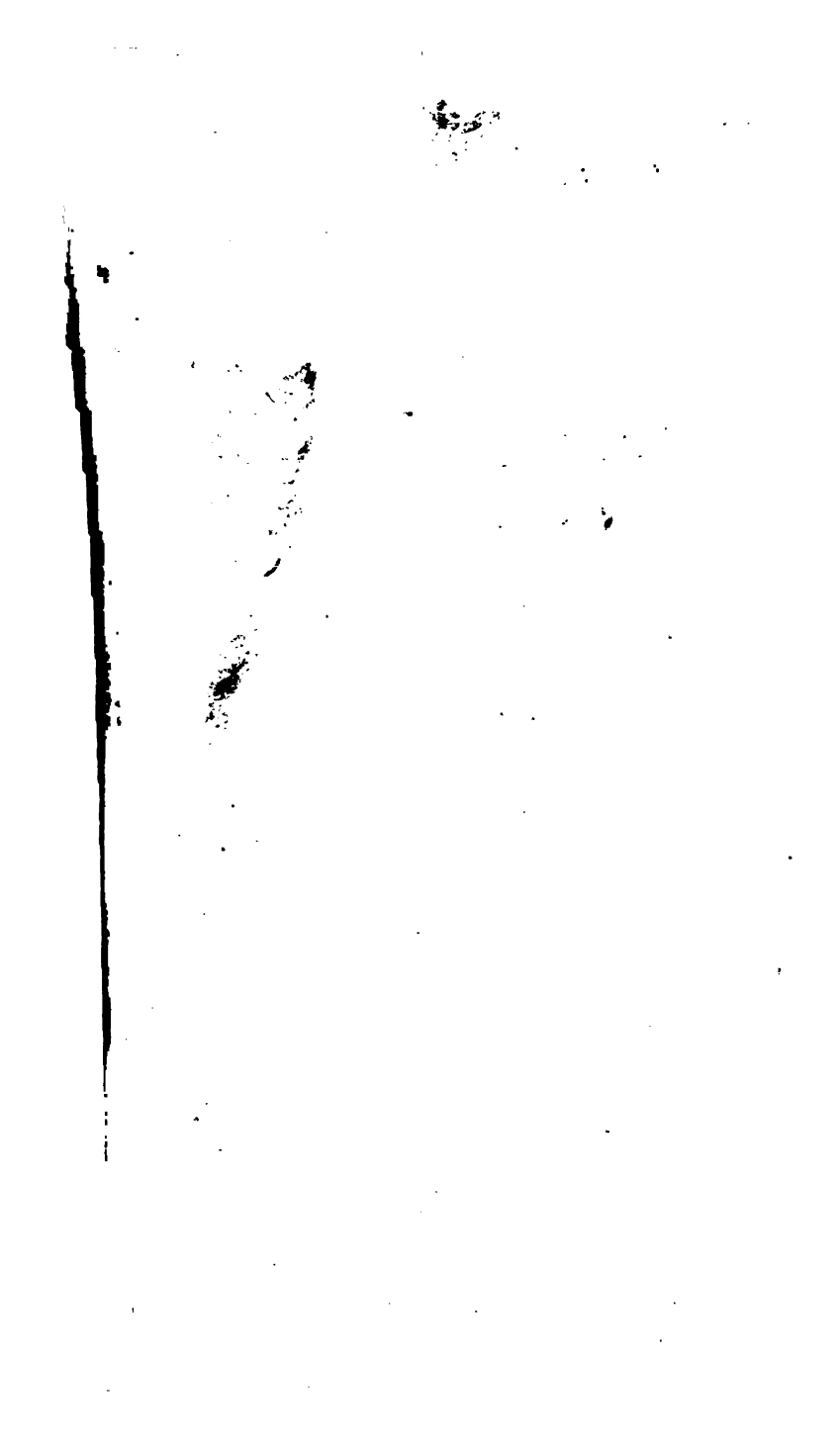
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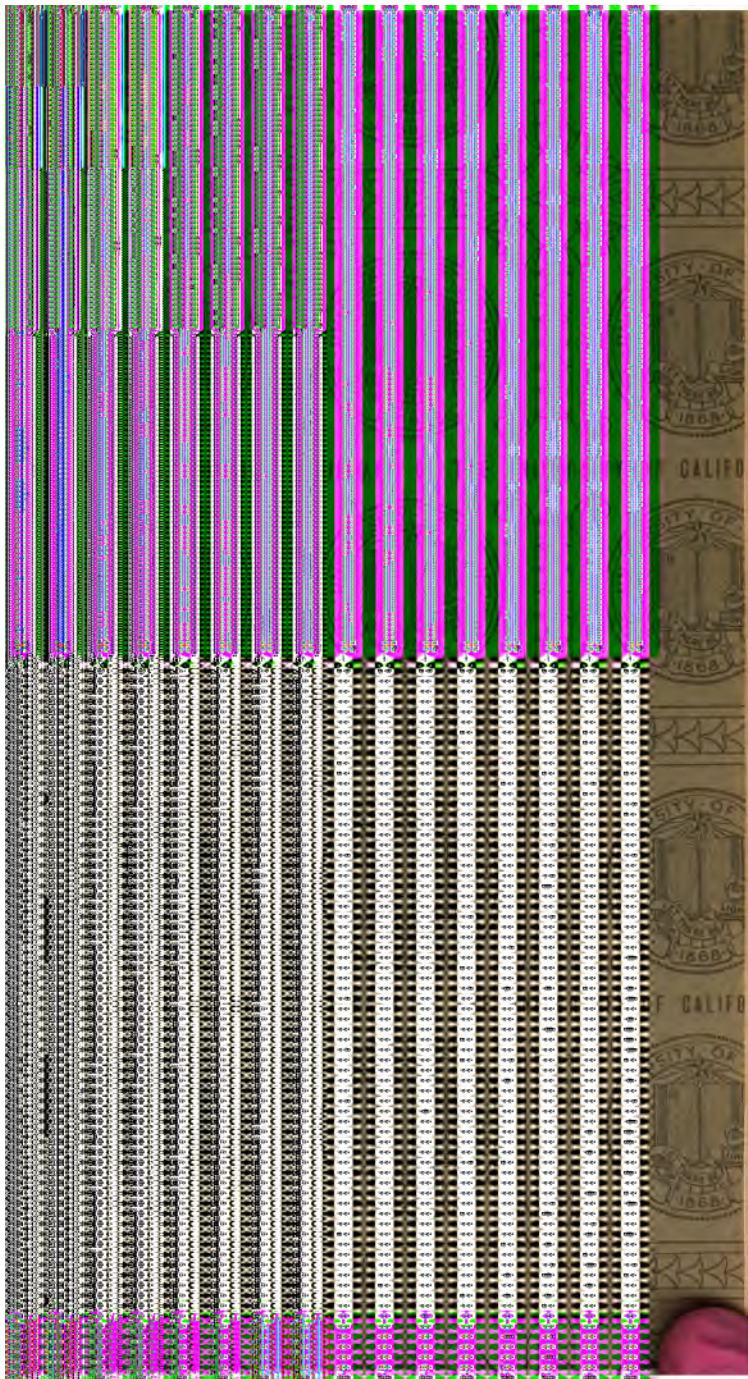




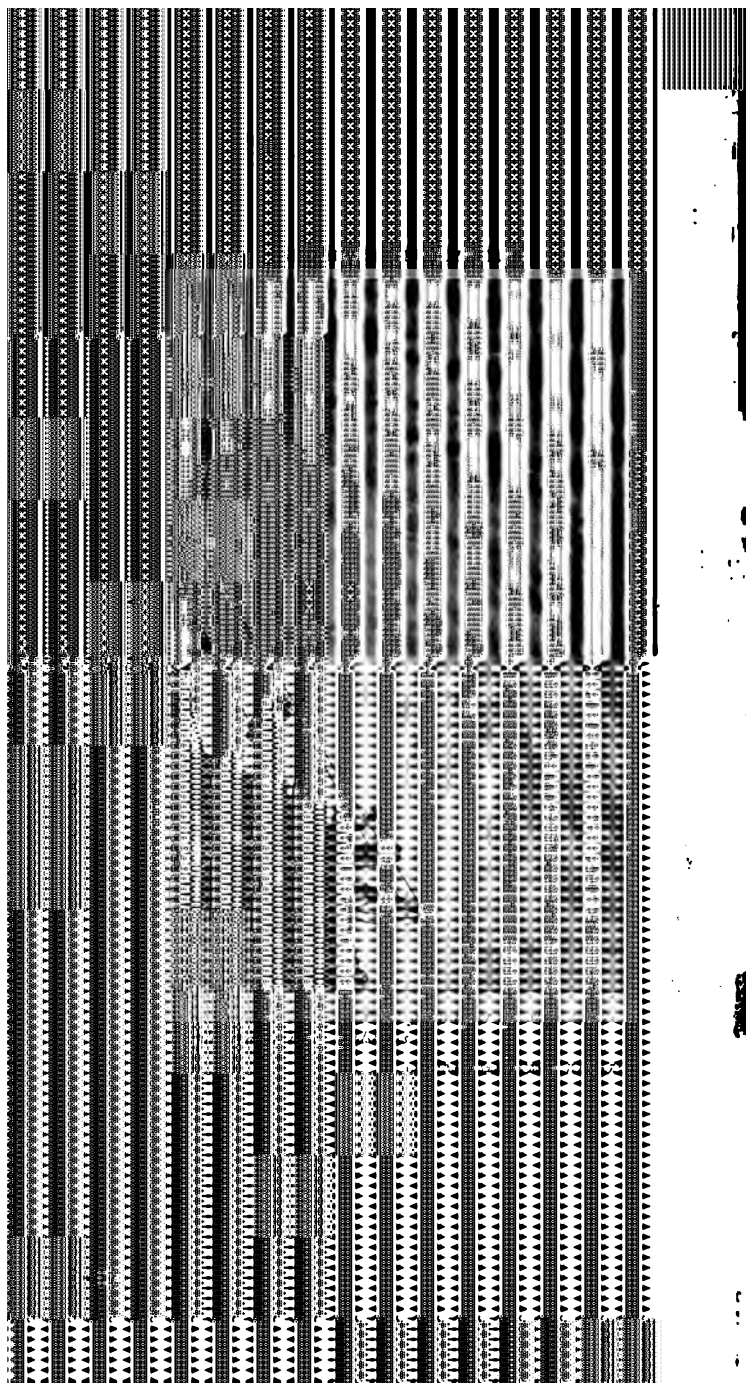












THE
STUDIES OF NATURE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED THE

Indian Cottage,

AND

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

BY I. B. DE ST. PIERRE.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES CRITICAL AND
EXPLANATORY,

BY THE REV. E. CLARKE.

IN THREE VOLUMES:

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SUPPLEMENT.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA. INDIAN COTTAGE

STUDIES OF NATURE.

STUDY XIII.

APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF NATURE TO THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

I HAVE exposed in this work the errors of our opinions, the evils which have resulted from them for manners and social happiness; I have refuted those opinions, and even the very methods of our sciences; I have investigated, certain laws of Nature, and applied them, I think I may venture to say, happily to the vegetable order: but in my opinion, all this labor would be in vain, were I not to direct it to the discovery of some remedies for the evils of society.

A Prussian of the present day, who has written much has abstained from making any remarks on the government of his country, "because," as he says, "being only a passenger in the vessel of the state, it is not his province to interfere in the management of her." For my part I think it a duty highly incumbent on me to treat of the vessel of the state, because I am a passenger, and must be interested in the prosperity of the voyage. It is my duty to employ the leisure afforded me by my very situation as a passenger, to apprize the pilots of the irregularities which I perceive on board. Such is the example which appears to have been given us by our Montesquieus, our

Fenelons, and many other illustrious men, who, in every country, have devoted their vigils to the welfare of their fellow-citizens. The only solid objection that can be alleged against me is my inability. But I have witnessed much injustice; I have myself been a victim of it. The images of disorder have excited in me ideas of order. Besides, my errors will serve to display the sagacity of those who shall correct them. If I present but one single useful idea to my prince, whose bounty has hitherto supported me, though my services have gone unrewarded, I shall obtain a recompence the most precious; if I may flatter myself with having dried the tears of some unhappy being, at the latest moment of life this recollection will wipe away my own.

Those who profit by the calamities of their country, will reproach me with being its enemy, and alledge, as usual, that things have always been as they are now, and that every thing is going on well, because their own affairs are prosperous. But it is not those who expose the calamities of their country that are its enemies, but those who flatter it. Most assuredly the writers, as Horace and Juvenal, who predicted to Rome her destruction, even amidst all her grandeur, were more strongly attached to her welfare than those who flattered her tyrants and took advantage of her disorders. How long did the Roman empire survive the predictions of the former? The good princes who afterwards assumed the reins of government could not reform it, because they were deceived by cotemporary writers, who never ventured to attack the moral and political cause of corruption. They were contented with confining their reform to themselves, and had not even the courage to extend it to their families. Thus reigned a Titus and a Marcus Aurelius. They were only great philosophers upon a throne. For my part, I think I have already deserved well of my country, if I have only told her this terrible truth, that she contains in her bosom more than seven millions of paupers, and that their num-

ner has been annually increasing since the age of Louis XIV.

God forbid that I should wish for the destruction of the different orders of the state. I am only desirous to bring them back to the spirit of their original institution. Would to heaven that the clergy deserved by their virtues the first rank conferred by the sanctity of their functions, and that the nobility protected the citizen, and rendered themselves formidable only to the enemies of the people : that the financial department, pouring its treasures into the channels of commerce, and agriculture, left open to merit avenues to places of every kind ; that each woman, exempted by the weakness of her constitution from most of the burdens of society, were engaged only in fulfilling the pleasing duties of a wife and a mother, in constituting the felicity of a single family ; that, endowed with graces and with beauty, she considered herself as a flower in that chain of pleasures with which Nature has bound man to life, and that while she is the crown and the joy of her husband in particular, the entire chain of her sex consolidated the mass of national happiness !

I seek not the applause of the multitude ; by such I shall not be read : besides, they are sold to the opulent and the powerful. It is true, the people are continually railing against them, and even applaud such as oppose them with firmness : but they abandon them to their fate as soon as they perceive that they are the objects of the hatred of the rich. They tremble at the menaces of the latter, or they crouch at their feet on receiving the least mark of benevolence. By the people I mean not only the lowest class of society, but a great number of others, who think themselves much above it.

The people are not my idol. If the powers which govern them are corrupt, they are themselves the cause of it. We reprobate the reigns of Nero and Caligula, but those wicked princes were the fruits of their age, as bad fruits are produced by bad trees : they would not have been ty-

tants had they not found among the Romans informers, spies, satellites, poisoners, prostitutes, executioners, and flatterers, who told them that every thing was going on well. I do not look upon virtue as the portion of the people ; but I think that it is divided among all conditions, that it is rare among the low, among the middling classes, and among the great, and yet so necessary for the preservation of all the orders of society, that if it were entirely destroyed, the country would crumble into ruin like a temple whose foundations have been undermined.

But though it is neither the praises nor the virtues of the people that are particularly interesting to me, its labors however are. From the people proceed most of my pleasures and of my sorrows ; it is they that supply me with food, with clothing, with lodging, with superfluities, while they themselves are sometimes in want of the necessaries of life ; from them likewise proceed contagion, robbery, sedition, and were I no farther concerned than as a mere spectator of their happiness or of their misery, they would not be indifferent to me. Their joy excites in my heart an involuntary joy, and their wretchedness afflicts me. It is not by paying for their services with money that I can acquit myself of all obligation towards them. It is a maxim of a rich and hard-hearted man : " I owe that workman nothing ; I have paid him." The money which I give to the people in return for their services, creates nothing new for their use ; it would circulate just the same, and perhaps more usefully for them if I had never existed. The people therefore bear the burden of my existence, without any return on my part ; and what is still worse, they are likewise loaded with that of my irregularities. I am accountable to them, more than to the magistrates, for my virtues and my vices. If I deprive them of a portion of their subsistence, I oblige him who is in want of it to become a beggar or a robber ; if I debauch a female, I rob society of the mother of a family ; if I appear irreligious, I weaken the hopes which

support them under their labors. Besides, religion gives me a positive command to love them. When it enjoins me to love mankind, it is the people whom it designs and not the great; to them it attaches all the powers of society, and which exist only by them and for them. Differing widely from the system of modern policy, which presents the people to kings as their property, it presents kings to the people as their fathers and their defenders. The people are not made for kings, but kings for the people. I, then, who am nothing and can do nothing, may at least offer up ardent wishes for their felicity.

I must do this justice to our nation to acknowledge that I am not acquainted with one more generous in Europe, though it is the most miserable that I know, liberty excepted. I could relate a great number of anecdotes of its benevolence, if time permitted. Our wits frequently draw caricatures of persons in low life, and of our peasantry, because they have no other object than to amuse the rich; but they would furnish them with some excellent lessons of virtues, if they knew how to study those of the people. For my part, I have more than once found among them ingots of gold upon a dunghill.

I have remarked, for example, that many petty shopkeepers sell their commodities at a much lower price to the poor than to the rich, and when I have asked the reason, they have replied: "Every body must live, Sir." I have likewise observed that many of the common people never cheapen when they are dealing with persons as poor as themselves: "They must earn a livelihood," say they. One day I saw a little child buying greens of a green-grocer; the woman gave the child an apron full for a penny, and when I expressed my astonishment at the quantity, "Sir," said she, "I should not give so much to a grown-up person, but I should be very sorry to cheat a child." When I lived in the street de la Magdaleine, I employed a porter, a native of Auvergne, name Christal, who for five months gratuitously maintained a maker of tapestry.

a stranger to him, and who had come to Paris on the business of a law-suit, "because," as he told me, "this man had on the road, in the public stage, from time to time assisted his wife, who was sick." The same porter had a son eighteen years old, paralytic and an idiot from his birth, whom he supported with the tenderest affection, refusing to place him in the Hospital for Incurables, though persons who possessed sufficient influence had frequently offered to exert it in his behalf. "God gave him to me," said he, "and it is my duty to take care of him." I have no doubt that he still maintains this son, though he is obliged himself to feed him, and his wife is frequently ill. I once stood still with admiration to look at a bashful pauper seated on a post in the street Bergère, near the Boulevards. Well-dressed people passed by without giving him any thing; but there were few servant-maids or women carrying baskets, but what stopped to bestow their mite. He wore a wig well powered, his hat under his arm, had a great coat, clean linen, and his appearance was so respectable, that when these poor people were bestowing their alms, you would rather have imagined that they were receiving charity from him. It is impossible to refer this sentiment of generosity in the people to any secret motive of self-interest, as the enemies of mankind, who have attempted to explain the causes of compassion, alledge. None of these poor women imagined herself in the situation of the unfortunate man, who, it was said, had been a watch-maker, and had lost his sight; but they were impelled by that sublime instinct, which interests us more in the distresses of the great than in those of other men, because we compare the magnitude of their misfortunes to that of their elevation and of their fall. To servant maids a blind watch-maker was a Belshazzar.

I could adduce instances of this kind without end: they would be thought worthy of the admiration of the rich if they were taken from the history of the savages, or from that of the Roman emperors, if they were two thousand

years, or two thousand leagues distant from us. They would amuse their imagination, and pacify their avarice. Certainly our own people are worthy of our love. I could prove that their moral goodness is the firmest support of the government, and that, in spite of their necessities, it is they who make amends for the scanty pay of our soldiers, and who supply with necessaries the prodigious number of poor with which the kingdom swarms.

Salus populi suprema lex est, was a saying of the ancients: the welfare of the people is the supreme law, because their wretchedness is productive of general misery. This axiom should be held the more sacred by legislators and reformers, as no law can be durable, and no plan of reform can be executed, till the welfare of the people is first established. It is their miseries which beget abuses, which keep them up, and renew them. It is because they did not build upon this foundation that so many illustrious reformers have beheld their political edifice crumble into ruins. If Agis and Cleomenes failed in their endeavors to bring about a reform in Sparta, it was because the unfortunate Helots saw with indifference a system of happiness in which they were not comprehended. If China was conquered by the Tartars, it was because the discontented Chinese groaned under the tyranny of their mandarins, while their sovereign was kept in total ignorance of the matter. If Poland was divided in our own time by her neighbours, it was because her enslaved peasants and her menial gentry did not defend her. If so many reforms with regard to the clergy, the military, finance, justice, commerce, and concubinage have been attempted in vain, it is because the misery of the people is incessantly producing the same abuses.

In all my travels I never saw a more flourishing country than Holland. Its capital contains at least one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. The immense trade of that city throws a thousand temptations in the way, yet you never hear of a robbery, nor are soldiers

ever employed to mount guard. When I was there in 1762, there had not been a single execution for eleven years. The laws are nevertheless severe; but the people, who easily find means to earn a subsistence, are not tempted to infringe them. It is even worthy of remark that though they have expended millions in printing all our extravagances in morality, in politics, and in religion, neither their opinions nor their manners have been vitiated, because they are content with their condition. Crimes are generated only by indigence and by excessive opulence. When I was at Moscow, an old man, a native of Geneva, who was in that city at the time of Peter I. informed me, that since various means of subsistence had been afforded to the people by the establishment of manufactures and commerce, seditious, assassinations, robberies, and conflagrations had become much less frequent than before.—Had there not been multitudes of miserable wretches at Rome, a Catiline would never have existed. The police, it is true, prevents public disturbances at Paris; it may even be asserted that fewer crimes are committed in that capital than in the other cities of the kingdom, in proportion to their population; but the tranquillity of the people of Paris proceeds from their possessing more numerous means of subsistence than those of the other towns, because the rich flock thither from all the provinces. After all, the expence of police-officers, of spies, of prisons, and places of confinement, is defrayed by these same people, and this sum is employed in the inflicting of punishments when it might be devoted to purposes of benevolence. These expedients are, besides, nothing but repercussions that involve the people in secret irregularities, which are equally dangerous.

The first method of diminishing the indigence of the people is to reduce the excessive opulence of the rich. It is not the latter that afford a livelihood to the lower classes, as some modern politicians affirm. They may pretend to calculate the wealth of a state; the mass of it

is certainly limited; and if the whole happens to be in the possession of a small portion of citizens, it is not of any service to the multitude. As they always see in small characters men concerning whom they care very little, and in large capitals the money of which they are extremely fond, they think it more beneficial to the kingdom that an income of one hundred thousand crowns should centre in one and the same person, than that it should be divided among one hundred families, "because," say they, "great capitals produce great undertakings;" but this is a most pernicious error. The wealthy possessor keeps only a few more servants, and spends the rest of his superfluity in articles of luxury and corruption. It is necessary that he should enjoy it in his own way, for if he be avaricious, the money is totally lost to society. But one hundred families of good citizens might live with comfort on such a revenue. They would bring up a great number of children, and would maintain a multitude of other families by means of arts that are not only useful, but likewise friendly to morals.

In order therefore to diminish opulence, without, however, doing injustice to the rich, it would be necessary to put a stop to the venality of places, in consequence of which they are monopolized by that class of society which could best dispense with them, since they are conferred only on those who possess money. It would be necessary to destroy the duplicity, the triplicity, and the quadruplicity which accumulate them on a single head, as well as the reversions which perpetuate them in the same families. This abolition would undoubtedly destroy that aristocracy of gold which keeps gradually extending in the bosom of the monarchy, and placing an insurmountable barrier between the prince and his subjects, becomes in the end the most dangerous of all governments. By such a measure the dignity of offices would be augmented; they will be more worthy of esteem when they shall be the reward of merit, and not the price of money: it would

diminish that respect for wealth which has corrupted our morals, and would increase the veneration due to virtue; it would open to all the orders of the state the avenue to public employments, which, for a century, has been the patrimony of four or five thousand families, who shift all offices from one to another, without suffering the rest of the citizens to partake of them, till they divest themselves of that character, that is, till they sell them their liberty, their honor, and their consciences.

Our kings have been persuaded that it was safer for them to rely on the purses of their subjects than on their probity. This is the origin of the venality in the civil state, but the fallacy of this sophism is apparent, when we consider that it exists neither in the ecclesiastical nor in the military condition, and that those great bodies are, as far as concerns their individuals, the best regulated in the state, at least with respect to their police and their particular interests.

The court frequently employs the changes of fashion to give subsistence to the people from the superfluities of the rich. This palliative is good, though it is attended with great inconveniences; but at any rate it ought to turn to the advantage of the poor, and all commerce in foreign luxuries should be forbidden, for it would be very inhuman to suffer the rich, who draw all the money from the nation, to send every year a considerable part of it to India and China, in order to procure muslins, silks, and porcelain, which they may find at home. The trade to India and China is adapted only to nations, who, like the Dutch and English, have neither mulberry-trees nor silk-worms. These may likewise be permitted to purchase tea and to drink it, because their countries produce no wine. But whenever we buy a piece of cotton in Bengal, we prevent an inhabitant of our islands from cultivating the plants which would have produced the raw material, and a family in France from spinning and weaving it. It is likewise a moral obligation to restore to the women the

occupations which belong to them, such as those of midwives, milliners, mantau-makers; and all such as require nothing more than address and a sedentary life in order to rescue numbers of them from indolence and prostitution, in which they seek the means of supporting a wretched existence.

A grand source of subsistence would likewise be opened to the people by suppressing the privileges of commercial and manufacturing companies. These companies, we are told, give bread to a whole province. Their establishments indeed appear striking at the first view, especially in the country. They exhibit long avenues of trees, vast buildings, numberless courts, palaces; but they enable the proprietors to ride in their coaches, and compel the rest of the village to wear wooden shoes. I never saw peasants more wretched than in the villages where there are privileged manufacturers. These privileges tend more than can be conceived to check the industry of a country. I shall quote on this occasion what is said by an anonymous English writer, distinguished for soundness of judgment and impartiality. "I passed," says he, "through Montreuil, Abbeville, and Pequigni. The second of these towns likewise has its *chateau*; its indigent inhabitants highly extol their manufacture of cloth, but it is less considerable than those of many villages in Yorkshire."* To the cloth manufacturers of the villages of Yorkshire I could however oppose those of handkerchiefs and of cotton and woollen stuffs in the villages of the Pays de Caux, which are very flourishing, and the peasants of which are very opulent, because there is no such thing among them as exclusive privileges. The privileged manufacturers finding themselves without competitors, oppress their workmen as much as they please. They employ a thousand artifices to reduce them to the lowest possible wages. They advance them money, for example, and when they have

* Travels in France, Italy, and the islands of the Archipelago in 1750.

made them their debtors beyond the possibility of re-payment, for which a few crowns are sufficient, they then have them in their power. I know a considerable branch of maritime fishery, which is almost totally ruined in one of our ports by this fatal species of monopoly. The citizens of that town first purchased the fish of the fishermen, for the purpose of curing and selling it; they afterwards built fishing-smacks, and then advanced money to the fishermen's wives during the absence of their husbands. The latter were obliged on their return, to hire themselves to the citizens, in order to pay their debt. When the citizens were masters of the boats, the fishermen, and their fish, they regulated the conditions of the fishery at pleasure. Most of the fishermen were disgusted with the smallness of their profits, and the fishery, which formerly rendered the town so flourishing, has now dwindled almost to nothing.

If I am desirous that no intruders should run away with the means of subsistence bestowed by Nature on each rank of society and on each sex, still less should I wish monopolizers to appropriate to themselves those which she has given to each individual. For example, the author of a book, of a machine, of any invention for utility or pleasure, to which a man has devoted his time, his labor, and his genius, ought to be at least as justly entitled to a premium in perpetuity from those who sell his book, or make use of his invention, as the lord of the manor to receive fines from those who build upon his domain, and even from such as dispose of their houses. Such a right appears to me to be much more consonant to the law of Nature than fines of alienation. If the public is put in possession of a useful invention, it is the duty of the state to make compensation to the author, that his glory may not be converted into his ruin. If this equitable law existed we should not see twenty booksellers living at their ease at the expence of an author who sometimes has not a morsel to eat. We should not have seen in our own

times the posterity of Corneille and of La Fontaine reduced to beggary, while the booksellers of Paris are purchasing superb country-seats with the profits of their works.

Great landed estates are still more prejudicial than extensive capitals or emoluments, because they rob the other citizens, at one and the same time, of social and natural patriotism. They moreover become, in process of time, the property of those who have offices and money; they place under the discretion of such persons all the subjects of the state, and allow them no other resource for a subsistence than either to become corrupt and flatter the passions of those who are in possession of wealth and power, or to abandon their country. These three causes combined, and particularly the last, led to the destruction of the Roman empire, as was justly remarked by Pliny, so early as the reign of Trajan. They have already driven out of France a greater number of subjects than the revocation of the edict of Nantes. When I was in Prussia, in 1765, there were no less than fifty thousand deserters among the regular troops maintained by the king, and at that time amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand. I cannot think that the number stated to me was exaggerated, for I remarked that one third of all the guards through which I passed consisted of Frenchmen; and these guards are stationed at the gates of all the towns, and in all the villages upon the great roads, especially towards the frontiers. When I was in the Russian service, there were computed to be nearly three thousand teachers of my nation at Moscow, and among these I knew many persons of respectable families, lawyers, young ecclesiastics, gentlemen, and even officers. Germany swarms with our unhappy countrymen. In the courts both of the north and south, the dancers and the actors are French. Thus much we have in common with the modern Italians, and with the ancient Greeks of the Eastern Empire. We seek for a subsistence in a different country from that which gave us birth. We see no other nation of Europe wandering in this manner

over the face of the earth, unless it be certain natives of Switzerland, who are engaged in commerce, but who return to their country after they have made their fortune. The French never return, because the precarious professions they exercise, prevent them from ever amassing sufficient to live upon in their native land. Our men of letters who have not emigrated, or who reflect but superficially, exclaim from time to time against the revocation of the edict of Nantes; but if they expect to bring back to France the children of French refugees, they are grossly mistaken. Assuredly those who are rich, and are advantageously settled in foreign countries, will not leave their establishments for the purpose of returning to France; none but poor Protestants, therefore, would come back. But what would they do there, when so many native Catholics are under the necessity of emigrating for want of subsistence? I have been more than once astonished that our pretended politicians demand so many citizens of religion, and that they abandon by their silence such a great number to the avidity of our great proprietors. The truth must be told: they have written rather from hatred to priests than from love towards men. The spirit of toleration which they are desirous of establishing, is a vain pretext beneath which they shelter themselves; for the Protestants, whom they want to recal, are as intolerant as they accuse the Catholics of being, as was proved some years since in the very country of liberty, in England, by those who set fire to the chapel of the Spanish ambassador. Intolerance is a vice of European education, which manifests itself in literature, in systems and in religion. There is another reason for these clamors; it is the same reason which makes them contend for the ennobling of commerce, and maintain profound silence with regard to that of agriculture, the most noble of all conditions from its very nature. It is, since it must be told, because the rich merchants and great proprietors give good suppers, to which they invite handsome women, who make and unmake reputations of

every kind, and because the laborers and emigrants cannot give any. The table is now the main spring of the aristocracy of the rich. By means of this, an opinion on which sometimes depends the ruin of a state, acquires a preponderance. There too the honor of a soldier, of a bishop, of a magistrate, of a man of letters, frequently depends on a woman who has lost her own.

Modern policy has likewise advanced a very great error in asserting that riches always find their level in a state. When the indigent have increased in it to a certain degree, there is a competition among these unhappy wretches, who shall dispose of himself at the cheapest rate. While, on the one hand, the rich man importuned by his famished countrymen, who demand employment, raises the value of his money, they, to obtain a preference, lower the price of their labor, so that at length they cannot procure a subsistence. Agriculture, manufacturers, and commerce are then seen to droop in the most favored countries. Consult on this subject the accounts of various provinces of Italy, and among the rest what Mr. Brydone says in his highly intelligent *Travels*;* notwithstanding the remonstrances of a canon of Palermo, against the luxury and the prodigious wealth of the nobility and clergy of Sicily, and the extreme misery of its peasantry, you will see whether money will find its level there. I have been at Malta, which can by no means be compared for fertility of soil to Sicily, being nothing more than a white rock: but this rock abounds in foreign riches from the perpetual revenue

* I quote a great number of books of travels, because they are what I love and esteem the most among the productions of modern literature. I have travelled a great deal, and can assert that I have almost always found them unanimous concerning the productions and manners of every country, when the spirit of a nation or of a party is not introduced into them. A very small number whose air of romance strikes you at first sight must be excepted. Every body decries them, and yet every body consults them. It is to these sources that geographers, natural philosophers and historians, merchants, political writers, philosophers, compilers of every description, historians of foreign countries, and even our own, apply for information when they are desirous of discovering the truth.

of the commanderies of the order of St. John, whose funds are situated in all the catholic countries of Europe, and from the property left by the knights who die in foreign parts, and annually conveyed thither. It might be still more wealthy, in consequence of the convenience of its port, situated more advantageously than any other in the Mediterranean, and yet the peasant is exceedingly miserable. His whole dress consists of a pair of drawers, which reach no lower than his knees, and a shirt without sleeves. Sometimes he may be seen standing in the public place, with his legs and arms bare and half roasted by the sun, to hire himself for a shilling a day, with a horse and carriage capable of containing four persons, from day-break till midnight, and to go to any part of the island that he may be ordered by the traveller, who has no occasion to give either him or his beast so much as a glass of water. He runs along barefoot over the rocks, leading his horse by the bridle before the indolent knight, who frequently speaks to him only for the purpose of abusing him as a low bred scoundrel, whereas his conductor never replies but with hat in hand, and calling him *your most illustrious lordship*. The treasury of the republic is full of gold and silver, and the people are paid only in copper money, called four *tarini* pieces, the imaginary value of which is about eight-pence sterling, and the intrinsic worth about a halfpenny. It has this motto: *Non æs, sed fides*—Not money, but confidence. What an immense distance exclusive property and gold place between men! A sturdy porter in Holland asks you as much in *gut geldt*, that is, in good money, for carrying your portmanteau from one street to the next, as the humble Maltese receives for driving you about a whole day with three of your friends. The Dutchman is well-dressed, and his pocket is full of gold and silver. His coin has a very different inscription from that of Malta. You see upon it: *Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*:—Small things increase by concord. There is in fact as much difference between the power and felicity

of the one state and of the other, as between the inscriptions and the substances of their coin.

It is in Nature that we ought to seek the subsistence of a people, and in their liberty the channel through which it ought to flow. The spirit of monopoly has destroyed among us many branches which are productive of great wealth to our neighbors; such, among others, are the whale, the cod, and the herring fisheries. I admit, however, on this occasion, that there are enterprizes which require the concurrence of a great number of hands, as well for their preservation and protection, as to accelerate their operations; such are the maritime fisheries; but it is the duty of the state to undertake the administration of these. Companies, among us, have not been influenced by a patriotic spirit; they are only established to form, as it were, distinct, petty states. The same is not the case with the Dutch. For example, as they go beyond Holland to catch herrings, because that fish is so much the better the farther it is taken towards the north, they have ships of war for the purpose of protecting the fishery. They have others with very capacious hulls, called *bussas*, which catch the herrings night and day with nets, and others again which are very swift sailers, and carry them perfectly fresh to Holland. A premium is besides offered for the first ship that arrives with a cargo at Amsterdam. The fish in the first barrel are paid for at the rate of a gold ducat, or nine shillings English, a piece; and the rest of the cargo at the rate of a florin, or two shillings. These encouragements induce the fishermen to advance as far as possible towards the north, to meet the fish, which are there of a size and flavor far superior to those caught in the vicinity of the coasts. The Dutch have erected a statue to the first inventor of the method of smoking and making what is called pickled herrings. They justly conceived that the citizen who procures for his country a new medium of subsistence, and a new branch of commerce, deserves to be placed in the same rank as those

who enlighten or who defend it. From these attentions it is obvious with what vigilance they watch over every thing that is capable of contributing to public abundance. It is inconceivable what advantages they have derived from an infinite number of productions which we suffer to go to waste, and of their sandy, marshy, and naturally poor and barren country. I never witnessed in any such abundance of every thing. They have no vines, and yet there is a greater quantity of wine in their cellars, than in those of Bourdeaux; they have no forests, and yet they have more timber in their dock-yards than there is at the sources of the Meuse and of the Rhine, from which they obtain their oak; they have very little arable land, and yet there is more wheat in their granaries than France reserves for the consumption of her inhabitants. The same is the case with regard to articles of luxury; for though their garments and houses are simple, there is perhaps more marble for sale in their shops, than is cut in the quarries of Italy and the Archipelago; more diamonds and pearls in their caskets than in those of the jewellers of Portugal; and more mahogany, sanders wood, and Indian canes, than there is in all the rest of Europe, though their country produces nothing but linden-trees and willows. The happiness of the inhabitants presents a spectacle still more interesting. I never saw there a single beggar, nor a house that wanted a brick or a pane of glass. But it is the appearance of the Exchange at Amsterdam that is particularly worthy of admiration. It is an extensive structure of very simple architecture, the quadrangular court of which is surrounded with a colonnade. Each of its columns, which are very numerous, has inscribed upon its capital the name of some one of the principal cities in the world, as Constantinople, Leghorn, Canton, Petersburg, Batavia, and so forth; and is, as it were, the centre of its commerce in Europe. There are few at which business is not daily transacted to the amount of millions. Most of the people who assemble

there are dressed in brown clothes, and without ruffles. This contrast appeared the more striking to me, as five days before I was at the same hour in the Palais Royal, crowded with people dressed in clothes of the most brilliant colors, laced with gold or silver, who were conversing about the opera, literature, kept mistresses, or some other subject equally trivial, and most of whom had not a single crown in their pockets. We had with us a young tradesman of Nantes, whose affairs were deranged, and who had withdrawn to Holland, where he was an utter stranger. He had communicated his situation to my travelling companion, whose name was M. Le Breton. This gentleman was a Swiss officer in the Dutch service, partly a soldier and partly a merchant, the best-natured man in the world, who told him not to be discouraged, and gave him a recommendation to his brother, a merchant who lived in the same house at which we took lodgings. This brother of M. Le Breton took the unfortunate traveller to the Exchange, and recommended him, without compliment or humiliation, to a commercial agent who merely asked the young Frenchman for a specimen of his writing; then with a pencil he took down his name in his pocket-book, and directed him to meet him at the same place, and the same hour, the following day. I did not fail to accompany him and M. Le Breton. The agent appeared, and shewed my countryman a list of seven or eight merchants clerks' places to chuse from; to some was annexed a salary of eight hundred French livres, with board, and to others fourteen hundred livres without it. He thus obtained a place immediately, without any farther trouble. I asked M. Le Breton's brother, to what cause I was to ascribe the active vigilance of this agent in behalf of one who was a total stranger. He replied: "It is his trade; he receives for his trouble the first month's salary of those for whom he provides. You need not be surprised," added he; "they make a trade here of every thing, from an odd shoe to a fleet."

We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be dazzled by the illusions of an immense commerce, by which our policy has often been misled. Fabrics and manufactures, we are told, bring millions into a country; but the fine wools, the dying materials, the gold and silver, and other articles which it procures of foreigners, are tributes which it is obliged to pay them. If they had none of these, the people would not the less have manufactured their native wool, and if their cloth had been of inferior quality, they could at any rate have converted it to their own use. Unlimited commerce is adapted only to a nation which has a small and barren territory, like the Dutch. They export not their own superfluities, but those of other nations; and they run no risk of wanting the necessities of life, as is frequently the case with various territorial powers. Of what advantage is it to a nation to clothe all Europe with their wools, if they themselves go naked; to raise the best wines, if they drink nothing but water; and to export the finest flour, if they eat only bran-bread? Very frequent examples of these abuses may be found in Poland, in Spain, and in the countries which are considered as the best governed.

It is principally in agriculture that France should seek the chief means of subsistence for her inhabitants. Agriculture is, moreover, favorable to morals and to religion. It renders marriages easy, necessary, and happy. It gives birth to a great number of children, which it employs, almost before they can walk, in collecting the produce of the earth, and in tending the flocks; but it is accompanied with all these advantages only in small possessions. We have already asserted, and we cannot too often repeat, that small farms double and quadruple in a country both the crops and the cultivators. On the other hand extensive possessions convert it into vast solitudes. They excite in the bosoms of rich farmers a love of the splendor of cities, and a disgust of rural occupations. They place their daughters in convents, in order to make ladies of

them, and send their sons to college to bring them up for lawyers and abbots. They rob the children of citizens of their resources; for though the inhabitants of the country are continually intent on establishing themselves in the cities, those of the cities will never return to the country, because it is burdened with disgraceful impositions.

Great farms expose the state to another dangerous inconvenience, to which, I believe, no writer has yet paid attention. Their cultivated lands lie fallow at least once in three, frequently every two years. It must therefore happen, as in every thing that is directed by accident, that sometimes a great number of fields lie fallow at once, and at others there are but very few. Most assuredly in those years in which the greatest part of these lands are left unsown, a much smaller quantity of grain than usual must be raised in the kingdom. This inconvenience, which, as far as I know, has never engaged the attention of governments, is the cause of the unforeseen scarcity and dearth which happen from time to time, not only in France, but in the different countries of Europe. Nature has divided with man the administration of agriculture. She has reserved for herself the winds, the rains, the sun, the expansion of plants, and she takes great care to regulate the elements according to the seasons; but she has left to man the adaptations of vegetables to soils, the proportion which their culture ought to bear to the society they support, and all the other cares which their preservation, their distribution, and their police require. I think this remark of sufficient importance to demonstrate the necessity of a particular minister for agriculture. If he could not prevent the combinations of chance in the lands which may happen to lie fallow all at once, he would at least prevent the exportation of grain from the country in years when they are mostly in cultivation, since it is a positive proof that the year following their produce will be so much the less, as most of them will then be in a state of rest.

Small farms are not subject to these vicissitudes ; they are productive every year, and almost in every season. Compare, as I have already said, the quantity of fruits, of roots, of vegetables, of grass, and grain raised every year, and at every time of the year, on the spot in the vicinity of Paris called the Pré Saint Gervais, the soil of which is but middling, and which is situated on the side of a hill exposed to the north, with the produce of an equal tract of land in the adjacent plains, cultivated on a large scale, and you will find a prodigious difference. There is a difference equally great in the number and moral character of their cultivators. I have frequently heard a respectable ecclesiastic declare, that the former went regularly to confession every month, and that very often their confessions contained no subject for absolution. I say nothing of the infinite delight resulting from their occupations ; from their beds of carnations, violets, sweet-pease, and larkspurs ; from their hedge-rows of lilach and vines, which divide their little possessions, from their meadows with their glades and their groves of willows and poplars, beneath whose shade you discover, at the distance of several leagues, either mountains undulating at the horizon, or unknown castles, or the steeples of the villages in the plain, whose rustic chimes are distinctly heard. Here and there you find rills of limpid water, the source of which is covered with an arch, closed on every side with large stones, which give it the appearance of an ancient monument. On these I have sometimes read these words, written with charcoal : *Colin and Colette, March 8th, Antoinette and Bastien, May 6th.* These inscriptions gave me greater pleasure than those of the Academy. When the families which cultivate this enchanted spot are scattered with their children over its dells and its eminences, and you hear at a distance the voice of a young maiden who sings without being visible, or perceive a young man aloft in an apple-tree, with his basket and his ladder, looking this way and that, and listening like another Vertumnus ; there

is not any park, with its statues, its marbles, and its bronzes that can be compared to it.

O ye rich, who are desirous of encircling your mansions with delightful parks, inclose happy villages within their walls. How many desert tracts in the kingdom might afford such a spectacle! I have seen Bretagne and other provinces covered as far as the eye could reach with moors, on which grows nothing but furze. Our agricultural societies who have there employed their great ploughs in vain, have considered them as doomed to perpetual sterility; but the ancient divisions of fields, the ruins of houses and ditches on these heaths prove that they were formerly under cultivation. They are likewise surrounded with farms, which prosper on the same soil. How many others might be made still more fertile, such as those of Bordeaux, which are covered with large pine-trees. The soil which produces a stately tree, is certainly capable of affording nourishment to an ear of corn. In treating of the vegetable order, we have stated the means of discovering the natural analogies of plants with every latitude and with every territory. There is not any soil, not even pure sand or mud, on which, through the particular bounty of Providence, some one of our domestic plants is not capable of thriving. But above all, it would be necessary to renew the woods which formerly sheltered those situations, now exposed to the action of the winds, which blight the shoots of all that is sown upon them. These means, and many others cannot be carried into effect by greedy companies, nor by the statute labour of provinces, but by the local and patient assiduity of free families, which are proprietors themselves, which are not subject to tyrants, but are dependent only on the prince. It is by these patriotic means that the Dutch have succeeded in producing oaks at Scheveling, a village near the Hague, in pure sea-sand, as I have myself seen. We repeat once more, it is not on extensive domains, but into the baskets of our vintagers and into

the aprons of our reapers, that the Almighty pours from heaven the fruits of the earth.

These extensive tracts of land, lost in the kingdom, have attracted the notice of cupidity; but a much greater quantity has escaped its attention, because it could not be converted into either marquises or viscounties, and likewise because great ploughs were perfectly useless there. I allude, among others, to the stripes of land along the sides of the roads, which are infinitely numerous. Our highways indeed are in general productive, since they are bordered with elms. The elm is undoubtedly useful; it is employed by the cartwright; but we have a tree which is far preferable, because no insect ever attacks its wood, which is excellent for building, and because it produces abundance of nourishing fruit, I mean the chestnut. Some opinion might be formed of the durability and beauty of its wood, by the ancient structure of the market of St. Germain before it was burned; the joists were of prodigious length and thickness, and perfectly sound though they were more than four hundred years old. A proof of this may still be seen in the wood-work of the ancient castle of Marcoussi, fifteen leagues from Paris, built during the reign of Charles VI.* We have entirely neglected this tree, which is now suffered to grow only in the recesses of our forests. Yet its port is exceedingly majestic, its foliage is beautiful, and it produces such a vast quantity of fruit in stages crowded one above the other, that it is impossible for a piece of ground of the same extent, sown with wheat, to yield such an abundant crop. It is true, as we have already shown in treating of the characters of vegetables, this tree delights only in dry and elevated situations; but we have another for vallies and humid places, whose wood and whose fruit are not less useful, and whose appearance is equally majestic; that is the walnut-tree. These beautiful trees would be a magnificent

* This monarch reigned from the year 1380 to 1422. 1.

ornament to our high-roads. Others might be planted along them which are calculated for every territory. They would announce to the traveller the provinces of the kingdom; the vine would indicate Burgundy; the apple-tree Normandy; the mulberry, Dauphiné; the olive Provence. Their branches, laden with fruit, would determine much better than the stakes with iron rings at the top, or the tremendous gibbets of criminal justice, the limits of each province and the mild and diversified lordships of Nature.

It may be objected that passengers would gather the fruits, but they scarcely ever touch the grapes on the vines upon which the high roads are sometimes bordered. And even if they were to make free with them, what great inconvenience would thence result? When the king of Prussia ordered several of the high-roads of Pomerania to be planted with fruit-trees, it was represented to him that their fruit would be stolen: "Somebody at least will be benefited by them," was his reply. Our cross roads present perhaps still more waste ground than the high-roads. If we reflect that by means of them the small towns, villages, hamlets, abbeys, castles, and even single houses communicate with each other, that there are several to conduct to the same point, and that each of them is at least as wide as a cart, we shall find that the space they occupy must be considerable. The first thing necessary to be done would be to lay them out in a straight line, for most of them wind in such a manner as to be one third longer than they ought. I must, however, confess that I think their sinuosities agreeable, especially on the brow of hills, on the declivity of mountains, in rural situations, and in the midst of forests. But they might be rendered susceptible of another species of beauty, by bordering them with fruit-trees, which grow to no great height, and which, furnishing objects of perspective, would increase the apparent extent of the country. These trees would likewise afford shade to the traveller, Farmers, indeed, assert that shade, so agreeable to the passenger, is prejudicial to their corn. This is undoubt-

edly true with respect to several species of corn ; but there are some kinds which thrive better in situations which are slightly shaded than in any others, as may be seen in the Pré Saint Gervais. Besides, the farmers would be compensated with usury by the wood of the fruit-trees, and the produce of their fruit. The interests of the farmer and of the traveller might even be reconciled by planting on both sides only such roads as run from north to south, and the south side of those that go from east to west, so that the shade of their trees would scarcely fall in the least upon the cultivated lands.

To augment the means of national subsistence, it would likewise be necessary to sow with wheat a great quantity of land which is in pasture. There are scarcely any pastures in China, which is so populous. The Chinese sow wheat and rice in every situation, and feed their cattle with their straw. They have a saying, that "it is better for the beasts to live with man, than for man to live with the beasts." Nevertheless their cattle are fat. The German horses, which are so strong, are fed only on chopped straw, mixed with a small quantity of barley or oats. Our peasants adopt from day to day customs directly contrary to this economy. They throw, as I have observed in several provinces, much land which formerly produced corn, into indifferent pasturage, to avoid the expence of cultivation, and in particular the payment of tithes, because the clergy collect none from meadows. I have seen in Lower Normandy a great quantity of land, which has been thus converted into pasturage, to the great detriment of the public welfare. The following fact was told me while inspecting a field which had undergone this metamorphosis. The rector, vexed at losing a portion of his revenue, without the possibility of complaining, said to the owner of the field, in the way of advice: "I should think, M. Pierre, if you were to gather all the stones from that land, and manure it and plough it well, and sow it with corn, it would still yield some good crops." The cunning farmer, aware of

the intention of his decimator, replied: "You think very right, Sir; but if you will take the trouble to do all you have been mentioning to the field, I should be satisfied with a tithe of the crop."

We shall never give to our agriculture all the activity of which it is susceptible, but by restoring it to its natural dignity. For this purpose it would be necessary to prevail upon a multitude of opulent and indolent citizens, who vegetate in our small towns, to go and reside in the country. To induce them to take this step, farmers should be exempted from the humiliating impositions of the land-tax and statute-labor, and also of the militia, to which they are liable. The necessities of the state must undoubtedly be supplied; but why have characters of humiliation been attached to these services? Might not a composition be taken for them in money? A very heavy one would be required, say our politicians. Most certainly; but are not our citizens likewise burdened with numerous imposts to provide for these same services? Besides, the greater the number of inhabitants in the country, the smaller would be the portion to be paid by each. A well-bred man would much rather satisfy a demand upon his purse than upon his self-love.

By what fatal contradiction have we made the greatest part of the lands of France plebeian, whereas we have ennobled those of the new world? The same cultivator, who, in France, would have to pay the poll-tax, and to go with his pick-axe on his shoulder to work on the highway, is permitted to place his children in the king's household if he is an inhabitant of the islands of America. This kind of ennobling has not been less fatal to these foreign regions, where it has introduced slavery, than to the provinces of the mother country, the cultivators of which it has robbed of a multitude of resources. Nature invited to desert America the superabundance of the European nations: she had there, with maternal attention, provided every thing to indemnify Europeans for the removal from

their country. There man has no occasion to expose himself to a scorching sun in order to reap his corn, or to the chilling frosts while attending his flocks; he has no occasion to turn up the earth with heavy ploughs to make it produce food, or to ransack its bowels for iron, stone, clay, and the primary materials for our utensils and our houses. Kind Nature has there placed on the trees, in the shade, and within the reach of the hand, all that is necessary and agreeable for human life. She has there supplied man with milk and butter in the cocoa-nut, perfumed creams in the date, table cloths and meat in the large velvet leaves and the figs of the banana, bread ready for baking in the potatoe and the root of the cassava, down finer than lamb's wool in the pots of the cotton tree, diables of every form in the shell of the calabash. She had there provided habitations impervious to rain and to the rays of the sun, under the thick branches of the Indian fig, which shooting up toward heaven, and then descending to the earth, where they take root, form with their numerous arcades palaces of verdure. She had scattered for pleasure and for commerce, on the banks of rivers, in the bosoms of rocks, and in the beds of torrents, the maize, the sugar-cane, the cacao, the tobacco, and a multitude of other useful vegetables; and in the resemblance of the latitudes of this new world to those of different regions of the old, she promised its future inhabitants to adopt, in their favor, the coffee, the indigo, and the most valuable vegetable productions of Africa and Asia. Why has the ambition of Europe deluged these happy climates with human tears and human blood? Ah! had liberty and virtue called together their first cultivators, what charms would not French industry have added to the fertility of the soil and the happy temperature of the tropics!

Neither frost nor excessive heat is to be dreaded there: and though the sun is twice a year at the zenith in those countries, each day when he rises above the horizon, he

brings with him from the surface of the sea a refreshing breeze, which continues till evening, and cools the forests, the mountains, and the vallies. How many happy retreats would our poor soldiers and our peasants, without possessions, have found in these fortunate islands! What sums expended for garrisons would then have been saved! How many small domains would there have become the rewards of brave officers or of virtuous citizens! How many skilful seamen would there have been formed by the fishery for turtle, with which the adjacent rocks are covered, or by that of cod on the Banks of Newfoundland, which is still more abundant! It would have cost the state little more than the expence of settling the first families. With what facility they might have been successively extended, after the manner of the Caraihs from island to island, and at the expence of the community! Assuredly, had this natural course been followed, our power would at this day have extended to the very centre of the continent of America, where it would have been completely invincible.

Pains have been taken to persuade the court that prosperity would lead our colonies to independence; and the American colonies of England are quoted in proof of this assertion. But England lost them not because she made them too happy, but, on the contrary, because she oppressed them. England, moreover, committed a great error by introducing into them too many foreigners. There exists, besides, a wide difference between the genius of the English and ours. The Englishman carries his country with him wherever he goes; if he makes a fortune in another land, he embellishes his habitation there, he introduces the manufactures of his nation, he lives and he dies there; or if he returns to his native country, he fixes his residence in the place which gave him birth. Very different are the sentiments of the French: all those I have seen in the islands look upon themselves as strangers. Though they may live twenty

years in one habitation, they will not plant a single tree before the door to procure an agreeable shade, and by their account they are all going to leave the country the next year. If they actually acquire a fortune, and sometimes even if they do not, they depart and return, not to their native province or village, but to Paris. This is not the place for investigating the cause of this national hatred for the place of their nativity, and this predilection for the capital; it is a consequence of various moral causes, and, among the rest, of education. Be that as it may, this turn of mind is alone sufficient to prevent our colonies from ever becoming independent. The enormous expenditure required for their preservation, and the facility with which they are taken, ought to have cured us of this prejudice. They are all in a state of such imbecility, that if their commerce with their mother country were cut off for a few years, they would soon be in want of articles of the first necessity; nay, it is well worthy of remark, that not a single production of the country is manufactured there. The inhabitants cultivate cotton of excellent quality, but they make no cotton stuffs as in Europe; they know not even how to spin it like the savages, nor to use, as they do, the filaments of the banana, or the leaves of the palmist. Though the cocoa-tree, which constitutes the riches of the East Indies, grows in these islands, scarcely any use is made either of its fruit or of its tow. Crops of indigo are raised, but none of it is there employed for dying. Sugar, therefore, is the only article which undergoes the process of manufacture, because otherwise it would be unfit for commerce; and even then it must be refined in Europe to acquire its highest degree of perfection.

There have been, indeed, several insurrections in our colonies; but they have been much more frequent in their state of weakness than in that of their opulence. It is the bad choice of subjects who have been removed thither that has filled them with perpetual discord. How is it possible to hope that citizens who have dis-

turbed an ancient society can concur to render a new one prosperous? The Romans and the Greeks employed the flower of their youth and their best citizens to found their colonies, which became kingdoms and empires. It is the bachelors belonging to the army, the navy, the law, and every profession; it is the staff-officers so numerous and so useless, who fill ours with the passions of Europe, with a love of fashion, with vain luxury, with corrupt opinions, and with immorality. Nothing of all this could have been apprehended from our simple cultivators. Bodily labor soothes the distresses of the mind, fixes its natural restlessness, causes health, patriotism, religion, and happiness to flourish among the people. But my wish is that in process of time these colonies may be separated from France. Did Greece shed tears when her flourishing colonies carried her glory and her laws to the shores of Asia, to the coasts of the Euxine and the Mediterranean? Was she alarmed when they became the stocks whence issued mighty kingdoms and illustrious republics? Though they were separated from her, did they on that account become her enemies, and was she not, on the contrary, frequently protected by them? What great inconvenience could have arisen, if shoots from the parent-tree of France had carried her lilies into America, and had overshadowed the new world with their majestic branches?

Let us confess the truth: few individuals in the councils of kings devote their attention to the happiness of mankind. When they once turn their back on this grand object, they soon lose sight of the national prosperity, and the glory of the prince. Our politicians, who have kept our colonies in a perpetual state of dependence, agitation, and penury, have totally mistaken the character of man, who is attached to the place he inhabits only by the happiness he enjoys. But introducing into them the slavery of the Negroes, they have established a connection between them and Africa; and have broken those ties which ought to unite them with their poor countrymen. They

have likewise mistaken the character of the European, who, in a hot climate, is incessantly afraid lest his blood should be polluted, like that of his slaves, and who is even sighing for new alliances with his countrymen, that the fresh and lively colors of European blood may circulate in the veins of his grand-children, together with a love of country still more interesting. In giving them perpetually new chiefs, military and civil, magistrates who are strangers to them, who oppress them with a heavy yoke, in a word, men greedy of wealth, they have mistaken the French character, which had not occasion for these barriers to keep it in the love of country, since it every where regrets the productions, the honors, and the very disorders of that sentiment. They have therefore made of them neither colonists for America, nor patriots for France, and they have mistaken at one and the same time the interests of their nation and of their sovereign, whom they intended to serve.

I have rather enlarged on the subject of these abuses, because they are not irremediable in many respects, and there are regions of the New World in which the nature of our settlements might be changed; but this is neither the time nor the place for developing the means. After having proposed some remedies for the physical maladies of the nation, let us pass to its moral maladies, which are the source of them. The principal cause is the spirit of discord which prevails among the different orders of the state. There are two ways of correcting this; the first is, to remove the motives for discord, and the second is to increase the motives for unanimity.

Most of our writers boast of the social spirit of our nation; and foreigners actually consider it as the most sociable in Europe. Foreigners are right, for we give them the most favorable reception, and eagerly seek their company; but our writers are wrong. May I venture to speak out? It is because we have no love for our countrymen that we bestow such caresses on foreigners. For my

own part, I have observed this spirit of union either in families or in bodies, or in the natives of the same province, excepting those of a single one, which I shall not name: no sooner have they quitted it than they seek each other's society with the greatest eagerness. But, since the truth must be told, it is rather from antipathy to the other inhabitants of the kingdom, than from attachment to their countrymen; for their province has ever been notorious for internal dissensions. In general, the genuine spirit of patriotism, which is the first sentiment of humanity, is very rare in Europe, and especially in France.

Without pursuing this argument any farther let us seek proofs of it which may be comprehended by every capacity. When you read any account of the manners and customs of the Asiatic nations, you are touched with that sentiment of humanity which among them unites man to man; notwithstanding the phlegmatic silence which pervades their assemblies. If, for example, an Asiatic traveller takes his repast, his servants and his camel-driver seat themselves beside him around his table. If a stranger happens to pass by, he sits down too; and after having made an inclination of the head to the master of the family, and returned thanks to God, he continues his journey without being asked who he is, whence he comes, or whither he is going. This hospitable custom is common among the Armenians, the Georgians, the Turks, the Persians, the Siamese, the Negroes of Madagascar, and the different nations of Africa and America. In those regions man is still dear to man. If, on the contrary, you step into a tavern at Paris, where there are a dozen tables, and a dozen persons enter one after another, you see each of them take his place at a separate table, without uttering a word. If no new guests should come in, each of the twelve first would dine alone, like a Carthusian. At first profound silence reigns among them, till some silly fellow, put into a good humour by his dinner, and impelled by the necessity of communicating his sentiments, opens the

conversation. The eyes of the whole company are immediately turned towards the speaker, and examine him at a single glance from head to foot. If he has the appearance of what is called a man *comme il faut*, that is a rich man, he is suffered to proceed without interruption. He even finds flatterers, who confirm what he says, and who applaud his literary opinion, or his licentious discourse. But unless he possesses that kind of distinction, were he even to quote some sentence of Socrates, scarcely has he begun his harange, before he is interrupted by some one, who contradicts him. The observations of the latter are in their turn controverted by other wits, who enter the lists, on which the conversation becomes general and tumultuous. Sarcasms, severe expressions, perfidious double entendres, and gross abuse generally terminate the meeting, and each of the company retires highly satisfied with himself, and extremely displeased with the others. You will find the same scenes in our coffee houses, and our public walks. People frequent them to obtain admiration, and to find fault with every body else. It is not the spirit of society, but the spirit of discord which brings us together. It is still worse with what his called good company. If you would be well received there, you must pay for your dinner at the expence of the house where you supped the preceding night : and you may think yourself fortunate if you can come off with a few scandalous anecdotes, and if, to please the husband, you are not obliged to deceive him by making love to his wife.

The first source of these divisions proceeds from our education. This teaches us from our infancy to prefer ourselves to others, by exciting us to be the first among the companions of our studies. As this vain emulation affords no career in the world to the generality of citizens, each of them rests his preference on his province, his birth, his rank, his figure, his dress, or the saint of his parish. Hence proceed our social antipathies, and so many abusive nicknames given by the Norman to the

Gascon, by the Parisian to the native of Champagne, by the noble to the commoner, by the lawyer to the ecclesiastic, by the Jansenist to the Molinist. We prefer ourselves in particular, by opposing our own good qualities to the defects of others. For this reason it is that scandal is so easy, so agreeable, and that it is in general the moving principle of all our conversations.

A person of high rank one day, observed to me, that there was not a man living, however wretched he might be, but what we should find superior to ourselves from some advantage in which he excels us, either in youth, in health, in talents, in figure, or in some good quality, be our own perfections what they may. This observation is literally true, but this manner of viewing the members of a society is that of virtue and not our own. As the contrary maxim is equally true, our pride dwells upon the latter, and to this it is instigated by the manners of the world, and by our very education, which inculcates from our childhood the necessity of this personal preference.

Our theatrical exhibitions likewise concur to heighten among us the spirit of discord. Our most celebrated comedies in general represent tutors deceived by their pupils, fathers by their children, husbands by their wives, and masters by their servants. The spectacles of the people exhibit nearly the same pictures; and, as if they were not sufficiently inclined to disorder, they adapt to them scenes of intoxication, obscenities, robberies; they teach them to despise at once both the magistrates and morals. Spectacles assemble the bodies of the citizens, and alienate their minds.

Comedy, we are told, corrects vices by means of ridicule—*Castigat ridendo mores*. This adage is as false as many others which form the basis of our morality. Comedy teaches us to laugh at others, and nothing more. Nobody says—the portrait of that miser resembles me; but each immediately discovers in it that of his neighbor. Horace long ago made this remark. But if people should

even recognise themselves in such characters, I do not see that the reformation of the vice would be the consequence. Can a physician cure a patient by presenting to him a looking-glass, and turning him into ridicule? If my vices are laughed at, the ridicule of others, so far from weaning me, plunges me still deeper into them: I strive to conceal them; I become a hypocrite. Ridicule, too, is much oftener applied to virtue than to vice. It is not the faithless wife, or the youthful libertine, that we laugh at, but the easy husband and the indulgent father. To justify this propensity, we adduce the taste of the Greeks; but we forget that their vain spectacles drew the public attention to frivolous objects, that the virtue of the most illustrious citizens was frequently turned into ridicule in those exhibitions, and that they strengthened those antipathies and jealousies which accelerated their ruin.

I would not have it supposed that I censure laughter, and believe, with Hobbes, that it is the offspring of pride. Children laugh, and assuredly it is not from pride. They laugh at the sight of a flower, at the sound of a bell. We laugh from joy, content, happiness. But ridicule is very different from natural laughter. It is not, like the latter, the effect of some agreeable harmony in our sensations and in our sentiments. But it arises from the clashing contrast of two objects, one of which is great and the other small, one of which is strong and the other weak. It is very remarkable that it is produced by the same oppositions that produce terror, with this difference, that in ridicule the mind passes from a terrific to a frivolous object, and in terror from a frivolous to a terrific object. The asp of Cleopatra in a basket of fruit; the hand writing Belshazzar's doom in the midst of a banquet; the tolling of the bell announcing the death of Clarissa; the print of the foot of a savage in the sandy beach of a desert island, strike greater terror into the imagination than all the apparatus of battles, executions, banditti, and death. To impress the mind with profound terror, it is therefore

necessary first to present a frivolous and apparently insignificant object, and if you would powerfully excite ridicule, you must set out with an imposing idea. You may add to it some other contrast, as that of surprise, and some of those sentiments which convey us into infinity, as that of mystery; then the mind, having lost its equilibrium, plunges into terror or into laughter, according to the precipice which has been prepared for it. We frequently see these contrary effects produced by the same means. For example, if a nurse would set a child laughing, she covers her head with her apron, and the child immediately becomes serious; she then suddenly throws aside the covering, and it begins to laugh. If she wants to frighten it, which is but too frequently the case, she first smiles, and the child smiles at her: she then assumes all at once a serious look, or covers her face and the child falls a crying. I shall say no more concerning these violent oppositions; but shall only deduce from them this consequence, that it is the most unhappy nations which have the strongest propensity to ridicule. Affrighted by political and moral phantoms, they first seek to divest themselves of respect for them, and this they very easily effect, since nature, aiding the oppressed, has placed in most things of human institution the sources of ridicule beside those of terror. They have nothing to do but to reverse the objects of their comparison. It was thus that Aristophanes overturned the religion of his country, by his comedy of the Clouds. Look at school-boys; they first tremble before their master; the first thing they do to familiarize themselves to the idea of him is to turn him into ridicule, and in this they are generally very successful. The love of ridicule is not, then, a sign of the happiness of a people, but a proof of its wretchedness. For this reason the ancient Romans were so grave when they were happy, and their descendants, who are so miserable, are celebrated for their pasquinades and supply all Europe with harlequins and comedians.

I cannot deny that exhibitions, such as tragedies, are capable of uniting the citizens. The Greeks frequently employed them for this purpose: but while we adopt their dramas, we relinquish their intention. It was not the miseries of other nations that they represented on their stage, but those they had themselves undergone, and events taken from their own history. Our tragedies fill us with a foreign compassion. We weep over the misfortunes of the family of Agamemnon, and we behold with dry eyes the wretched at our own doors. We do not even perceive their distresses, since they are not represented on the stage. Yet our heroes ably represented, would be sufficient to heighten the patriotism of the people into enthusiasm. What crowds have been drawn together by the Siege of Calais, and what applauses have been bestowed on the heroism of Eustace de St. Pierre! The death of Joan of Arc would likewise produce a powerful effect, if some man of genius durst efface the ridicule heaped by us on that respectable and unfortunate female, to whom Greece would have erected altars.

I shall here state my ideas in a few words to excite in some virtuous man the inclination to do what I have suggested. It is my wish, then, that without departing from historic truth, she should be represented as honored with the favor of her sovereign, the applause of the army, at the height of her glory deliberating about returning to her hamlet, to live there as a simple shepherdess, obscure and unknown. At the solicitation of Dunois she determines to expose herself to new dangers for the love of her country. At length, taken prisoner in an engagement, she falls into the hands of the English. Interrogated by her inhuman judges, among whom are bishops of her own nation, the simplicity and the innocence of her replies render her victorious over the insidious questions of her enemies. She is condemned by them to perpetual imprisonment. Let the spectator be shewn the dungeon in which she was doomed to pass the remainder of her

wretched life, with its long air-holes, its iron bars, its thick vaults, the wretched couch on which she lay, the pitcher of water, and the black bread that were to serve for her food ; let him hear her touching reflexions on the nothingness of grandeur, her simple lamentations over the felicity of a country life, her renewed hopes of relief from her sovereign, and her despair at the sight of the horrible abyss which has closed upon her. Let him then see the snare laid for her while asleep by her perfidious enemies, who placed beside her the arms with which she had fought. She perceives, on her awaking, these monuments of her glory. Impelled by the propensity of a woman, and at the same time of a hero, she covers her head with the helmet, whose plume had shewn to the discomfited French army the way to victory : she grasps the sword, once so formidable to the English, in her feeble hands, and at the moment when the sense of her glory causes tears of joy to flow from her eyes, her dastardly enemies suddenly make their appearance, and condemn her to the most horrible of deaths ! 'Tis then a spectacle worthy the attention of heaven itself would be exhibited, virtue struggling with extreme misery ; you would hear her heart-rending lamentations on the indifference of her sovereign, whom she has so nobly served ; you would behold her anguish at the idea of the dreadful fate which awaits her, and still more at the apprehension of the calumny which must for ever tarnish her memory ; you would hear her in these terrible conflicts doubt the existence of a Providence to protect the innocent. She is however obliged to march forth to die ; and it is at this moment I should wish to see all her courage revive. I would have her represented on the pile on which she expired, despising the vain hopes which the world affords to those who serve it, representing to herself the everlasting disgrace with which her death will cover her enemies, the immortal glory which will for ever confer lustre on the place of her birth, and even on that of her execu-

tion. I should wish her last words, animated by religion, to be more sublime than those of Dido, when she exclaims on the funeral pile :

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

In a word, it is my wish that a patriotic piece should be produced from this subject, treated by a man of genius after the manner of Shakspeare, who certainly would not have neglected to avail himself of it, had Joan of Arc been a native of England ; and that this illustrious shepherdess should become among us the patroness of war, as St. Genevieve is of peace ; that this drama should be reserved for the perilous circumstances in which the state may chance to be involved ; that should then be represented to the people, as the standard of Mahomet is exhibited in similar cases at Constantinople ; and I doubt not that, at the sight of her innocence, her services, her misfortunes, the cruelty of her enemies, and her horrid fate, our enraged countrymen would exclaim : " War, war with the English ! " *

These means, though more powerful than military force, and recruiting by violence or by artifice, which is employed to procure soldiers are still insufficient for making real citizens. They accustom us to love our country, and to love virtue, only when their heroes are applauded on the stage. Hence it is that the majority even of persons who have received a good education, are incapable of appreciating an action, unless they read the relation of it in some journal, or see it made the subject of a dramatic exhibition. They form their judgment of it not from their

* God forbid that I should excite in the bosoms of our countrymen a hatred of the English, who are now so deserving of our highest esteem ! But as their writers, and even their government, have more than once taken the liberty to make us odious on the theatres of their nation, I was willing to shew them how easy it is for us to make reprisals. May rather the genius of Fenelon, which they entertain such respect that one of their most amiable writers, Lord Lyttelton, has placed it above that of Plato, One day closely unite our heart and mind !

own hearts, but from the opinion of others, not from the reality, but from the image. They love heroes who are applauded, powdered and perfumed ; but if they see them shedding their blood in an obscure place, and perishing ignominiously, they know them not. Every one would be the Alexander of the Opera, but no person would be that of the city of the Mallii.

Patriotism must not be too often represented on the stage. It is necessary that there should be heroes who submit to death without obtaining celebrity. To put the people into the path of Nature and of virtue with regard to this point, they ought to serve as a spectacle to themselves. They ought to be shewn realities, and not fictions ; they should behold soldiers, and not comedians, and if it be not possible to exhibit to them the dreadful spectacle of a battle, they ought at least to see the necessary manœuvres and preparations in the military festivals.

The soldiers should be more closely connected with the nation, and their condition rendered more comfortable. They are but too often the occasion of disputes in the provinces through which they pass. The *esprit de corps* animates them to such a degree, that when two regiments happen to be quartered in the same town, a number of duels are almost always the consequence. These ferocious antipathies are totally unknown in the Prussian and Russian regiments, whom I consider, in many respects, the best troops in Europe. The king of Prussia has inspired his soldiers not with attachment to a particular body, which divides them, but with an attachment to their country, which unites them. This he has effected by bestowing most of the civil offices of his kingdom as the reward of military services. Such are the political ties which bind them to their country. The Russians employ only one, but it is still stronger ; I mean religion. A Russian soldier thinks that to serve his sovereign is to serve God. He marches to battle like a convert to martyrdom ; and he is persuaded that if he falls, his spirit is instantly conveyed to Paradise.

I have heard M. de Villebois, master of the ordnance of Russia, relate that most of the soldiers of his regiment who were stationed at a battery in the battle of Zorndorff, having been killed, the survivors, seeing the Prussians coming up with bayonets fixed, being unable to defend themselves, and determined not to fly, clung to their cannon, and suffered themselves to be massacred, that they might be faithful to the oath they are obliged to take on receiving their artillery, which is, never to abandon their guns. A resistance so obstinate deprived the Prussians of the victory they had gained, and caused the king of Prussia to observe, that it was easier to kill the Russians than to conquer them. This heroic constancy proceeds from religion. It would be extremely difficult to introduce this principle among the French troops, composed, in part, of the dissolute youth of our towns. The Prussian and Russian soldiers are taken from the class of peasants, and they glory in their condition. Among us, on the contrary, a peasant is afraid lest his son should be drawn for the army. The administration contributes on its part, to fill him with apprehension. If there is a bad subject in a village, the constable contrives to make the black billet to fall upon him, as if a regiment were a galley. On this subject I wrote a memoir for the purpose of correcting those inconveniences, and for preventing desertion among our soldiers; but it produced as little effect as a great many others. The principal means of reform which I suggested in it were to improve the condition of our soldiers, as in Prussia, by the hope of civil offices, which among us are infinitely numerous; and to prevent the irregularities arising from a life of celibacy, I proposed to permit them to marry, like most of the Prussian and Russian soldiers.* This method, so well adapted to the re-

I should likewise advise that the wives of seamen be permitted to embark with their husbands; they would prevent disorders of more than one kind on board of ships. They would besides find in them many occupations suitable to their sex, such as cooking, washing, mending the sails, and so forth. They would frequently assist the crew in their labors. They

formation of morals, would contribute to unite our provinces, by the marriages which our regiments, which are continually passing through them, would contract. They would strengthen the bonds of the nation from north to south; and our peasants would cease to be afraid of soldiers, if they saw them passing through their provinces as fathers of families. If our soldiers are sometimes guilty of disorders, it is our military institutions that are to blame. I have seen troops that are better disciplined, but I know of none more generous. I once witnessed an act of humanity on their part, of which I doubt whether many foreign soldiers would have been susceptible. It was in 1760, in our army, which was at that time in the enemy's country, encamped near a small town called Stadtberg. I lay in a miserable village, occupied by our head-quarters. In the poor cottage where I lodged with two of my comrades, were five or six women, and as many children, who had taken refuge there, and had nothing to eat; for our army had carried off their corn for forage, and cut down their fruit-trees. We gave them, it is true, a portion of our provisions; but this was a trifling relief compared to their number and their wants. Among them was a young woman who was pregnant, and had three or four children. I saw her go out every morning, and return in a few hours with her apron quite full of slices of brown bread. She strung them on pieces of pack-thread, and dried them before the fire. One day I directed one of my servants, who understood German, to ask her where she obtained such large supplies, and why she prepared them in that manner. She replied that she went into the camp to ask charity of the soldiers, that each of

resist the attacks of the scurvy, and many diseases better than men. The plan of embarking women will undoubtedly appear extraordinary to those who know not that there are at least ten thousand women engaged in the navigation of the coasting-vessels of Holland, who assist in working and steering the ships as well as men. One pretty woman would undoubtedly occasion disorder on board a French ship; but women of that description, robust and laborious, are proper, on the contrary, for suppressing such irregularities as are but too frequent in them.

them gave her a slice of his loaf, and that she dried the bread to make it keep, as she knew not where to procure any other provision after our departure, the whole country having been laid waste.

The state of a soldier is a perpetual exercise of virtue, in consequence of the necessity it imposes of enduring a great number of privations, and of frequently exposing his life. Religion is therefore its principal support. The Russians preserve the spirit of it among their national troops by refusing to admit any foreign soldier into their number. The king of Prussia, on the contrary, has attained the same end by receiving into his army soldiers of all religions; but he obliges each of them to follow rigidly that which he has adopted. I have seen at Berlin and at Potsdam, the officers every Sunday assembling the soldiers on the parade at eleven in the forenoon, and leading them, in order, in separate detachments, Catholics, Calvinists, and Lutherans, each to their own church, to attend divine service.

I wish that among us those causes of dissension were removed which compel one citizen, in order to live himself, to wish for the misfortune or death of another. Our politicians have multiplied these means of hatred to infinity, and they have even made the state an accomplice in these cruel sentiments, by the establishment of lotteries, tontines, and life annuities. "So many persons have died this year," say they; "the state has gained so much." If a pestilence were to break out, and sweep away one half of the citizens, the state would be very rich! Man is nothing in their opinion, and gold is every thing. Their art consists in reforming the vices of society, by injuries committed against Nature; and it is not a little remarkable that they pretend to act after her example. "It is her will," say they, "that every species of being should subsist only by the destruction of the other species. Individual misery is productive of general happiness." With these false and barbarous maxims are princes led

astray. These laws exist not in Nature, unless between contrary and hostile species. They exist not in the same species of animals which live in society. Assuredly the death of a bee was never productive of advantage to the hive. Still less can the misfortunes and death of a man be of benefit to his nation and to mankind, whose perfect felicity consists only in complete harmony between its members. We have elsewhere proved that the slightest evil cannot happen to a single individual without being felt by the whole political body. The rich doubt not that the property of the lower classes is transferred to them, since they enjoy the productions of their arts; but they likewise participate in their evils, though they have others peculiar to themselves. They are not only the victims of their epidemical diseases, and of their depredations, but likewise of their moral opinions, which become depraved in the bosom of the miserable. They rise up like the evils which issued from Pandora's box, forcing their way into fortresses and castles; in spite of the armed guards by which they are defended, they penetrate into the very hearts of tyrants. Whatever precaution they may take to secure themselves, they reach their neighbors, their servants, their children, their wives, and compel them to abstain from every pleasure in the midst of their enjoyments.

But when, in society, certain bodies constantly turn to their advantage the misfortunes of others, they perpetuate these misfortunes, and multiply them to infinity. It is a circumstance very easy to be observed, that wherever there are a great many lawyers and physicians, law-suits and diseases are more frequent than elsewhere. Though there are among them men of sound understandings, yet they make no opposition to irregularities, which are of advantage to their respective professions.

These evils are not without remedy: I have to quote on this subject examples that admit of no reply. When I entered into the Russian service, my pay was stopped for

the first month, for the purpose of defraying the expence of illness of every kind, with which either myself, my servants, or my family, if I were to marry, might have been afflicted. In this amount was comprehended the charge both of the physician, the surgeon, and the apothecary. A small sum, amounting to one or one and a half per cent. was likewise retained for the same purpose out of my pay. This I should have paid every year; and every time I was promoted, I should have given the first month's pay of the rank to which I had attained. This is the tax levied upon the officers, by means of which they and their families receive medical attendance in any kind of ailment which they may happen to have. From these funds the physicians and surgeons of each corps receive very handsome salaries. I recollect that the physician of the corps in which I served had a salary of one thousand rubles, or five thousand livres, and very little to do; for as our sicknesses produced him no profit, they were but of short duration. With respect to the common soldiers, they receive medical attendance, I believe, without any deduction from their pay. The medical establishment belongs to the emperor. It is at Moscow in a superb structure. The medicines are kept in vases of porcelain, and are always chosen of good quality. From this place they are distributed over the rest of the empire, at a low price, for the benefit of the crown. No mistakes need ever be apprehended. The persons who prepare and distribute them are skilful men, who have no interest in adulterating them, and who, rising gradually in rank and salary, know no other emulation than that of fulfilling well their duties.*

* The thirst of gold and desire of luxury might be diminished in most of the citizens by setting before them a great number of these political perspectives. They constitute the charm of low conditions, by presenting to them the attractions of industry, the sentiment of which, as we have seen, is natural to the human heart. By these the artisan and the petty shopkeeper are much more strongly attached, by moderate profits, to their low conditions; replete with hopes, than are the rich and the great to conditions of which they see the limits. The imaginations of the low are engaged nearly in the same manner as the milk-maid's in the fable. With

We might imitate Peter the Great, and not only extend to the whole kingdom the regulation which he established among his troops with respect to physicians and apothecaries, which would produce a considerable revenue to the state, but it might likewise be adopted with regard to the gentlemen of the law. It were to be wished that the attornies, the counsel, and the judges were paid by the state, and distributed throughout the kingdom, not to plead causes, but to refer them. These consonances might be extended to all the conditions which subsist by the public misery; in which case, all the citizens, finding their repose and their fortune in the welfare of the state, would contribute with all their power to maintain it.

These causes and many others divide among us all the classes of the nation. There is not a province, town, or village, but what distinguishes the next province, town, or village by some opprobrious nick-name. The same is the case with respect to conditions and professions. *Divide et impera*, say our modern politicians. This maxim ruined Italy where it originated. The more the citizens are united, the more powerful and the more happy is the nation they compose. At Rome, at Sparta, at Athens, a citizen was, at one and the same time, a lawyer, a senator, a pontiff, an edile, a farmer, a soldier, and even a mariner. See to what a degree of power those republics attained. Their citizens, however, were far inferior to ours in point of knowledge; but they learned two grand sciences of which we are ignorant, to love the gods and their country. With these sublime sentiments they were fit for every thing. Notwithstanding our universal knowledge, a great man among us would be, even in talents, but the fourth

this milk I shall buy eggs; the eggs will become chickens; the chickens will grow up into fowls; with the money for the fowls I will buy a lamb, &c. The pleasure they derive from these endless progressions is the charm which supports them under their labour; and it is so real that when they have acquired a fortune, and retired from business, their health declines, and most of them die of melancholy and languor. Ye modern politicians, approach then to Nature. It is not fittes of gold and silver that yield the sweetest tones, but those which are made of reeds.

part of a Greek or a Roman. He would make great exertions for his society or his profession, but would do little for his country. It is our faulty political constitution which produces in the state so many different centres. There was a time when we talked of being republicans. Most assuredly if we were without a king, we should live in perpetual discord. Nay, how many kings do we not make under one sole and legitimate monarch! Every society has its own, who is not the head of the nation. How many projects are made and defeated in the name of the king! The king of waters and forests opposes the king of bridges and highways. The king of colonies forms plans, and the king of finances refuses to furnish money. Amid these conflicts of the same authority, nothing is executed. The real king, the king of the people, is not served. The same spirit of discord reigns in the religion of the Europeans. What mischief have they committed in the name of God! All of them indeed, acknowledge the same God who created heaven, earth, and mankind; but each kingdom has its own, whom men are obliged to worship according to a certain ritual. It is this God to whom each nation returns thanks after every battle. 'Twas in his name that the wretched Americans were exterminated. The God of Europe is a god highly terrible and highly honoured. But where are altars of the God of peace, of the father of men, of Him whom the Gospel announces? Let modern politicians congratulate themselves on the fruits of these dissensions, and of our ambitious educations. Human life, so short and so miserable, is spent in these perpetual troubles; and while the historians of each nation, who are liberally paid, extol to the skies the victories of their kings and of their pontiffs, the people address themselves with tears to the God of the human race, enquiring which is the path they must pursue to direct their steps towards him, and to live happy and virtuous on the earth.

I repeat it, the cause of our evils proceeds from our education, replete with vanity, and from the wretchedness

of the people, which imparts a powerfull influence to all new opinions, because they always expect from novelty some relief for their former woes. But when they perceive that these opinions become tyrannical in their turn, they immediately abandon them, and hence the origin of their inconstancy. When they shall procure an easy and abundant subsistence, they will not be subject to those vicissitudes, as we have seen in the example of the Dutch, who print and sell the theological, political, and literary disputes of all Europe, which, however, have not the smallest influence over their opinions, civil or religious; and when public education shall be reformed, they will enjoy the happy and constant tranquillity of the nations of Asia.

While we are hazarding some idea on this subject, we shall propose some other means of reunion. I shall be sufficiently repaid for my investigation, if but a single one of them should be adopted.

OF PARIS.

We have already observed that few Frenchmen are attached to their birth-place. Most of those who acquire a fortune in foreign countries, come to reside at Paris. This in fact is not a misfortune for the state. The less they are attached to the place of their nativity, the more easy it is to establish them at Paris. In a great nation there ought to be one single point of reunion. All the nations celebrated for their patriotism have fixed the centre of it at their metropolis, and often of some monument of that metropolis; the Jews at Jerusalem and at their Temple; the Romans at Rome, and at their Capital; the Lacedemonians at Sparta, and in their fellow-citizens.

I love Paris:—next to the country, and a country to my fancy, I prefer Paris to every place I have seen in the world. I love that city not only for its happy situation, because all the conveniences of life are assembled there, because it is the centre of all the powers of the kingdom, and for the other reasons which gained it the attachment

of Michel Montaigne; but because it is the asylum and the refuge of the unhappy. There the ambitions, the prejudices, the animosities, and the tyrannies of the provinces are lost and annihilated. There you are permitted to live obscure and free. There you may be poor without being despised. The afflicted man is there diverted by the public gaiety, and the weak feels himself fortified with the strength of the multitude. There was a time when, on the faith of our political writers, I thought this city too large. But now I am far from thinking it sufficiently extensive and majestic for the capital of such a flourishing empire. I should wish that, excepting our sea-ports, there was not another city in France, that our provinces were covered only with hamlets and villages; and that, as there is but one centre to the state, so there should be but one capital. Would to God that it were the capital of all Europe, of the whole world; and that as people of all nations bring thither their industry, their passions, their wants, and their miseries, it might bestow on them in fortune, in pleasure, in virtue, and sublime consolation, the recompence of the asylum which they come to seek.

Most assuredly our understanding, though at the present day so enlightened, is inferior in grandeur to that of our ancestors. With their simple and Gothic manners, they, in my opinion, cherished the idea of making it the capital of Europe. Look at the traces of this plan in the names which they gave to most of their establishments; the Scotch College, the Irish College, the College of the Four Nations; and in the foreign names of the companies of the light horse. Look at that grand monument Notre Dame, built more than six hundred years ago, at a time when Paris contained not one fourth of its present population; it is more capacious and extensive than any other of the kind that has since been erected. I wish the spirit of Philip Augustus, a prince too little known in our frivolous age, still presided over its establishments, and extended the advantages of them to all nations. Not but

that natives of every other country are welcome for their money: our very enemies may live there undisturbed, provided they are rich; but above all, I would render the city just and kind to her own children. I know not that a Frenchman derives the least advantage from being born within its walls, unless it be that when he is poor he is allowed to expire in some one of its hospitals. Rome conferred many other privileges on her citizens; the meanest of them enjoyed more rights and honors than even the kings who were in alliance with the republic.

It is pleasures that draw the greatest number of foreigners to Paris; and those vain pleasures, if we examine their source, originate in the misery of the people, and the low price at which women of pleasure, spectacles, articles of fashion, and other productions of luxury may be procured. These means have been highly extolled by our modern politicians. I cannot deny that they bring considerable sums of money into the country, but, in time, the neighboring nations imitate them; the money of foreigners find its way thither, but their immorality is left behind. See what has become of Venice, with its glasses, its pomatums, its courtezans, its masquerades, and its carnival. The frivolous arts of which we boast, were borrowed from Italy, and they now constitute its weakness and its misery.

The most beautiful spectacle that a government is capable of affording, is that of a laborious, industrious, and contented people. We are taught to read in books, in pictures, in algebra, in heraldry, and not in men. Connoisseurs admire a head of a Savoyard painted by Grèuze; but the Savoyard himself is walking to and fro at the corner of the street, half frozen, and no one takes notice of him. That mother with her little children forms a charming group; the picture is invaluable; the original is in the next garret, and has not a penny in the world. Philosophers, you are justly enraptured, when contemplating families of birds, of fishes, and of quadrupeds, whose

instincts are so varied, and to whom the same sun imparts life. Examine the families of men composing the inhabitants of this capital; you would say that each of them had borrowed its manners and its industry from some species of animal, so different are their occupations. Observe in these plains at the entrance of the city, that general officer, mounted on a stately charger; he is exercising his troops; look at the heads, the shoulders, and the feet of his men, placed in the same line; all of them have but one look and one motion. He gives a signal, and instantly a thousand bayonets start forth; he gives another, and a thousand fires flash from this rampart of iron. You would think, from their precision, that a single fire had issued from a single musket. He gallops round those regiments covered with smoke, to the sound of drums and fifes; you would say it was the eagle of Jove, bearing his lightnings and hovering around Etna. A hundred paces off is an insect among the men. Look at that little chimney-sweeper, of the color of smoke, with his lantern, his cymbal, and his leather knee-pieces; he resembles a scarabeus. Like the insect which, in Surinam, is called the lantern-fly, he shines in the night. That child, those soldiers, that general are all men alike; and while birth, pride, and necessity establish the widest differences among them, religion makes them equal: it abases the head of the great, by shewing them the vanity of their power, and it raises that of the unfortunate, by presenting to them immortal hopes. Thus it reduces all men to the equality which Nature had established at their birth, and which society had broken.

Our Sybarites imagine that they have exhausted the whole circle of pleasures. Our melancholy old men consider themselves as unserviceable to the world: they see before them no other prospect than death. Ah! Paradise and life may still be enjoyed on earth by those who know how to do good.

If I had been in the least degree entitled to the epithet

of rich, I should have procured myself a thousand new enjoyments. Paris would have become to me another Memphis. Its immense population is unknown to us. I should have had a small apartment in one of its suburbs, near the quarries, another at the opposite extremity on the banks of the Seine, in a house shaded by willows and poplars; another in one of the most frequented streets; a fourth at a gardener's, in a house surrounded with apricot-trees, with fig-trees, cabbages, and lettuces; a fifth in the avenues to the city, at a vine-dresser's.

It is undoubtedly easy to find lodgings of this kind every where at a low price; but it is not so easy to find landlords and neighbors who are honest people. There is much corruption among the lower classes, but there are various means of discovering good people among them; and it is with this that I commence my search of pleasure. Like a new Diogenes, I set out to look for men. As I seek only the unfortunate, I have no necessity for a lantern. I rise at the dawn of day, and I repair to early mass, in a church which is still illumined only by the twilight. I there find a number of poor people, assembled to pray to God to bless their labors. Piety, unawed by human respect, is a positive proof of probity; and love of labor is another. I perceive in cold and rainy weather a whole family lying on the ground, and weeding a garden;* these are good people. Night itself is not capable of concealing virtue. At midnight, the glimmer of a lamp through the casement of a garret, announces to me some poor widow, who prolongs her labors to support her infants who are sleeping round her. These shall be my

* In general, those who are engaged in the cultivation of the earth are honest people. Plants carry their theology along with them. One day, however, I met with a reaper who was an atheist. He had not, it is true, borrowed his opinion from the fields, but from books. He appeared perfectly satisfied with the extent of his knowledge. On leaving him, I said to him: "You have done great things to have employed the researches of your reason in rendering yourself miserable."

In the subjoined examples there is scarcely any thing of my own invention, excepting the good which I never did.

neighbors and my hosts. I announce myself to them as a passenger, as a stranger who is seeking a lodging in that part of the town. I request them to give me a portion of their's, or to seek one for me in the neighborhood. I offer a good price, and am fixed at once.

I take good care not to give money, or any thing by way of charity, to these honest people, in order to gain their affections; I have much more honourable methods of winning their friendship. I charge them to ay in a larger supply of provisions than I want, and the superfluity is theirs; I pay their children for any little services they render me; on a holiday I take out the whole family into the fields to dine with me on the grass; the father and mother return home at night loaded with victuals for the rest of the week. At the approach of winter I clothe their children with woollen stuffs; their little members bless me, because my superb gifts have not frozen their hearts. It was the godfather of the youngest brother who made them a present of their clothes. The less you strain the bonds of gratitude, the stronger they are.

I not only enjoy the pleasure of doing good, and of doing it seasonably, but I likewise procure myself amusement and instruction. We admire in our books the works of artisans; but our books rob us of half our pleasure, and stifle the gratitude we owe them. They separate us from the people, and deceive us by exhibiting the arts with great apparatus and in a false light, like objects on a stage, or in a magic lantern. Besides, there is more knowledge in the head of an artisan than in his art, and more intelligence in his hands than in the language of the writer who translates him. Objects carry their expression with them: *rem verba sequuntur*. The man of the lower order has moreover a manner of observing and of feeling which is not indifferent. While the philosopher soars as high as possible into the clouds, he keeps at the bottom of the valley, and sees very different prospects in the

world. Misfortune forms him, in time, just like any other person. His language becomes pure with years; and I have frequently remarked, that there is very little difference in point of justness, perspicuity, and simplicity, between the expressions of an aged peasant, and those of an old courtier. Time effaces from their languages and their manners the rusticity and the delicacy which society had introduced into them. Old age, like infancy, places all men upon a level, and restores them to Nature. In one of my encampments, I have a host who has circumnavigated the globe. He has been a sailor, a soldier, a freebooter. He is circumspect as Ulysses, but much more sincere. When I make him sit down with me at table, and he has tasted my wine, he relates to me his adventures. His memory is stored with anecdote. How many chances has he not lost of making his fortune! He is another Fernand Mendez Pinto. However, he has a good wife, and he lives contented.

In another lodging I have a host whose life has been totally different; he has scarcely ever been out of Paris, and seldom stirs even out of his shop. Though he has not wandered over the world, he has not been the less miserable. He was once in good circumstances; he had amassed by his industry fifty double louis-d'ors, when one night his wife and his daughter ran away with his treasure. It was with difficulty he survived the shock. He thinks no more of it, he says, and his tears still flow while he speaks. I strive to comfort him; I give him employment: he seeks by labor to dissipate his grief. His industry amuses me; I sometimes pass whole hours in watching him drill and turn pieces of oak, as hard as ivory.

I sometimes stop, in the heart of the city, before the shop of a blacksmith, like Liches, the Lacedæmonian, at Tegea, and look at him forging and striking the iron. When this man observes me attentive to his work, I shall soon obtain his confidence. I repair not, like Liches, to

the tomb of Orestes;* but I have occasion for the art of a blacksmith, if not for myself, at least for others. I give him an order for various household utensils, of which I intend to make a monument to preserve my memory in some poor family. I likewise wish to acquire the friendship of the mechanic; I am well assured that the attention I pay to his work will induce him to exert all his skill. Thus I shall kill two birds with one stone. A rich man, in a similar case, would bestow alms, and oblige nobody. "One day," said J. J. Rousseau to me on this subject, "I was at a gentleman's house in a village near Paris, at the time of the fair. After dinner the company walked out to see the fair, and amused themselves with throwing money to the peasants, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them scramble for it. For my part, following my solitary humour, I walked by myself. I observed a little girl who had apples to sell on a basket which she carried before her. She might praise her fruit as much as she pleased, she could find no more customers for it. "What do you ask for all your apples?" said I to her. "All my apples?" replied she, at the same time calculating to herself how much they would come to. "Sixpence, Sir," said she. "I will take them" said I, "at that price, on condition that you will go and distribute them among the little Savoyards you see yonder," which she immediately did. The children were highly delighted with the treat, and so was the little girl with having sold off all her merchandize, I should have conferred on them much less pleasure had I given them money. All parties were gratified, without any being humbled." It is a great art to do good well. Religion teaches us the secret, by enjoining us to treat others as we would be treated ourselves.

Sometimes I sally forth upon the high road, like the ancient patriarchs, to welcome to the city strangers, who

* See Herodotus, Book I.

are proceeding thither. I recollect the time when I was myself a traveller, far from my native country, and the kind reception I experienced from strangers. I have frequently heard nobles of Poland and Germany complain of our great men. When they visit their countries, they are continually giving entertainments; but when in their turn, they come to France, they are totally neglected. They receive a dinner on their arrival, and another at their departure; and these are the limits of their hospitality. For my part, as it is not in my power to give them such a reception as they gave me, I acquit myself towards their countrymen. I observe a German travelling on foot: I persuade him to come and take a night's lodging with me. A good supper and good wine render him disposed to relate to me the object of his journey. He is an officer; he has been in the Prussian and Russian service; he has seen the partition of Poland. I interrupt him to enquire after Marechal de Munich, the generals de Villebois and du Bosquet, Count de Munchio, my friend M. de Taubenheim, and Prince Xatorinski, formerly marechal of the Polish confederacy, whose prisoner I was. "Most of them are dead," says he; "the others have grown old, and have retired from public affairs." "O!" exclaim I, "how melancholy it is to travel in foreign countries, and there to become acquainted with worthy men whom we are destined never to see again! O! what a rapid career is life! Happy he who can employ it in doing good!" My guest relates to me a part of his adventures, to which I pay the greatest attention, from their resemblance to my own. He has sought only to deserve well of mankind, and has been calumniated and persecuted by them. He is unfortunate; he is come to France to throw himself under the protection of the queen; he cherishes great hopes of her favor. I strengthen these hopes by the idea which the public opinion has given me of the character of the princess, and by that which Nature has stamped upon her features. He tells me that I open his heart to

consolation. He siezes my hand with deep emotion. My reception is a favorable omen to him; he would not have met with such a one in his own country. O! what acute anguish may be allayed by a single word, and by a feeble token of benevolence!

I recollect that one day I found near the gate of Chailot, at the entrance into the Elysian Fields, a young woman, seated with an infant on her lap on the brink of a ditch. She was handsome, if that epithet may be applied to a woman overwhelmed with melancholy. I went into the lonely alley where she was, and she had scarcely perceived me, before she turned her eyes another way; her timidity and her modesty rivetted mine upon her. I remarked that her clothes were very decent and very clean; but her gown and her neck-handkerchief were so full of darns, you would have said that spiders had woven the stuff of which they were made. I approached her with that respect which is due to the unfortunate; I saluted her first, and she returned my salutation with civility, but with coldness. I then endeavoured to draw her into conversation, by talking of the weather: she replied only by monosyllables. I then asked her if she had been taking a walk in the fields, on which she began to sob and to weep without saying a word. I sat down by her, and urged her with all possible circumspection to acquaint me with the subject of her distress. "Sir," said she, "my husband has failed at Paris for five thousand livres; I have been accompanying him as far as Neuilly; he has undertaken, on foot, a journey of sixty leagues, to collect a little money that is owing us. I have given him my rings and all I had to support him during his journey, and have nothing left but twenty-four sous to maintain myself and my child." "To what parish do you belong, madam?" asked I. "To St. Eustace," she replied. "The rector," I rejoined, "is accounted a very charitable man." "Yes, Sir," said she; "but you must know that parishes have no charity for us wretched Jews." At these words

her tears flowed still faster; and she rose to continue her way. I offered her a very trifling relief, which I requested her to accept as a proof at least of my good will. She did accept it, and made me more curtsies and loaded me with more thanks and benedictions than if I had retrieved her affairs. What delicious pleasures would that man enjoy who should spend in this manner ten thousand livres a year!

My different establishments, scattered over the capital and its vicinity, render my life highly varied and agreeable. In winter I fix my quarters in that which is fully exposed to the mid-day sun; in summer I occupy one to the north, on the banks of the river; another time I encamp in the neighborhood of the street d'Artois, among the heaps of free-stone, and observe palaces, pediments with sphynxes, domes, and kiosks rising around me. I take good care not to enquire who are the masters of them: ignorance is the mother of pleasures and of admiration. I am in Egypt, in Babylon, in China. To-day I sup beneath an acacia; and am in America; to-morrow I will dine amidst kitchen gardens, under a trellis, and in the shade of lilachs, and shall be in France.

But I hear some one say, is not this kind of life attended with danger? Is it possible that I could meet with my death in the practice of virtue? I have indeed heard that people have lost their lives in the chase, in parties of pleasure, and in voyages, but rarely in acts of beneficence. Gold, among the lower classes, powerfully commands respect. I shall appear rich enough to obtain their respect, but not tempt them to rob me. Besides, the police of Paris is in the best order. I use the greatest caution in the choice of my hosts, and if I perceive myself mistaken in them, I pay for my lodging in advance, and never return to it again.

In this plan of life I have no occasion for household goods or for servants. With what tender anxiety I am expected in each of my lodgings! What joy is excited by

my arrival ! what attention and what zeal in my hosts to anticipate my wants ! I enjoy the delight of the most endearing ties of society, without being subject to their inconveniencies. No one sits down to my table to speak ill of another, and no one quits it to speak ill of me. I have no children ; but those of my landlady are more solicitous to please me than their parents. I have no wife ; the sweetest pleasures of love is to contribute to the felicity of others. I help to bring about happy marriages, or to preserve in happiness such as are already concluded. I thus charm my own sorrows ; I delude my passions by proposing to them the noblest aim they are capable of attaining in the world. I approach the unhappy for the purpose of consoling them, and it is perhaps to them that I shall be indebted for consolation.

'Tis thus you might live, O ye great, and multiply your transient days on this earth, where ye are but sojourners. 'Tis thus you would become acquainted with your fellow-men, and would cease to form a people foreign to your nation, a conquering people that lives upon its spoils. 'Tis thus, when going forth from your palaces, surrounded with a multitude of clients, who would load you with benedictions, ye would revive the remembrance of the first patricians, so dear to the people of Rome. Ye seek every day some new spectacle : can any be more new than the felicity of men ? Ye want interesting ones : can any be more interesting than to behold families of poor peasants diffusing fecundity over your vast and solitary domains, or old soldiers who have deserved well of their country, finding there happy retreats. Your countrymen are preferable to the heroes of tragedy, and to the shepherds of the comic opera.

The indigence of the people is the primary cause of the physical and moral maladies of the rich. For this it is the duty of the administration to provide. As to the maladies of the mind which result from it, I should wish to discover some palliatives for them. For this purpose I

should suggest the formation at Paris of some establishment, similar to those instituted by some charitable physicians and learned lawyers to remedy corporeal evils and the persecutions of fortune ; I mean councils of consolation, to which an unfortunate person, sure that his secret would not be revealed, might, even *incognito*, unfold the cause of his sorrows. We have, it is true, confessors and preachers, for whom the sublime function of consoling the unhappy seems to be reserved ; but confessors are not always at the call of their penitents, especially when these are poor and not known to them. Nay, there are many confessors who possess neither the talents nor the experience necessary for consoling the afflicted. The question is not to absolve a man who accuses himself of his sins, but to assist him to bear those of others, which oppress him much more. As to preachers, their sermons are in general too vague and too inapplicable to the different circumstances of their auditory. It would be much better if they were to announce the subjects of them to the public rather than their titles and their dignities. They will declaim against avarice to a spendthrift, and against prodigality to a miser. They will speak of the dangers of ambition to a young man amorous and indolent, and those of love to an aged devotee. They will insist on the duty of giving alms before those who receive charity, and on that of humility to the water-carrier. There are some who preach penitence to the unfortunate, who promise Paradise to voluptuous courts, and threaten the poor cottager with damnation. I have seen in the country a wretched woman, whose intellects were deranged by a sermon of this kind. She imagined herself doomed to everlasting perdition, and continually kept her bed without speaking or moving. They never preach on the subject of languor, sadness, scruples, melancholy, grief, and many other maladies which affect the mind. Besides, what innumerable circumstances vary in each auditor the nature of the pain he feels, and render all the scaffolding

of a fine discourse unserviceable to him! It is not easy to find in a wounded and timid mind the precise point which pains it, and to apply to its wound the balm and the hand of the Samaritan. It is an art which is known only to sensible souls who have themselves suffered much, and which is not always the portion of those that are merely virtuous.

The people are sensible of this want of consolation; and finding no man of whom they can demand it, they address themselves to stones. I have sometimes read with emotion in our churches billets affixed by unfortunate persons to the corner of certain pillars in an obscure chapel. They were written by wives ill-treated by their husbands, by young people in embarrassed circumstances; they asked not for money, they only desired prayer. They were ready to be overwhelmed with despair, their distress was inexpressible. Ah! if those who are thoroughly acquainted with affliction were to unite from every condition, and to offer the wretched their experience and their sensibility, more than one illustrious unfortunate would seek of them those consolations which neither preachers, nor books, nor all the philosophy of the world are capable of affording. To sooth the anguish of the lower classes, nothing more is frequently necessary than to find some one to whom they can communicate their sorrows.

A society, formed of men such as I imagine to myself, would endeavor to eradicate the vices and the prejudices of the people. It would strive, for example, to apply some remedy to the barbarity with which they treat their miserable horses, at the same time making the city resound with horrible imprecations. It would likewise prevail upon the rich to have compassion on men in their turn. You see in the hottest weather stone-cutters entirely exposed to the sun, and to the scorching reverberation of their white stone. Hence these poor people are often afflicted with burning fevers and diseases of the eyes,

which render them blind. At other times they are drenched with the long rains of winter, or chilled by its cutting blasts, which produce violent colds. Would it be very expensive to a master who possesses humanity, if he were to fix up on poles over these work-places, a moveable covering of matting or straw, to shelter his men? By these precautions he would preserve them from various maladies both of body and mind; for most of them, as I have observed, pique themselves on a false point of honor, and dare not seek shelter from the heat of the sun, or the inclemency of the weather for fear of incurring the ridicule of their companions.

It is possible to make morality palatable to the people, without much preparation. The very disguise renders truth suspected. I have frequently seen simple mechanics shed tears at the perusal of our best novels, or at the representation of certain tragedies. They afterwards enquired if the subject which had made them weep was true, and when they were told it was fictitious, they made light of it, and were even angry at having been affected for nothing. Fables are necessary for the rich to make them relish morality, and morality cannot render fables palatable to the poor, because the poor expected happiness only from truth, and the rich hope for it only from illusion.

The rich, however, have not less occasion than the vulgar for moral affections. These are, as we have seen, the moving principles of all human passions. In vain they refer the plan of their happiness to physical objects; they are soon disgusted with their palaces, their pictures, and their parks, when instead of sentiments, they experience nothing but sensations. This is so true that if, in the midst of their languor, a stranger comes to admire their luxury, all their enjoyments are renewed. They seem to have devoted their lives to an obscure voluptuousness; but present to them a single ray of glory, even in the jaws of death, and they will fly to it. Offer them

regiments, and they will run to immortality. It is then moral sentiment which it is necessary to refine and to direct in men : consequently, it is not in vain that religion enjoins virtue, which is moral sentiment by excellence, since it is the road to happiness in this world, and in that which is to come.

This society would likewise extend its attention even to the very retreats of virtue. I have remarked that, about the age of forty-five years, a great revolution takes place in the generality of mankind ; and, to tell the truth, that they then become worse, and devoid of principle. It is then that women are transformed into men, as a celebrated writer expresses himself, that is, become thoroughly depraved. This fatal revolution is a consequence of the vices of our education, and of our society. Both the one and the other present felicity to man only about the middle of life, in fortune and honors. When we have toiled up this steep mountain, and have attained its summit, towards the middle of our lives we begin to descend with our eyes averted from our youth, because we have before us no other prospect but death. Thus the career of human life is divided into two portions, the one consisting of hopes, the other of recollections, and we have seized on our way nothing but illusions. The former, at least, support us, by creating desires ; but the others overwhelm us, leaving behind them only painful regret. This is the reason why our old men are much less susceptible of virtue than the young, though they speak of it much more, and that they are much more dejected among us, than among savage nations. If they were guided by religion and by Nature, they would rejoice at the approach of their end, like the crews of vessels which are just arriving at the desired port. How much more wretched are they, who, having devoted their youth to virtue, seduced by the deceitful voice of the world, look back and regret the pleasures of youth which they have not known ! Dazzled by the illusive splendor which encircles the wicked, their

faith is shaken, and they are ready to exclaim with Brutus: "O virtue! thou art but an empty name!" Where shall they find books and divines to strengthen them under these storms; which have assailed even the saints? They inflict secret wounds on the soul, and produce pestiferous ulcers which we have not the courage to reveal. 'Tis only virtuous men; who have been tried by all the combinations of misery, that can afford them relief, and that can recal them, not by the vain arguments of reason, to the sentiment of virtue, at least by that of their friendship.

It appears to me that there exists in China an establishment similar to that which I propose. At least, certain travellers, and among others Fernand Mendez Pinto, speak of a House of Mercy, which pleads the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and which, in an infinity of circumstances, provides for the wants of the unhappy in a much greater degree than even our nuns of the Order of Charity. The empire has bestowed the most noble privileges on its members; and the tribunal of justice pay the utmost deference to their petitions. Such a society, engaged in doing good, would deserve among us at least as many prerogatives as those whose only care is to speak with propriety; and by bringing to light the virtues of our obscure citizens, it would merit of the country at least as much as those which entertain it only with the maxims of sages, or frequently with the splendid crimes of antiquity.

Beware, however, of giving this association the form of an academy or fraternity. Thanks to our education and our manners, all that forms among us a body, congregation, sect, or party, is commonly ambitious and intolerant. If the persons who compose it approach a light they have not kindled, 'tis with a view to extinguish it; if they notice the virtue of others, 'tis for the purpose of blasting it. Not but that the members of these bodies possess individually excellent qualities; but their society is good for

nothing, for this reason alone, that it presents to them different centres from the common centre of their country. What has rendered that sweet word humanity theatrical and vain? What sense is now attached to that of charity, the Greek name of which *χάρις*, signifies attraction, grace, love? Can any thing be more humiliating than our parish charities, and the humanity of our philosophers.

I leave the development of this plan to some good man who loves God and his fellow-creatures, and who performs good actions, as the Gospel enjoins, without the left hand knowing what the right hand doeth. Is it then so difficult to do good? Take the contrary of the method pursued by the ambitious and the wicked. They keep spies employed to collect for them scandalous anecdotes; let us then have some to pry into secret good works. They seek men who are rising in the world, either to enlist them under their banners, or to ruin them; let us go in quest of virtuous men who are in obscurity, to make them our models. They have trumpeters to sound forth their own actions and to decry those of others: let us conceal ours, and be the heralds of others' good deeds. Vices acquire refinement; let us perfect our virtues.

I find that my digressions lead me too far. But if I should excite but a single good idea in some one more enlightened than myself; if I shall have contributed to prevent, at some future period, one man in despair from drowning himself, or in vengeance from killing an enemy, or in the lethargy of languor from losing his money and his health with prostitutes, I shall not have scrawled over all this paper in vain.

Paris presents to the afflicted numerous retreats known by the name of Hospitals. May God reward the charity of those who founded, and the still greater virtues of those who attend them! But, in the first place without adopting the exaggerations of the people, who imagine that these houses have immense revenues, it is certain that a person well known and profoundly versed in public fi-

ances, having undertaken to establish a hospital, found that the expence of each patient would not amount to more than seventeen sous (eight-pence half-penny) per day; that they were kept much better at that rate, and much cheaper than in the hospitals. For my part, I think that these seventeen sous, distributed daily in the house of a poor patient, would be productive of still greater economy, by affording subsistence to his wife and children. A sick person of the lower class of the people wants very little besides good broth; his family would have the benefit of the meat employed for making it. But the hospitals are subject to many other inconveniences. There are formed diseases of a particular character, often more dangerous than those which the sick bring with them. They are well known, especially those called hospital-fevers. Still greater evils result from them to morals. A person of experience has assured me that most of the criminals who terminate their lives at the gibbet or in the gallies, have been dismissed from hospitals. This amounts to what I have already observed, that all societies are depraved, but particularly a society of beggars. I therefore propose, that instead of collecting together the unfortunate, they should be maintained at the houses of their own relations, or that they should be placed in poor families which would take care of them. Public prisons are absolutely necessary, but I should wish that those who are confined in them were less miserable. Undoubtedly justice, by depriving them of liberty, proposes not only to punish their moral character, but to reform it. Extreme misery and bad company cannot but have the effect of degrading it more and more. Experience farther proves that there the wicked become thoroughly depraved. Many a one who enters culpable through weakness, departs a hardened villain. As this subject has been treated by a celebrated pen, I shall say no more. I shall only observe, that it is impossible to reform men, unless by rendering them more happy. How many, who, in Europe,

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not seen the light for more than fifteen years. I once visited one of these horrible caverns in the company of the excellent rector of St. Martin, with whom I boarded and who was sent for to administer the last sacraments to one of the unfortunate wretches at the point of death. He was obliged, as well as myself, to hold his nose the whole time he was with him; but the vapor which exhaled from his dunghill was so infectious, that my clothes retained the smell more than two months, as did also my linen, even after it had been several times washed. I could produce facts relative to the manner in which these poor creatures are treated, which would excite horror. I shall, however, relate but one, which is still quite fresh in my memory.

Some years ago, passing through l'Aigle, a small town of Normandy, I took a walk out of the town about sunset. I perceived on a little hill a convent situated in a charming position. A monk who was at the gate invited me to enter, and see the house. He conducted me through a vast court, where the first object I perceived was a man about forty years of age, with his head half covered with a hat, who advanced directly to me, saying: "Plunge your hunting-knife into my her heart!" "Sir," said the monk who accompanied me, "don't be surprised, he is a poor captain who went out of his mind on account of an insult offered to him in his regiment."

"So," said I, "this house is a place of confinement for lunatics." "Yes," said he; "I am the overseer of it." Proceeding from one inclosed place to another, he conducted me to a small yard, containing several small cells of masonry, where we heard some one speaking with great emphasis. We there found a canon, in his shirt and his shoulders bare, conversing with a man of a handsome figure, seated at a small table before one of the cells. The monk went up to the unfortunate canon, and gave him a blow with all his might on his naked shoulders, bidding him begone. His comrade immediately addressed

the monk in these very words : " Man of blood, you have committed a very cruel action : do not you see that the poor wretch has lost his reason ?" The confounded monk bit his lips, with a menacing look ; but the other added with the greatest composure : " I am your victim ; you can do with me whatever you please." Then addressing himself to me, he shewed me his two wrists, cut to the quick by the iron handcuffs, with which they fastened.

" You see, Sir," said he, " in what manner I am treated." I turned towards the monk, and testified my indignation at such cruel usage. He replied : " O ! I can make him talk nonsense whenever I please !" I, however, addressed a few words of consolation to the unfortunate man, who, looking at me with confidence said : " I think, Sir, I have seen you at St. Hubert, at the house of Marechal de Broglio." " You are mistaken, Sir," I replied, " I never was at the house of Marechal de Broglio." On this he strove to recollect the different places where he thought he had seen me, with circumstances so minute and so probable, that the monk, piqued with his reproaches and his good sense, thought proper to interrupt his conversation, by speaking to him of marriage, buying horses, &c. No sooner had he touched the cord of his madness, than the poor man began to rave. The monk told me, after he had left him, that he was a man of very good family. Some time afterwards I was informed that he had found means to escape from his prison, and that he had recovered the use of his reason.

Many physical remedies are employed to cure madness, but it frequently proceeds from a moral cause, since it is occasioned by vexation. To restore these unhappy wretches to reason, could not opposite means to those which caused the loss of it, be employed, such as joy, pleasures, and especially music ? We see, from the example of Saul and many others, how much music may contribute to re-establish harmony in the soul. These unfortunate people ought at the same time to receive the

mildest treatment; and when they are in their fits of fury, they should not be put in irons, but in places lined with wadding, where they could not hurt either themselves or others. I think that, by taking these humane precautions, many might be recovered, especially when those to whose care they are committed have no interest in perpetuating their madness, as is too frequently the case with families who enjoy their property, and the houses which receive their annuities. In my opinion, likewise, the care of men whose intellects are deranged, should be entrusted to women, and that of women to men, on account of the mutual compassion of the two sexes for each other.

I should wish that there might not be an art or a trade in the kingdom, but what had its asylums and its rewards at Paris. Among the different classes of citizens who exercise them, most of which are but little known in the capital, there is one very numerous class which is not at all known, though it is very miserable, and the rich have the greatest obligations to it: I mean the sailors. It is these rude and unpolished men that go in quest of pleasures for them to the extremities of Asia, and who incessantly expose their lives on our coasts to supply their tables with delicacies. Their conversation is at least as artless as that of our peasants, and incomparably more interesting from their manner of viewing objects, and the singularity of the regions they have visited. The relation of their hardships of every kind, and of the tempests to which they expose themselves to bring you objects of gratification from all parts of the earth, ye favourites of fortune, would teach you to prize your repose more highly! Your happiness would be encreased by these contrasts.

I know not if it was for the purpose of procuring this kind of pleasure, or to give the park of Versailles a very interesting marine aspect, that Louis XIV. transplanted a colony of Venetian gondoliers to the great canal in front of the palace. Their descendants still remain there. This establishment, under better regulations, would have fur-

nished a more suitable asylum for our own seamen. But that great king, frequently influenced by bad counsels, seldom confined the sentiment of his glory to his own people. What a contrast, those men, covered with tar, with their weather-beaten faces, some coming from Greenland, and others from the coasts of Guinea would have exhibited among the marble statues and verdant bowers of the park of Versailles ! Louis XIV. might, on more than one occasion, have obtained of these ingenuous men, truths and information which neither books, nor even the admiral of his navy ever gave him ; and, on the other hand, the novelty of their costume, and that of their reflections on his own greatness, would have prepared for him spectacles more amusing than those contrived at a great expence by the beaux esprits of his court. Besides, what an emulation for these posts would it not have excited among our seamen ! I ascribe part of the perfection of the English navy to the mere influence of their capital, and to its being continually under the eyes of the court. If Paris were a sea-port like London, how many ingenious inventions, wasted on our fashions and our operas, would be directed to the advantage of navigation ! If seamen were but seen there as soldiers are, a liking for the navy would be more generally diffused. The lot of our mariners, then become more interesting to the nation and to its chiefs, would be ameliorated, and, at the same time, the brutal despotism of those who frequently govern them only by curses and by blows would be diminished. It is a sound and easy policy to weaken vices by connecting men more closely to each other, and by rendering them more happy. The gentlemen of our provinces did not cease to strike their peasants, till they perceived that those useful men had become interesting objects in our books and in our theatres.

Not that I desire for our seamen an establishment similar to the Hospital for Invalids. The architecture of that monument pleases me highly ; but I pity the lot of those

by whom it is inhabited. Most of them are discontented, and are perpetually grumbling, as any one may convince himself by entering into conversation with them: I think not with justice; but experience proves that men, collected into bodies, become sooner or later depraved, and are always unhappy. We ought to follow the laws of Nature, and to collect them into families. Like the English, I would place our invalid seamen in the ferry-boats of the rivers, in the little skiffs which ply the river at Paris, and scatter them along the Seine like Tritons at our country-seats. We should see them in shallops with latten sails ascending our rivers, and tacking first to one side and then to the other; and they would introduce modes of navigation more speedy and more commodious, which are still unknown there. As to those whom age and wounds have entirely disabled, a suitable provision ought to be made for them in a house resembling that founded by the English at Greenwich for their invalid seamen. But, to tell the truth, I am persuaded that the state would find it more economical to allow them pensions, and that the men themselves would be much more comfortable in the bosom of their families: this, however, would not prevent the erection of some majestic and convenient monument at Paris, to serve as an asylum for those brave fellows. The capital takes little notice of them, because it is unacquainted with them; but there are many in their number, who, by going over to the enemy, are capable of conducting a successful descent in our colonies, and even upon our own coasts. Our sailors desert in as great numbers as our soldiers, and their desertion is a much heavier loss to the state, because more time is required to form them, and their local knowledge is much more important to our enemies than that of our cavalry or foot-soldiers.

What I have said concerning our sailors may be applied to all the other conditions in the kingdom, without exception. I wish there might not be any but what should have its

centre at Paris, and should there find an asylum, a retreat, and a little chapel. All these monuments of the different classes of citizens, who impart life to the political body, decorated with the attributes peculiar to each profession, would there figure exceedingly well.

After having rendered the capital very happy and very good, for our own countrymen, I would invite to it foreigners from all parts of the world. O women, who govern our destinies, how much ought ye to contribute to unite men in the city where ye reign ! They are engaged all over the world in procuring pleasures for you. While you have nothing to do but to enjoy yourselves, a Laplander is pushing off amidst tempests to harpoon the whale, whose barbles serve to swell out your robes ; a Chinese is putting into the oven the porcelain in which you will take the coffee that the Arab of Mocha is employed in gathering for you ; a girl of Bengal is weaving your muslins on the banks of the Ganges, while a Russian, amid the pines of Finland, is felling the mast of the vessel that will convey it to you. The glory of a great capital is to unite within its walls men of all the nations which concur in its pleasures. I should like to see at Paris, Samojedes with their seal-skin dresses and their boots of sturgeon's skin, and black Jolofs with their cotton cloths striped with red and blue. I should wish to see there the beardless Indians of Peru, covered with feathers from head to foot, walking without fear in our public places, round the statues of our kings, by the side of haughty Spaniards in mantles and mustachios. I would enjoy the pleasure of seeing the Dutch establish themselves on the arid eminences of Montmartre, and indulging in their hydraulic inclinations like beavers, find the means of there procuring canals filled with water ; while the natives of the shores of the Oronoko would live dry above lands inundated by the Seine, among the foliage of willows and alders. I should wish Paris to be as extensive, and to contain a population as diversified as the ancient cities of Asia, such as Nineveh and Susa, which

were three days' journey in circumference, and where Ahasuerus beheld two hundred nations bending before his throne. I would have all the nations of the earth to correspond with this city, as all the members of the human body with the heart. What secrets had the Asiatics for founding cities so vast and so populous? They are our electors in every respect. They permitted individuals of every nation to settle there. Offer men liberty and happiness and you will draw them together from all parts of the world.

It would be worthy of the humanity of some great prince to propose to Europe this question: "Does not the happiness of a nation depend on that of its neighbors? The affirmative fully proved would refute the contrary maxim of Michiavel, which has for such a long period governed our European politics. It would be very easy, in the first place, to demonstrate that the mere understanding with its neighbors would enable it to disband those armies by land and sea which are so burthensome to the people. In the next place, it should be shewn that every nation has participated in the advantages and calamities of its neighbors, from the example of the Spaniards, who discovered America, and who dispersed over the rest of Europe the blessings and the evils of that discovery. This truth might be farther proved by the prosperity and greatness attained by nations who took care to conciliate their neighbors, as the Romans, who granted them the rights of citizens, step by step, and thus at length formed all the inhabitants of Italy into one single nation. They would undoubtedly have made but one people of all mankind, had not their barbarous custom of keeping foreign slaves to wait upon them laid restrictions on such a human policy. Then should be demonstrated the misfortune of governments, which, though internally well regulated have existed in a state of perpetual anxiety, continually feeble and divided, because they did not extend humanity beyond their own territory; and such at the present day is Persia, which fell into extreme imbecillity immediately after the

brilliant reign of Shah Abbas, whose political maxim it was to surround himself with deserts; his own country has at last become one, as well as that of his neighbors. Other examples of this might be found among the powers of Asia, to which handfuls of Europeans dictate laws.

Henry IV. had formed the celestial project of enabling all Europe to live in peace; but his plan was not sufficiently extensive to uphold itself: war would have advanced from the other quarters of the world to disturb its repose. Our destinies are connected with those of the human race. It is an homage which must be paid to religion, and which religion alone deserves; Nature says to us: "Love yourself alone;" domestic education says: "Love your family;" the nation says: "Love your country; but religion alone enjoins us to love all men without exception. Religion is more thoroughly acquainted with our interests than our natural instinct, our parents and our politics. Human societies are not partial, like those of animals. It is of very little consequence to the bees of France if the hives of America be destroyed. But the tears of men in the New World cause streams of blood to flow in the Old, and the war-whoop of a savage on the banks of a lake, has more than once resounded in Europe, and disturbed the repose of kings. Religion, which forbids us to love ourselves, and enjoins us to love all men, does not contradict herself, as certain sophists have pretended; she requires the sacrifice of our passions, only for the purpose of directing them towards the general happiness, and by ordering us to love all men, she imparts to us the only true means of loving ourselves. I should therefore wish that our political relations with all the nations of the world were confined to this one point, that of giving their subjects a favorable reception in the capital of the kingdom. If we were to employ for this purpose only a part of the sums we expend for foreign affairs, we should not be the worse for it. The Asiatic nations send neither consuls, nor ministers, nor ambassadors abroad, unless in extraor-

dinary cases, and they are themselves visited by all the people of the earth. It is not by sending ambassadors to our neighbors at a great expense, that we shall conciliate their friendship. Our pomp very often becomes a secret source of hatred and of jealousy among their grandees. It is by giving a welcome reception to their subjects, feeble, persecuted, unhappy. It was our French refugees who transferred part of our industry and of our power to Prussia and to Holland. How many secret relations of commerce and of national benevolence have been formed by such receptions! An honest German, who retires to Austria after making a fortune in France, causes one hundred of his countrymen to settle among us, and disposes the whole district in which he resides to wish us well. It is by such ties that national friendships are formed much better than by diplomatic treatise, for the opinion of the people always governs that of their prince.

After having rendered the city of men happy, I would endeavour to embellish the city of stone, and to render it commodious. I would erect in it a multitude of monuments; I would have, in front of the houses, arcades as at Turin, and pavements as in London, for the convenience of pedestrians; in the streets, trees and canals, if possible, as in Holland, to facilitate the conveyance of goods; in the suburbs, caravanseras, as in the cities of the East, to furnish foreign travellers with accommodations at a small expence; about the centre of the city, spacious market-places, surrounded with houses six or seven stories high, for the lower classes, who will soon be at a loss where to find lodgings. I would introduce great variety into their plan and decoration. Their circumference should exhibit temples, courts of justice, public fountains, and the principal streets should run into them. These markets, shaded with trees, and divided into large compartments, would present in the greatest order all the gifts of Flora, of Ceres, and of Pomona. In the centre I would erect the statue of a good king, for it could not be placed in a situation

more honorable to his memory than amidst a concourse of his subjects.

I know nothing that gives me a more accurate idea of the police of a city, and of the happiness of the inhabitants, than the sight of its markets. At Petersburg each market is divided into quarters, destined for the sale of a particular commodity. This order appears pleasing at first sight, but it soon fatigues from its uniformity. Peter the first was fond of regular forms, because they were favorable to despotism. For my part, I should wish to see in these places the greatest concord among our dealers, and the greatest contrasts between their commodities. By removing the rivalry arising from the commerce in the same articles, we should banish from among them the jealousies which occasion so many disputes. I would have Abundance pour forth all her horns at random ; let their be seen pheasants, fresh cod, moor-game, turbot, greens, pile of oysters, oranges, wild ducks, flowers, &c. ; let people be permitted to expose there for sale every species of merchandize, and this single privilege would be sufficient to destroy many monopolies.

In the city I would erect temples in small number, but august, immense, having galleries within and without, and capable of containing on holidays one third of the population of Paris. The more numerous churches become in a state, the more religion is weakened there. This appears a paradox ; but look at Greece and Italy covered with steeples, while Constantinople is full of Greek and Italian renegadoes. Independent of the political and even religious causes which occasion these national depravations, there is a natural one, the effects of which we have already discovered in the weakness of the human mind. It is thus that our affection is diminished when it is divided among too many objects. The Jews, whose attachment to their religion is truly astonishing, had but one single temple, the recollection of which still excites their regret.

I would construct at Paris amphitheatres as at Rome,

for the purpose of assembling the people, and giving them feasts from time to time. What a superb site would the hill at the entrance of the Elysian Fields present for such an object! How easy it would be to dig it away to the level of the plain in the form of an amphitheatre, arranged in steps covered with simple turf, and crowned with lofty trees at its summit, which would be more than eighty feet in height! What a magnificent sight it would be to behold an immense population range around it, like one family, eating, drinking, and enjoying the spectacle of their own felicity.

All these edifices should be constructed of stone, not in small courses, like ours, but in vast blocks, as the ancients employed them,* and as would become the eternal city. The streets and the public places should be planted with stately trees of different kinds. Trees are the real monuments of nations. Time, which soon defaces the works

* And as the savages employ them. Travellers are extremely surprised at beholding in Peru the monuments of the ancient Incas, formed of great, irregular stones, joined together with the utmost precision. Their construction presents at the first view two great difficulties: How could the Indians remove these vast masses, and by what means could they make them fit so perfectly to each other, notwithstanding the irregularity of their form? Our men of science have first supposed machines for conveying them, as if it required machines more powerful than the arms of a whole nation acting in concert. They have afterwards asserted that the Indians gave them these irregular forms by dint of labor and attention. But would it not have been much easier to cut them regularly than irregularly? I was myself at a loss for a long time to resolve this problem. Having, at last, read in the memoirs of Don Ulloa, and likewise in the accounts of some other travellers, that in various parts of Peru there are beds of stone on the surface of the earth which are full of clefts and chasms, I immediately comprehended the contrivance of the ancient Peruvians. They did nothing more than raise in masses these horizontal beds of quarries, and place them perpendicularly, fitting the pieces into each other. They had thus a wall ready made, without the labor of cutting. Natural genius possesses resources extremely simple, and far superior to those of our arts. For example, the savages of Canada had no iron pots before the arrival of the Europeans. They supplied their place by hollowing out the trunk of a tree with fire. But how did they contrive to boil whole oxen in them as they were in the habit of doing! This question I have proposed to more than one person of reputed genius, who were unable to answer it. For my own part, I must confess that I could not conceive it possible to boil water in wooden vessels, many of which contained several hogshheads. Nothing, however, was more easy to the savages. They heated stones in the fire till they were red hot, and then threw them into the water till it boiled. (See Champplain.)

of man, only increases the beauty of those of Nature. It is to the trees that the Boulevards, so much frequented as a public walk, owe their greatest charms. They delight the eye by their verdure, they raise the soul towards heaven by the height of their stems; they add to the respect paid to the monuments besides which they are planted by the majesty of their forms. They contribute more than we think to attach us to the places where we have lived. Our memory fixes upon them as on points of reunion which have certain secret harmonies with the soul. They rule over the events of our lives, as those which are situated on the sea-shore, and serve as land-marks to pilots. I never see linden-trees but they remind me of Holland, nor pines without imagining myself in the forests of Russia. They frequently attach us to our country, when the other ties which bound us to it are broken. I know more than one exile, who, in his old age, has been led back to his native village by the recollection of the elm beneath whose shade he had danced in his youth. I have heard more than one inhabitant of the Isle of France sigh for his native land in the shade of the banana, and say: "I should be happy here, could I but see the violet." The trees of our country have still greater attractions when they are connected, as among the ancients, with some religious idea, or with the remembrance of some great man. Whole nations have attached their patriotism to them. With what veneration the Greeks beheld at Athens the olive which Minerva planted there, and at Mount Olympus, the wild olive with which Hercules had been crowned. Plutarch relates that, at Rome, when the fig-tree under which Romulus and Remus had been suckled by a she-wolf, began to droop, the first who perceived it, cried: "Water; water!" and the affrighted people ran with pots and buckets full of water to refresh it. For my part, I am of opinion, that though we are very far removed from nature, yet we should not behold without emotion the wild plumb-tree, which our good Henry IV.

had climbed when he perceived the Duke de Mayenne's army defiling in the bottom of the adjacent valley.

A city, were it even of marble, would appear dismal to me, if I saw in it no trees and no verdure;* on the other hand, a landscape, were it Arcadia, were it the banks of Alpheus, or the brow of Mount Lyceus itself, would appear wild to me unless I perceived in it at least one little cottage. The works of Nature and those of man impart to each other mutual graces. The spirit of self-interest has destroyed among us the love of Nature. Our peasants discover no beauties in our fields but where they see a profit. One day in the vicinity of the abbey of La Trappe, on the gravelly road to Notre Dame d'Apres, I overtook a female peasant, trudging along with two large loaves under her arm. It was in the month of May, and the most delightful weather that could be. "What a charming season!" said I to the good woman. "How beautiful are those apple-trees in flower! How the night-gales are singing in those woods!"—"Ah!" replied she, "I care very little about flowers, or those little screechers; it is bread we want!" Indigence shuts the hearts of our peasants, and opens their eyes. But our citizens set no higher value on Nature, because the love of gold directs all their propensities. If some of them esteem the liberal

* Trees, from their duration, are real monuments of nations, and they are likewise their calendar, from the different seasons at which they produce leaves, flowers, and fruits. The savages have no other, and our peasants themselves frequently make use of them. One day towards the end of summer, I met a young country girl weeping, and seeking a handkerchief she had lost on the road. "Was your handkerchief a good one?" asked I. "Sir," said she, "it was quite new; I bought it this bean-time." I have thought oftener than once, that if our celebrated historical epochs were dated from those of Nature, nothing more would be necessary to cover them with ridicule and infamy. If we were to read, for example, in our histories, that a prince caused part of his subjects to be massacred, in order to gain the favor of Heaven, precisely at the time when his kingdom was covered with rich harvests; that our bloody battles and bombardments of towns were dated from the flowering of violets or sheep-shearing time, no other contrasts would be requisite to render the perusal of them abominable. On the contrary, these dates would add immortal graces to the actions of good princes, and would mingle their benefactions with those of heaven.

arts, it is not because those arts imitate natural objects, it is on account of the price which the hand of a great master attaches to his productions. The man who gives ten thousand crowns for a landscape by Le Lorrain, would not put his head out of the window to see the original from which it was painted: and another locks up with the utmost care the bust of Socrates, who would not open to his door the philosopher were he alive, and would perhaps contribute to his death, if he were persecuted.

The taste of our artists has been perverted by that of our citizens. As they know that is less Nature than their work which is esteemed, they seek only to shew off themselves. Hence it is that they introduce a great number of rich accessories into most of our monuments, and that they frequently forget the principal object. They make, for example, for gardens, vases of marble in which you cannot plant any vegetable; for apartments, urns and *amphora*, into which you cannot pour any kind of liquid; for our cities, colonnades without palaces, doors in places where there are no walls, public squares divided by barriers to prevent the people from assembling there. This is done, we are told that the grass may grow. A pretty project truly! One of the heaviest maledictions which the ancients pronounced against their enemies, was that they might see the grass grow in their public places. If people wish to see verdure in ours, why do they not plant trees, which would afford them at one and the same time shade and shelter? There are some who introduce into the trophies which crown the mansions of our princes, bows, arrows, battering-rams, and who have carried their simplicity so far as to plant on them Roman standards with the letters S. P. Q. R. This may be seen on the palace of the Bourbon family. Posterity will believe that the Romans were masters of our country in the eighteenth century. And how can we, who are so vain hope to transmit our memory to it, if our monuments, our medals,

our trophies, our dramas, our inscriptions, treat incessantly of nothing but foreigners and antiquity ?

The Greeks and the Romans were much more consistent. They never conceived the idea of erecting useless monuments. Their beautiful vases of alabaster and chalcedony served on festive occasions to hold wine or perfumes ; their peristyles always announced a palace ; their public places were solely destined for the assemblage of the citizens. They there placed the statues of their great men, without inclosing them with iron railing, that their images might still be within reach of the unfortunate, and that they might be invoked by them after death, as they had been during their lives. Juvenal mentions a brass statue at Rome, the hand of which were worn away by the kisses of the people. What glory for the memory of the citizen whom it represented ! Were it still in existence, its mutilation would render it more precious than the Venus de Medici with her exquisite proportions.

Our nation we are told, is destitute of patriotism. I believe it, for every possible effort is made to extinguish that sentiment in it. For example, on the pediment of the beautiful church erected to St. Genevieve,* which is too small, like most of our modern monuments, is represented an adoration of the cross. The Patroness of Paris is seen indeed, on basso relievos, under the peristyle, in the midst of cardinals ; but would it not have been more proper to have exhibited to the people their humble patroness in the habit of a shepherdess, with her scrip, her crook, her dog, her sheep, her moulds for making cheeses, and all the costume of her age and condition, in the middle of the pediment of the church dedicated to her ? To this might have been added a view of Paris, as it was in her time. Hence would have resulted very agreeable contrasts and objects of comparison. By the sight of

* Since called the Pantheon, but restored in 1806 to its original appellation, and appropriated to the reception of the remains of illustrious Frenchmen.

this rural monument the people would have been reminded of ancient times. They would have conceived an esteem for the obscure virtues which are necessary to them, and they would have endeavored to walk in the rugged paths of glory trodden by their humble patroness, whom it is now impossible to recognize with her Grecian habit, and in the midst of prelates.

Our artists sometimes lose sight of the principal object so far as to omit it altogether. Some years since in one of the workshops of the Louvre, was exhibited the tomb of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, intended for the cathedral of the city of Sens. Every one ran to see it, and returned in rapturous admiration. I went like the rest; the first thing I looked for was the likeness of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, to whose memory the monument was erected. There were not even any medallions of them. You there beheld Time with his scythe, Hymen with urns, and all the trite ideas of allegory, which, be it observed by the way, is frequently the genius of those who have none of their own. To complete the description of this subject, there were upon the pannels a kind of altar, placed in the midst of this group of symbolical figures, long Latin inscriptions, utterly foreign to the memory of the great prince who was the object of it. "A pretty sort of national monument truly!" said I to myself. "Latin inscriptions for French people, and pagan symbols for a cathedral!" If the artist, whose chisel I nevertheless admired, had been desirous of displaying merely his own talents, he ought to have recommended to his successor to leave imperfect a small portion of the base of this monument which death prevented him from finishing, and to engrave upon it these words: *Couistou moriens faciebat*. This consonance of fortune would have united him to this royal monument, and would have given great weight to the reflections on the vanity of human things, which the sight of a tomb cannot fail to produce.

Few artists seize the moral object; they seek only the

picturesque. "Oh what a beautiful subject to represent as Belisarius!" they exclaim when they hear of any modern great man being reduced to indigence. The liberal arts, however, are destined only to perpetuate the remembrance of virtue, and not virtue to furnish employment for the liberal arts. I admit that the celebrity they procure is a powerful motive with most men for performing great actions, though in fact it is not the genuine one; but if it does not inspire the sentiment, it is at least sometimes productive of the acts. At the present day we go much farther. Societies and individuals no longer seek to destroy the glory of virtue, but the honor of distributing it to others. God knows what strange confusion is the result! Married women of very suspected virtue, and kept mistresses establish rose-feasts: they give prizes to chastity. Opera-girls crown our victorious generals. Marechal Saxe, say our historians, was crowned with laurels at the theatres of the Nation; as if the nation had been composed of comedians, and its senate were a theatre! For my part, I consider virtue as so respectable, that one single subject of sterling worth would be sufficient to cover with ridicule those who presume to distribute these vain and contemptible honors. What dancer, for example, would have the impudence to crown the august brow of a Turenne or of a Fenelon!

The French Academy would be much more proper for directing, by the charms of eloquence, the eyes of the nation towards our great men, if it sought less by its eulogies to pronounce a panegyric on the dead than a satire on the living. Posterity will mistrust alike eulogy and satire. The very word eulogy carries with it the suspicion of flattery: besides, this kind of eloquence characterizes nothing. To paint virtue, failings and vices ought to be exhibited, that combats and victories might be made to result from them. The style which is employed is replete with pomp and luxuriance. It is loaded with reflections and with pictures frequently foreign to the prin-

cipal object. It resemble a Spanish horse; it makes abundance of motions, but never advances from the spot. This kind of vague, indeterminate eloquence, is not adapted to any great man in particular, because it may be applied generally to all those who have pursued the same career. Change but a few proper names in the eulogy of a general, and you may apply it to all the generals past, present, and to come. Besides its bombastic tone is so ill adapted to the simple language of truth and virtue, that when a writer is desirous of introducing characteristic traits of his hero, that the reader may at least know to whom he alludes, he is obliged to throw them into notes for fear of deranging his academical order.

Most assuredly, if Plutarch had written only the eulogies of celebrated men, they would not be more read at the present day than the panegyric of Trajan, which cost the younger Pliny the labor of so many years. You will never find an academical eulogy in the hands of the vulgar. They may perhaps read those of Fontenelle and a few others, if those who are praised in them studied during their lives the welfare of the people. But the nation is fond of reading history. Some time ago, walking near the Military School, I perceived at a distance, near a gravel-pit, a large column of smoke. I went towards the place to see whence it proceeded. In a very lonely spot, not unlike that in which Shakspeare places the scene of the three witches in *Macbeth*, I found a poor, old woman, sitting on a stone. She was attentively reading in an old book, and near her was a large heap of herbs, to which she had set fire. I asked her for what purpose she was burning those herbs. She replied that it was to collect the ashes, and to sell them to the laundresses; that for this purpose she bought the unserviceable plants and herbage of gardeners, and waited till they were entirely consumed, to carry away the ashes, lest they should be stolen in her absence. After she had gratified my curiosity, she began reading again with great attention. As

I was particularly desirous to know what was the book with which she charmed her toils, I requested her to tell me the title of it. "It is the life of M. de Turenne," replied she. "And what do you think of it?" said I. "Ah!" answered she with emotion, "he was an excellent man, to whom a minister gave a great deal of trouble during his life."

I retired, with increased veneration for the memory of M. de Turenne, who soothed the cares of a miserable woman. It is thus that the virtues of the low support themselves on those of great characters, like the feeble plants which cling to the trunk of the oak, that they may not be crushed by the foot of the passenger.

SEQUEL OF STUDY XIII.

OF THE NOBILITY.

To encourage the practice of virtue, the ancient inhabitants of Europe had recourse to the expedient of ennobling the descendants of virtuous citizens. In making nobility hereditary they were guilty of a very great error, as they thus closed the career of distinction against the rest of the nation. As it is the perpetual inheritance of a certain number of families, it ceases to be a national reward, without which a whole nation may in course of time become noble. This would produce a lethargy fatal to the arts and manufactures, as we see in the example of Spain and of a part of Italy. From the same cause result many other evils, the principal of which is, that two nations, which, at last, have no interest in common, are formed in the state; the spirit of patriotism is destroyed, and they

are easily subdued. Such has been, in modern times, the fate of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Poland, and even of part of the provinces of our own kingdom, such as Bretagne, where the nobility, too numerous and too haughty, formed a class totally distinct from the rest of the inhabitants. It is worthy of remark, that those countries, though republican, though so powerful in the opinion of our political writers, from the freedom of their constitution, were easily subdued by despotic princes, who, we are told, rule only over slaves. The reason is, that the common people of every country prefer one sovereign to a thousand tyrants, and that their fate is always decisive of the fate of their masters. The Romans softened the unjust and odious distinctions which existed between the Patricians and the Plebeians, by granting to the latter, privileges and posts of the highest importance.

That people employed, in my opinion, still stronger means of uniting the two classes of the citizens; I mean adoptions. How many great men were formed among the people by the hope of meriting this kind of reward, not less illustrious and more touching than those bestowed by the country! It was thus that the Catos and the Scipios distinguished themselves, and were engrafted into patrician families. It was thus that the plebeian Agrippa obtained in marriage the daughter of Augustus. I am not aware, but perhaps it is only a consequence of my ignorance, that adoption was ever practised among us, unless by some of the nobility, who, having no heirs, knew not at their death to whom to leave their domains. Adoptions are, in my opinion, far preferable to the distinctions of nobility granted by the state. They would revive illustrious families whose descendants are now languishing in the most abject penury. They would endear the nobility to the people, and the people to the nobility. The privilege of adoption ought, moreover, to be a kind of recompence bestowed on the nobility themselves. Thus, for example, a poor man of rank, who has acquired re-

down, might adopt a citizen who has obtained honorable distinction. A nobleman would go in quest of virtue among the people; and the virtuous commoner would seek a good man for a patron among the nobility. These political ties appear to me to be stronger and more honorable than those of marriages for interest, which, in uniting two citizens of different classes, frequently alienate their families. Nobility acquired in this manner would be, in my opinion, far preferable to that conferred by public offices, which, being obtained only by venality, is, by that circumstance, divested of respect.

The inconvenience of hereditary succession, which, in the course of time, renders the class of nobility too numerous, would still remain. Some have thought that a remedy might be provided for this by declaring certain conditions noble, such as the mercantile. It is doubtful, however, whether the spirit of commerce be perfectly compatible with the honor and integrity of a gentlemen. Besides, how can those embark in commerce who have no money? Is it not necessary to give a premium to be taught the elements of the profession? And how can this be done by many indigent gentlemen who are not even able to find clothes for their children? Some of these I have seen in Bretagne, who were descended from the most ancient houses in the province, and were obliged for a living, to hire themselves as mowers to the farmers. Would to heaven that all conditions were noble, and especially agriculture; for this is the employment all the functions of which are peculiarly adapted to virtue. To be a farmer, you have no occasion to deceive, to flatter, to degrade yourself, or to do violence to any person. You are not indebted for your profits to the vices or to the luxury of the age, but to the bounty of heaven; and you are at least attached to your country by the spot of ground you cultivate. If the condition of a farmer were ennobled, a multitude of advantages would thence accrue to the inhabitants of the kingdom. I shall now suggest a

resource which the state might employ for the benefit of the indigent nobility. Most of the ancient seignorial domains are now purchased by people who have no merit but that of wealth, so that the honors of many illustrious houses have fallen into the hands of men who are, in truth, unworthy of them. The king might purchase these manors when they are to be sold, he might reserve the seignorial rights, with a certain quantity of land, and bestow these little domains as civil and military rewards, on good officers, useful citizens, and noble and indigent families, nearly in the same manner as the Timariots in Turkey.

OF AN ELYSIUM.

The elevation to the rank of nobility is attended with this farther inconvenience, that many a one who sets out with the virtues of Marius, finishes with having his vices. I have to propose a method of conferring distinction which is not attended with the dangers of hereditary succession, and of the inconstancy of men: it is this, not to confer till after death the rewards of virtue.

Death affixes the last seal to the memory of man. It is well known what weight was attached to the judgments pronounced by the Egyptians on their fellow-citizens after their death. It was then that the Romans sometimes made demi-gods of them, or sometimes threw them into the Tiber. The people sometimes perform among us a portion of this duty, when priests or magistrates are wanting to fulfil it. I have stood still oftener than once to see a magnificent funeral procession, not so much for the purpose of beholding the pompous ceremony, as of listening to the opinions passed by the people on the most high and mighty lord who was the occasion of it. I have frequently heard them ask: "Was he a good master? Was he a good husband, a good father? Was he charitable to the poor?" This last enquiry they are

particularly anxious to satisfy, because, bearing incessantly in mind their principal want, they scarcely know any other virtue in the rich than benevolence. I have frequently heard others reply: "O! he never did good to any body; he was severe towards his family and his servants." At the interment of a farmer-general, who left a fortune of more than twelve millions, I have heard this expression: "He drove away the poor country-people with a pitch-fork whenever they asked charity at the gates of his mansion." The spectators on this begin to curse the memory of the deceased. Such are usually the funeral orations of the rich in the mouths of the people. Their judgments would undoubtedly lead to farther consequences were not the police of Paris under such excellent regulations.

Nothing but death can ensure reputation, and nothing but religion can consecrate it. This is perfectly well known to our great men. Hence proceeds the splendor of their monuments in our churches. It is not the priests who prevail upon them to direct that they shall be interred there, as many people imagine. The priests would not fail to receive their dues, if they were buried in the country; it is natural to suppose that they would exact a handsome sum for their journey, and they would not inhale, all the year round, in their stalls the infectious odor of dead bodies. The principal obstacle to this necessary police originates with people of rank and fortune, who, though they scarcely ever visit the church during their life-time, are desirous of obtaining a place in it after their death, that the people may admire their monuments and their virtues of marble and of bronze. But, thanks to the allegories of our artists, and the Latin inscriptions of our scholars, the people remain ignorant of their meaning, and make no other reflection at the sight of them than that they must have cost a great deal of money, and that all the copper consumed in them would be employed to much better purpose in the making of kettles.

Religion alone can consecrate in a durable manner the memory of virtue. The late king of Prussia, who was so thoroughly acquainted with the grand springs of politics, did not forget this. As the Protestant religion, which prevails in his dominions, excludes the images of Saints from the churches, he caused the portraits of distinguished officers who had fallen in the service, to be placed in them. The first time I visited the churches of Berlin, I was greatly surprised to observe there several portraits of officers in regimentals. An inscription beneath recorded their names, their age, the place of their birth, and the battle in which they fell. There was also, if I am not mistaken, a line or two in praise of each at the conclusion of these inscriptions. It is impossible to conceive with what military enthusiasm these objects inspired his people. Among us, there is not an order of monks, however mean, but what exhibits in its cloisters and its churches, pictures of its great men, who are indisputably more celebrated and more known than those who have deserved well of the state. These subjects, which are always accompanied with picturesque and interesting circumstances, are the most powerful means they employ for obtaining novices. The Carthusians already perceive that they have fewer novices since their cloister has lost the melancholy history of St. Bruno, so admirably painted by Le Sueur. There is not any class of citizens which care about the portraits of men who have been useful only to the nation and to mankind, unless it be the dealers in prints, who sometimes display their figures, hung in strings, and colored with red and blue. There the people sometimes seek to discover them among those of harlequins and actresses. We shall soon have, it is said, the spectacle of a Museum at the Tuileries; but this royal monument is consecrated rather to talents than to patriotism, and, like many others, will undoubtedly be inaccessible to the lower classes of the people.

It is my wish, in the first place, that no citizen whatever should be interred in the churches. Xenophon relates that

Cyrus, the sovereign of the greatest part of Asia, directed, when dying, that he should be buried in fields under trees, in order, as that great prince observed, that the elements of his body might, as speedily as possible, be commingled with those of Nature, and again contribute to the formation of her beautiful works. This sentiment was worthy of the sublime soul of Cyrus; but in every country, tombs, especially those of great kings, are the monuments most revered by the nations. The Savages look upon those of their ancestors as titles of possession to the country they inhabit. "This country is ours," say they; "the bones of our fathers repose in it." When they are obliged to leave it, they dig them up with tears, and carry them away with demonstrations of the highest respect. The Turks inter their dead by the side of the highways, after the manner of the Romans. The Chinese make enchanting spots of their burial places. They deposit their dead in the vicinity of towns, in grottoes, scooped in the sides of hills; they decorate the entrance with architecture, and plant before and about them groves of cypress and fir, intermingled with trees that produce flowers and fruits. These places inspire a melancholy pleasing and profound, not only by the natural effect of their decoration, but by the moral sentiment excited in us by tombs, which, as we have elsewhere observed, are monuments placed on the borders of the two worlds.

Our great men, therefore, would not lose any of the respect which they wish to attach to their memory, if they were interred in public cemeteries, in the vicinity of the capital. Here might be erected a spacious sepulchral chapel, appropriated to funeral ceremonies, which frequently derange the regular service in parish churches. Artists might give full scope to their powers in the decoration of these mausoleums; and the temples of humility and of truth would no longer be profaned by the vanity and the falsehood of epitaphs.

While each citizen would be left at liberty to chuse

any kind of lodging he pleased in this last and eternal inn, I should wish a place near Paris to be chosen and consecrated by religion for the purpose of collecting there the ashes of men who have deserved well of their country.

The services that may be rendered it are numerous and of very different natures. We scarcely know more than one kind, proceeding from formidable qualities, such as valor. We respect nothing but what inspires us with fear. The marks of our esteem are frequently testimonies of our weakness. We are elevated only by fear, and not by gratitude. There is no modern nation, however small, but what boasts of its Alexanders and its Cæsars, but none that has its Bacchus and its Ceres. The ideas of the ancients, who were at least as brave as we, were indisputably more just. Plutarch somewhere observes that Ceres and Bacchus, who were mortals, were raised to the rank of gods, on account of the blessings, pure, durable, and universal which they had conferred on men; but that Hercules, Theseus, and the other heroes, were placed only among the demi-gods, because the services they rendered to mankind were transient, limited, and mingled with many evils.

I am frequently astonished at our indifference towards the memory of those of our ancestors who have brought us useful trees, whose fruits and whose shade now afford us so much pleasure. The names of these benefactors are, in general, totally unknown, yet their benevolence is perpetuated for us from age to age. It was not thus that the Romans acted. Pliny boasts that among the eight species of cherries known at Rome in his time, there was one called the *Plinian*, from the name of one of his relations, to whom Italy was indebted for it. The other species of the same fruit bore the names of the most illustrious families at Rome, and were called the *Apronian*, the *Actian*, the *Cecilian*, the *Julian*, &c. He informs us that it was Lucullus who, after the defeat of Mithridates, brought the first cherry-trees from the kingdom of Pontus to Italy,

whence they spread in one hundred and twenty years over all Europe, and even as far as Britain, which was then peopled by barbarians. They were probably the first means towards civilization of the island; for the first laws always arise out of agriculture, and for this reason the Greeks denominated Ceres the legislatrix. Pliny in another place congratulates Pompey and Vespasian for having brought to Rome the ebony-tree and that which yields the balm of Judea, to grace their triumphs, as if they had then triumphed not only over nations, but over the very nature of their countries. Assuredly if I had any wish that my name should be perpetuated, I would rather it were given to a fruit in France, than to an island in America. In the season of that fruit, my countrymen would bless my memory. My name would be more durable in the baskets of peasants than if inscribed on columns of marble. I know no monument of the house of Montmorenci more durable or more dear to the people than the cherry, which is called by that name. The good-henry, otherwise *lapathum*, which grows without cultivation in the fields, will be a more lasting record of the memory of Henry IV. than the statue of bronze erected on the Pont Neuf, notwithstanding the iron railing and the guards by which it is surrounded. If the seeds and the heifers which Louis XV. sent from a native impulse of humanity to the island of Otaheite, should multiply there, they will preserve his memory longer, and endear it more among the people of the South Sea than the little brick pyramid which flattering academicians attempted to erect to him at Quito, and perhaps than the statues raised to him in his own kingdom.

The benefit of a useful plant, is, in my opinion, one of the most important services that a citizen can render to his country. Foreign plants connect us with the nations from which they come; they transport to our climate something of their felicity and of their genial suns. An olive-tree represents to me the happy region of Greece much better than the work of Pausanias; and I think the gifts

of *Miserva* much more strongly expressed by it than by medallions. Under the Indian-chesnut, in flower, I repose beneath the rich umbrage of Asia; the perfume of the lemon transports me to Arabia; and when I smell to the sun-flower I am in voluptuous Peru.

I would, therefore, begin with erecting the first monuments of public gratitude to those who have introduced among us useful plants. For this purpose I would chuse one of the islands of the Seine, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and convert it into an Elysium. For example, I would take that which is below the bold bridge of Neuilly, and which, in a few years, will infallibly be comprehended in the suburbs of Paris. I would add to it that branch of the Seine which is unserviceable for navigation, and a large portion of the adjacent continent. Around this vast tract and along its shores, I would plant the trees, shrubs, and plants with which France has been enriched for several ages past. There would be seen the Indian chesnut, the tulip-tree, the mulberry, the acacias of America and of Asia, the pines of Virginia and of Siberia, the auricle of the Alps, the tulip of Calcedonia. The service-tree of Canada with its scarlet bunches, the *magnolia grandiflora* of America, which produces the largest and most fragrant flowers, and the *thua* of China, which has none that are apparent, would entwine their branches, and would form, here and there, enchanted bowers. Beneath their shade, and amid plants of different shades of verdure, should be placed the monuments of those who brought them to France. Around the magnificent tomb of Nicot, ambassador from France to Portugal, which is at present in the church of St. Paul, would grow that celebrated plant tobacco, at first called after him Nicotiani, because he was the first who extended the knowledge of it all over Europe. There is not a prince of Europe but what owes him a statue for his service; for there is not any vegetable in the world that has brought so much money into their exchequers, and afforded so many pleasing illusions to their

subjects: the nepenthe of Homer is not to be compared to it. On a marble slab near the preceding, might be engraved the name of the Flemish Auger de Busbeck, or Busbequius, ambassador of Ferdinand I. king of the Romans to the Porte, whose letters are so extremely interesting; and this little monument might be placed beneath the shade of the lilach, which he brought from Constantinople, and presented to Europe in 1562. The lucerne of Media would surround with its branches the monument consecrated to the memory of the unknown farmer who first sowed it on our gravelly hills, and clothed our dry lands with pasturage, which may be renewed four times within the year. At the sight of the solanum of America, whose root produces the potatoe, the people would bless the name of him who procured them an aliment which, like wheat, dreads neither the inconstancy of the elements nor the granary of the monopolist. Nor would they behold without interest the urn of the unknown traveller who adorned the humble windows of their obscure dwellings for ever with the brilliant colors of Aurora, by bringing from Peru the flower of the nasturtium.*

Advancing into this agreeable place, we should behold beneath domes and porticoes, the relics and the busts of those, who, by the invention of arts, taught us to make the most of the productions of Nature, and who, by their genius, spared us long and laborious toils. They would require no epitaphs. The figures of the stocking-frame, of the machine for throwing silk, of the wind-mill, would be inscriptions august and expressive on the tombs of their inventors, as the sphere and the cylinder on that of Archimedes. The air-balloon might one day be engraved on the tomb of Montgolfier; but we ought first to know if

* For my part, I should behold the monument of that man, were it only a tile, with greater respect than the superb mausoleums erected, in several parts of Europe and America, in honor of the cruel conquerors of Mexico and Peru. More than one historian has written their eulogy; but Divine Providence has done them justice. All perished by a violent death, and most of them by the hand of the executioner

this extraordinary machine, which conveys men through the air by means of a globe of air dilated by the fire or gas, will contribute to the happiness of nations; for the name of the inventor even of gunpowder, if it were known, could not be admitted into the asylum of the benefactors of humanity.

On approaching the centre of this Elysium, we should find the still more venerable monuments of those, who, by their virtue, have bequeathed to posterity fruits still sweeter than those of the vegetables of Asia, and have exercised the most sublime of all talents. Here would be seen the tombs and the statues of the generous Duquesne, who equipped a squadron at his own expence, for the defence of his country; of the wise Catinat, equally tranquil in the mountains of Savoy, and in the humble retirement of St. Gratien; and of the heroic Chevalier d'Assas, who sacrificed his life at night to the safety of the French army, in the woods of Closterkam. There would be the illustrious writers who kindled in their countrymen the love of magnanimous deeds; there would be seen Amyot resting on the bust of Plutarch. And thou who gavest at once the precept and the example of virtue, divine author of *Telemachus*! we should behold thy ashes and thy figure in this image of those Elysian Fields which thou hast so admirably described.

Here too the monuments of virtuous females would find a place, for virtue knows no distinction of sex. We should here see the statues of those, who, though possessing beauty, preferred a life of labor, far removed from the frivolous pleasures of the world; mothers of families who restored order in a deranged house, who, faithful to the memory of a frequently faithless husband, preserved their conjugal fidelity even after his death, and sacrificed their youth to the education of their beloved children; and, finally, those who attained the highest degree of lustre by the very obscurity of their virtues. To this place should be removed the tomb of a lady named Lamoignon, from

the poor church of Saint Giles, where it is unnoticed; her affecting epitaph would render it still more worthy of the situation than the chisel of Girardon, of which it is the master-piece. There we find it recorded that her friends intended to inter her remains in another place; but the poor of the parish, who had often tasted her bounty, carried her body away by force, and deposited it in their church. They themselves would undoubtedly convey the relics of their benefactress, and exhibit them there to the public veneration.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;
Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aspiring god:
And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
'Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.

Æneid, book 6.

Here would be monuments of every kind distributed according to the different merits of individuals: obelisks, columns, pyramids, urns, basso relievos, medallions, statues, pedestals, colonnades, domes; they should not be heaped together, as in a warehouse, but arranged with taste; nor should they all be of white marble, as if they came out of the same quarry, but of marbles and stones of every color. In this vast tract, which I suppose to be at least a mile and a half in diameter, there should neither be regular lines, nor earth dug up, nor lawns, nor trees cut and cropped, nor any thing whatever to resemble our gardens. There should even be no Latin inscriptions, no mythological expressions, nothing that savored of its peculiar Academy. Still less should there be any titles of dignities and honors which recal the vain ideas of the world; all the qualities which are destroyed by death should be excluded; nothing should there be noticed but good actions, which survive the performer of them, which are the only titles to the notice of posterity, and to the rewards of the

Almighty. The inscriptions should be simple, and should arise out of each subject. It would not be the living who would here speak in vain to the dead and to inanimate objects, as in ours, but the dead and inanimate objects addressing the living for their instruction, as among the ancients. This correspondence of an invisible with a visible nature, of time past with time present, imparts to the soul the celestial extension of infinity, and is the source of the delight we receive from ancient inscriptions.

Thus, for example, on a rock planted in the midst of a bed of Chili strawberries, would be read these words:

I was unknown in Europe; but in such a year, such a person, born in such a place, transplanted me from the lofty mountains of Chili; and now I produce flowers and fruits in the happy climate of France.

Beneath a basso relievo of colored marble, representing little children eating, drinking, and diverting themselves, we should find this inscription:

We were exposed in the streets to dogs, to famine, and to cold; such a person, of such a place, took us in, clothed us, and gave us the milk refused us by our mothers.

At the foot of a statue of white marble of a young and beautiful woman, sitting and wiping her eyes, with the expression of mingled joy and grief:

I was hateful to heaven and to mankind; but, smitten with repentance, I appeased heaven by my tears, and made amends for the evil I had done to men by attending the unfortunate.

Near the above, beneath the figure of a young female in a mean dress, spinning at her wheel, and looking with ecstasy towards heaven, should be read the following:

I despised the vain joys of the world, and now I am happy.

Some of these monuments should have nothing but the mere name for their eulogy: such should be, for example, the tomb containing the ashes of the author of *Telemachus*, unless these words, so well adapted to his amiable and sublime character, were engraved upon it:

He fulfilled the two precepts of the law; he loved God and men.

I have no occasion to observe these inscriptions might be composed in a better style than mine; but one thing I should insist upon, namely, that in these figures there should be nothing of an insolent look, no hair streaming in the wind, like that of the angel sounding the trump of the resurrection; no theatrical grief and violent movements of the drapery, as in the Magdalen of the Carmelites; no mythological attributes, which are above the comprehensions of the common people. Each person would there be represented in his proper dress; we should there see sailors in their jackets; nuns in their mob caps; Savoyards with their stools, milk-pots, and soup-basins. These statues of virtuous citizens would be quite as respectable as those of the heathen gods, and certainly more interesting than those of the antique grinder and gladiator: but it would be necessary for our artists to study to express, like the ancients, the characters of the soul in the attitude of the body and in the features of the face, such as repentance, hope, joy, sensibility, innocence. These are the costumes of Nature which never vary, and which always please, under whatever habit they may be exhibited. Nay, even the meaner are the occupations and the dress of these persons, the more sublime the expression of charity, of humanity, of innocence, and of all their virtues will appear. A young and beautiful woman, working like Penelope at a loom, and modestly dressed in a Grecian robe with long folds, would undoubtedly afford pleasure to every eye: but I should think her a thousand times more moving than Penelope herself, engaged in the same occupation, in the rags of penury and misfortune.

On these tombs would be seen neither skeletons nor wings of bats, nor the scythe of Time, nor any of those frightful attributes with which our slavish education strives to instil into our minds the fear of death, that last blessing of Nature; but we should behold on them the emblems

indicative of a happy and immortal life; vessels battered by the tempest, making the desired port, and doves flying towards heaven.

The sacred statues of virtuous citizens, crowned with flowers, exhibiting in their features the characters of peace and consolation, should be ranged in the centre of the island, round a vast green, beneath the trees of the country, the stately beech, the majestic fir, the chestnut laden with fruit. There too we should see the vine married to the elm, and the apple-tree of Normandy covered with its fruits colored like flowers. From the middle of this green would rise a temple in the form of a rotunda. It should be surrounded with a peristyle of majestic columns, as was formerly the *Moles Adriana* at Rome: but I would have it to be much more spacious. On the frieze should be inscribed these words:

To the love of mankind.

In the midst should be an altar simple and unadorned, where, on certain days, divine service should be performed. Neither sculpture, nor painting, nor gold, nor jewels, would be worthy to decorate the interior of this temple; but sacred inscriptions should announce the kind of merit which there obtains the crown. It is true, that all those who would repose near it would not be saints: but over the principal door we should read on a white marble slab these divine words.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.

On another part of the frieze might be engraved the following, which instructs us in the nature of our duties:

Virtue is an effort made in spite of ourselves, for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, with the intention of pleasing God alone.

To this might be added the following, which is calculated to repress our ambitious emulations:

The smallest act of virtue is more commendable than the exercise of the greatest talents.

On other tablets might be inscribed maxims inculcating hope in divine providence, borrowed from the philosophers of all nations, such as the following, which is taken from the modern Persians:

*When you are most afflicted, then you have the greatest reason to expect consolation. The narrowest part of the valley is at the entrance of the plain.**

And the following, which is from the same country:

Whoever has firmly attached his heart to God, is happily delivered from all the afflictions that can befall him in this world and in that which is to come.

Philosophic sentences on the vanity of the things of this world might likewise be introduced, such as this:

Reckon your days by pleasures, by love, by riches, by grandeur, and the last will accuse all the preceding of vanity.

Or the following, which opens a prospect into the next life:

He who has given light to the eyes of man, sounds to his ears, perfumes to his smell, and fruits to his taste, will one day fill his heart, which nothing here below is able to satisfy.

And this other, which induces us to be charitable to men for our own interest:

When we study the world, we value only those men who possess sagacity; but when we study ourselves we esteem only those who have indulgence.

Round the cupola, in letters of antique bronze, should be inscribed the following:

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. John xiii. 24.

To decorate the exterior of this temple with suitable dignity, there would be occasion for no other ornaments than those of Nature. The first rays of the rising sun, and the last beams of the setting luminary would gild its

* See Chardin's account of the Palace of Isfahan.

cupola, towering above the forests; by day the fires of noon, and by night the moon's mild radiance would throw its majestic shadow over the verdant turf; the Seine would repeat its reflexion in its waves; in vain the tempest would batter its enormous vault; and when Time should have covered it with moss, native oaks would issue from its antique walls, and the eagles of heaven hovering round, would repair to it for the purpose of building their nests.

Neither talents, nor birth, nor wealth should entitle any individual to a monument in this patriotic and sacred spot. But it may be asked, who is to decide on the merits of those whose remains shall be there deposited? The king alone should be the judge, and the people the reporter of them. To obtain this kind of renown, it would not be sufficient for a citizen to have cultivated a plant in a hot-house, or even in his garden; it must have been naturalized in the fields, and its fruits brought for sale to the market. It would not be enough that the model of an ingenious machine was in the cabinet of an artist, and that it had been approved by the Academy of Sciences; the machine itself ought to be in the hands of the people, and in common use. It would not be a sufficient proof of the merit of a literary work that it had been crowned by the French Academy; it must have been read by that class of persons for whom it is designed. Thus, for example, a patriotic ode would be reputed of no value, unless it were sung by the people in the streets. The merit of a military or naval officer should not be decided from the gazettes, but from the suffrages of the soldiers or sailors. The people, it is true, scarcely perceive in the citizens any other virtue than benevolence; they consult only their principal want; but their instinct in this particular is conformable to the divine law, for all the virtues, even those which appear the most remote, lead to this point; and if the rich were to seek to gain their affections by acts of kindness, that is precisely the disposition which we are

desirous of exciting in them. They would fulfil their duties, and the higher ranks would be more closely connected with the lower.

From such an institution would result the re-establishment of one of those laws of Nature which are of the highest importance to a nation; I mean an inexhaustible perspective of infinity, as necessary to the happiness of a people, as of an individual. Such is, as we have elsewhere seen, the nature of the human mind; if it discovers not infinity in its views, it recoils upon itself, and its powers are employed in its destruction. Rome presented to the patriotism of her citizens the conquest of the world; but this object was too limited: her last victory would have been the commencement of her ruin. The establishment which I propose is not attended with that inconvenience. There is not any object more important to man than his own end; and there are no monuments more varied and more pleasing than those of virtue. If but one angle slab of Bretagne marble or Auvergne granite were placed every year in this Elysium, there would be novelty sufficient to keep the attention of the people perpetually engaged. The provinces of the kingdom would plead against the capital, to obtain a place there for their virtuous inhabitants. What an august tribunal might be formed of bishops, illustrious for their piety, upright magistrates, celebrated generals, to examine their different claims! How many memoirs would appear, calculated to interest the people, who see in the national library nothing but the death-warrants of notorious criminals, or the lives of saints which are beyond their comprehension! How many new subjects would be presented to our literary men, who are eternally citing the age of Louis XIV, or condescend to be the factors of the reputation of the Greeks and Romans! How many curious anecdotes for our rich voluptuaries! They pay extravagant sums for the history of an insect, engraved in every possible manner, and studied with a microscope, minute by minute, in all the pha-

ses of its life They would not derive less pleasure from an acquaintance with the manners of a poor charcoal-burner, bringing up his family in the paths of virtue in the forests, amid smugglers and banditti; or those of a wretched fisherman, who, to furnish delicacies for their tables, lives like a thrush in the midst of tempests.

I have no doubt that these monuments, executed with the taste of which we are capable, would attract to Paris a great number of wealthy foreigners. They now come hither to live; they would then come also to die. They would seek to deserve well of a nation which had become the arbitress of the virtues of Europe, and to obtain a last asylum in the sacred soil of the Elysium, of which all the virtuous and beneficent would be reputed citizens. This establishment, which might undoubtedly be formed in a manner very superior to the feeble sketch which I have here given, would tend to unite the higher and lower classes much more than even our churches, where avarice and ambition frequently introduce among the citizens distinctions more humiliating than any which exist in society. It would attract strangers to the capital, by offering to them the rights of citizenship, illustrious and immortal. Lastly, it would unite religion to the country, and the country to religion, the mutual ties of which are ready to be broken asunder.

I have no occasion to observe that this establishment would not cost any thing to the state. The people would defray the expence, and it might be maintained by the revenue of some rich abbey, since it would be consecrated to religion, and the recompence of virtue. It ought not, like the monuments of modern Rome, and even like many of our royal monuments, to be an object of emolument for individuals who sell a sight of them to the curious. By no means should people who are meanly dressed be banished and driven from it, as poor, honest, hard-working women in bed-gowns are excluded from our public gardens, while flaunting prostitutes parade with unblushing

impudence in the great alleys. The lowest of the people should have access to it at all times. To you, O ye unhappy of every condition, would especially belong the sight of these friends of humanity, and your patterns in future would only be found among the statues of virtuous men! There a soldier, at the sight of Catinat, would learn to endure calumny; there a courtesan, weary of her miserable profession, would hang her head with a sigh on seeing the statue of Modesty honored; but at the sight of that of a female of her own condition, who returned to the paths of virtue, she would raise her eyes towards him who prefers repentance to innocence.

It may be objected that the people would soon destroy all these monuments. That this is the manner in which they scarcely ever fail to treat those which are uninteresting to them, I shall not attempt to deny. The spot would undoubtedly be placed under a police; but the vulgar respect monuments destined for their own use. They ravage a park, but they never destroy any thing in the fields. They would soon take the Elysium of their country under their protection, and would watch over it much more effectually than porters or guards.

More than one method might be adopted for rendering this place respectable and dear. It ought to be an inviolable asylum for all the unfortunate; for example, for fathers who owe for a months' nursing of their children, and for those who have committed slight and inconsiderate errors; every man should there be free from arrest, except by an express order of the king, signed with his own hand. There too industrious families, who want employment, might apply. There it should be forbidden to bestow alms; but it should be permitted to do good. Virtuous people, capable of distinguishing and employing men, would repair thither in quest of objects in whose favor they might exert their credit; others to honor the memory of some illustrious man, would give entertainments at the foot of his statue to some indigent family. The

state would set the example at certain epochs dear to the country, such as the birth-day of the king. It should there give repasts to the lower classes, not by throwing loaves at their heads, as in our public rejoicings, but by regaling them according to their respective trades, seated on the grass around the statues of those by whom they were invented or improved. These repasts would not resemble those given sometimes out of ceremony by the rich to the poor, in which they wait upon them respectfully with napkins under their arms. The donors should be obliged to sit down to table, and to eat with them. They would have no occasion to wash their feet, but they would perform a more useful service in providing them with shoes and stockings.

There the rich would learn to practise genuine virtue, and the poor to know it. The nation would these be instructed in its duties, and would acquire an idea of true greatness. It would behold the sacrifices offered up at the shrine of virtue to the Deity, turning in the end to the advantage of the wretched.

These repasts would remind us of the love-feasts of the first Christians, and of the saturnalia of death, towards which we are daily advancing, and which, rendering us all equal, will make no other difference between us than what results from the good which we may have done during our lives.

In order to honor the memory of virtuous men, the faithful formerly assembled in places consecrated by their actions or their tombs, on the banks of a stream, or in the shade of a forest. Thither they carried refreshments, and invited those who had none to partake with them. The same customs were common to all religions. They still subsist in those of Asia. You may discover them among the ancient Greeks. Xenophon, after his famous retreat, in which he saved ten thousand of his countrymen, and ravaged the territory of Persia, allotted part of the booty to the foundation of a chapel in honor of Diana.

He attached to it a revenue, chaces, and repairs for those who should repair to it on a certain day in every year.

OF THE CLERGY.

If our poor sometimes participate in some paltry ecclesiastical distribution, instead of extricating them from their misery, it has no other effect than to keep them in it. And yet what vast landed property has been bequeathed for their relief to the church! Why are not its revenues distributed in sums sufficient to raise at least annually a certain number of families from indigence? The clergy assert that they are the managers of the property of the poor; but the poor are neither lunatics nor idiots to stand in need of their management; besides, it is impossible to prove by any passage either of the old or new Testament, that this duty belongs to the clergy: if these are the administrators of the poor, they have at present in the kingdom no less than seven millions of souls in their temporal administration. I shall not enlarge upon this reflexion. Every one ought to have his due: the priests are by divine right the advocates of the poor, but the king alone is their natural trustee.

As indigence is the principal cause of the vices of the people, opulence may, in its turn, produce depravity among the clergy. I shall not here call to my aid the censures pronounced by St. Jerome, St. Bernard, St. Augustin, and other fathers of the church, against the clergy of their age and country, in which they prophesied the total destruction of religion as a necessary consequence of their manners and their riches. This prophecy of several of them was speedily verified in Africa, in Asia, in Judea, and in the Grecian empire, where not only the religion but the very governments of those nations were overturned. The rapacity of most ecclesiastics soon renders the functions of the church suspected; this is an argument which strikes every person. "I believe," said Pascal, "the evi-

dence of witnesses who seal their testimony with their blood." This reasoning, however, is liable to objections; but the following is perfectly free from any: "I mistrust witnesses who enrich themselves." In truth religion has natural and supernatural proofs far superior to those which man is capable of furnishing. It depends not on our order or our disorder; but on these our country depends.

The world at present looks with envy, and it may even be said with hatred on most priests. But they are the children of their age as well as other men. The vices with which they are reproached belong in part to their nation, to the time in which they live, to the political constitution of the state, and to their education. Ours are Frenchmen like ourselves; they are our relations, frequently sacrificed to our own fortune by the ambition of our fathers. If we were charged with their functions, we should probably perform them much worse. I know none that are so painful and so highly entitled to respect as those of a good ecclesiastic. I say nothing concerning those of a bishop who watches over his diocese, who founds useful seminaries, who maintains order and peace among communities, who opposes the wicked and supports the weak, who is ever ready to succour the unfortunate, and who, in this age of error, refutes the objections of the enemies of the faith by his own virtues. He is rewarded by the public esteem. By painful exertions it is possible to purchase the glory of a Fenelon or a François de Paule. I say nothing concerning those of a rector, which, by their importance, sometimes attract the notice of kings, nor of those of a missionary who is going to martyrdom. The conflict of the latter lasts perhaps but for a single day, and his glory is immortal. But I speak of those of a simple and obscure parish priest, whom nobody notices. He is, in the first place, obliged to sacrifice the pleasures and the liberty of his youth to tedious and fatiguing studies. He is obliged to carry continence with him every day of his life, like a ponderous cuirass, in a thousand occasions

which it is liable to be lost. The world honors only theatrical virtues and victories of a moment. But to contend every day with an enemy lurking within one's self, and who approaches as a friend; to withstand continually, without witness, without glory, without praise, the strongest of passions, the darling propensity, is truly difficult. Conflicts of another kind await him from without. He is daily obliged to risk his life among epidemical diseases. He has to confess, with his head on the same pillow, persons afflicted with the small pox, the putrid, and the scarlet fever. This obscure courage appears to me far superior to military courage. The soldier fights in the sight of armies, to the sound of cannons and of drums; he presents himself to death as a hero. The priest, on the contrary, devotes himself to it as a victim. What does the latter expect from his exertions? A subsistence frequently precarious. Besides, when he acquires property he cannot bequeath it to his descendants. All his temporal hopes expire with him. What compensation does he receive from men? To have frequently to console persons destitute of faith; to be the refuge of the poor, and to have nothing to give them; to be persecuted sometimes even for his virtues; to see his conflicts treated with contempt, his proceedings turned into artifices, his virtues into vices, his religion into ridicule; such are the duties, and such are the rewards which the world bestows on the greater part of these men whose lot it envies.

This I have ventured to suggest for the happiness of the people, and of the principal orders of the state. Philosophers and politicians without number have declaimed against the vices of society, without taking the trouble to investigate the causes, and still less to seek remedies for them. The most skilful have beheld our miseries only in detail, and have applied to them nothing but palliatives. Some have proscribed luxury, others celibacy, and have been anxious to compel those to burden themselves with a family who are incapable of providing for their indivi-

dual necessities. Others have proposed the imprisonment of all beggars; and others again would prohibit prostitutes from appearing in the streets. They act like those physicians, who, to cure an eruption of the body, use all their art to make the humor strike internally. Politicians! ye apply the remedy to the head, because the pain is in the forehead, but the disease is in the nerves; it is the heart that demands attention; it is the people whom it is necessary to cure.

If some great minister, desirous of making us happy at home, and extending our power abroad, durst undertake the task, he ought in his proceedings to imitate those of Nature. She operates but slowly, and by reactions. I repeat it, the cause of the prodigious power of gold, which has, at one and the same time, robbed the people of morals and of a subsistence, lies in the venality of employments. That of mendicity, which at this day extends to seven millions of persons, proceeds from the vast domains and the numerous places accumulated by individuals. That of the prostitution of common women arises on the one hand from their indigence, and on the other from the celibacy of two millions of men. The useless superabundance of indolent and censorious citizens in our small towns, is owing to the impositions by which the inhabitants of the country are degraded; the prejudices of the nobility proceed from the resentments of the commonalty; and all these evils, with an infinite number of others both physical and intellectual, spring from the misery of the people. It is the indigence of the lower classes that produces such numbers of comedians, prostitutes, highwaymen, incendiaries, licentious writers, slanderers, flatterers, superstitious people, beggars, kept mistresses, quacks of every kind, and that infinite multitude of corrupt men, who, incapable of aspiring to distinction by means of virtues, seek to obtain a livelihood and consideration by their vices. In vain you oppose to them financial plans, projects of poor's rates, ordinances of police, decrees of parliament, all your

labor is in vain. The indigence of the people is a vast river, which increases every year, which overflows all the dykes, and will in the end bear down all before it.

To this physical cause of our wretchedness must likewise be added a moral cause, which is our education. I shall venture to make some reflexions on this subject, though it is above my ability; but if it be the most important of our abuses, it appears on the other hand, the easiest to reform; and this reform is, in my opinion, so necessary, that, without it, all the others would be unavailing.

STUDY XIV.

OF EDUCATION.

"TO what better purpose," says Plutarch,* "could Numa devote his attention, than to cause the children to be well fed, and the youth to be exercised, that they might not be different in manners nor turbulent from the diversity of their food, but might perfectly agree together, because in their infancy they were trained in the same track, and cast in the same mould of virtue? Besides, the other advantages with which this practice was attended, it served to maintain the laws of Lycurgus; for respect for the oath taken by the Spartans would have been of little avail, had he not, by training and nourishment, dyed in the wool, if I may be allowed the expression, the manners of the children, and caused them to suck in almost with their mothers' milk the love of his laws and his regulations"

Here is a judgment which condemns all our educations

* Plutarch's comparison of Lycurgus and Numa.

in the praises it bestows on that of Sparta. I have no hesitation to ascribe to our modern educations the turbulent, ambitious, malignant, officious, and intolerant spirit of most Europeans. The effects of them may be seen in the misery of the people. It is remarkable that those nations which have been most agitated internally and externally, are precisely those in which our vaunted education has been the most flourishing. The truth of this may be ascertained if we examine country by country, or age by age. Politicians have imagined that they had discovered the cause of the public misery in the different forms of governments. Nevertheless Turkey is tranquil, and England, is frequently agitated. Political forms, as we have already observed, are perfectly indifferent to the felicity of a state, provided the people are happy: we might have added, and provided the children likewise are happy.

The philosopher Laloubère, sent by Louis XIV. to Siam, says, in the narrative of his travels, that the Asiatics laugh at us when we extol the excellence of the Christian religion for securing the happiness of states. On reading our histories they ask, how our religion can possibly be so humane, when we make war ten times as often as they? What then would they say, were they to witness our perpetual law-suits, the slanders, and the calumnies of our societies, the jealousies of particular bodies, the quarrels of the common people, the duels of the higher classes, and our animosities of every kind? According to the testimonies of the missionaries themselves, there is nothing that can be compared to these, neither in Asia nor in Africa, neither among the Tartars nor the Savages. For my part, I conceive that the cause of all these individual and general vices lies in our ambitious education. When we have been accustomed to drink from childhood out of the cup of ambition, we thirst for the beverage all the rest of our lives, and this thirst degenerates into a fever at the foot of the altars.

Assuredly religion is not the cause of them. I know

not how kingdoms, assuming the character of Christain, could have adopted ambition for the basis of public education. Independent of their political constitution, which forbids it to all those of their subjects who have not money, that is to the majority, there is no passion which is so rigidly proscribed by religion. We have observed that only two passions reign in the human heart, love and ambition. The civil laws inflict heavy penalties on the excesses of the first; they repress as much as possible all its movements. Infamous punishments are decreed for prostitution, and in some places adultery is a capital offence. But these same laws encourage the second; they every where hold out to it rewards and honors. These opinions prevail even in convents. If the amorous intrigues of a monk happen to be discovered, the whole convent is an uproar; but what praises are lavished upon those which obtain him a cardinal's hat! What raileries, imprecations, and maledictions are poured forth against imprudent frailty! What flattering and honorable epithets are reserved for audacious cunning! By how many glorious names, such as noble emulation, love of glory, understanding, intelligence, merit rewarded, do they not palliate intrigue, flattery, simony, perfidy, and all the vices which in every state follow in the train of ambition.

Such is the judgment of the world, but that pronounced by religion, ever conformable to Nature, on the characters of these two passions is very different. Jesus calls to him the feeble Samaritan woman, pardons the adulteress, absolves Mary Magdalen, who bathes his feet with her tears; but hear the sentence he denounces against the ambitious: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, for ye love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts!" Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers; for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with

* Luke xxi. 46.

one of your fingers! Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered!"† He declares, that notwithstanding their vain honors in this world, prostitutes shall take precedence of them in the kingdom of God. He enjoins us in several places to beware of them, and he informs us that we shall know them by their fruits. In judgments so different from ours, he judges our passions according to their natural conformities. He pardons prostitution, which is in itself a vice, but which, however, is only a weakness with respect to social order, and he condemns ambition without indulgence, as a crime against both the order of society and that of Nature. The first brings misery only on two culprits, the second on the human race.

To this our doctors reply, that the sole object in the education of our children, is to inspire them with the emulation of virtue. I believe, for my part, that exercises of virtue are never heard of in our colleges, unless the pupils have to compose a few themes or amplifications on that subject. But real ambition is instilled into their minds, when they are taught to aspire to the first places in their classes, and to adopt a thousand intolerant systems. Accordingly when they have once the key of science in their pockets, they are determined, like their masters, not to suffer any person to enter but by their door.

Virtue and ambition are incompatible. The glory of ambition is to ascend, and that of virtue to descend. See how Jesus reprimands his apostles, when they ask him which of them is to be the first. He takes a child, and places him in the middle of them. We may be assured it was not a child out of our schools. Ah! when he recommends to us humility so suitable to our feeble and miserable nature, it was because he knew that not even supreme power was capable of making us happy in this

† Luke xi. 46. 52.

world; and it is worthy of remark, that it was not to the disciple whom he most tenderly loved that he gave the precedence before the rest; but, as the reward of his love, which was faithful even unto death, he, with his expiring breath, bequeathed to him his own mother.

This pretended emulation, instilled into children, renders them, throughout their whole lives, vain, intolerant, affected by the slightest censure or commendation of a stranger. They are inspired with ambition, we are told, for their good, that they may attain to distinction in the world. But natural cupidity is fully adequate to that purpose. Have tradespeople, artisans, and all the lucrative professions, that is, all the conditions of society, occasion for any other stimulus? If ambition were instilled only into one child, destined at some future period to fill important offices, this education, which would not be free from disadvantages, would at least be suitable to the career he is to pursue. But, by inspiring all with this passion, you give each of them as many enemies as he has companions; you render them the instruments of unhappiness to each other. Those who have not talents to distinguish them, seek to ingratiate themselves with their masters by flattery, and to effect the fall of their associates by their slanders. Should these means prove unsuccessful, they conceive an aversion for the objects of their emulation, which only procures applause for their comrades, and is to themselves a perpetual source of vexation, punishment, and tears. This is the reason why so many banish from their memory the times and the objects of their early studies, though it is natural to the human heart to recollect with pleasure the period of childhood. I have no doubt that these antipathies of education have a powerful influence over the love which we ought to cherish for religion, because its elements are explained to us with anger, pride, and inhumanity.

The policy of most masters consists principally in fashioning the exterior of their pupils. They model after the

same form a multitude of characters which Nature has made very different. Some would have them grave and sedate, as if they were little Presidents; others, in much greater number, require them to be quick and lively. "Come," they are incessantly crying; "make haste; don't be lazy." To this impulsion alone I ascribe the general levity which characterizes our youth, and with which we are reproached as a national failing. It is the impatience of masters that originally produces this levity in scholars. It is afterwards increased, on their entrance into the world, by the impatience of women. Is then reflection less useful in the affairs of life than promptitude? How many children are destined for grave occupations! Is not reflection the ground-work of prudence, of temperance, of wisdom, and of most of the moral qualities? For my part, I have always observed that honest people are exceedingly tranquil, and rogues extremely alert.

There is, in this respect, a wide difference between two children, one of whom has been educated in the paternal habitation, and the other in a public school. The first is, indisputably, more polished, more honest, less jealous, from this very reason, that he has been educated without the ambition of surpassing any one, and still less of surpassing himself, according to our fashionable phrase, which, like many others, is destitute of sense. Is not a child, filled with college emulation, obliged to renounce it, the moment he steps into the world, if he would be supportable to his equals and to himself? If he proposes to himself no other object than advancement, will he not be afflicted at the prosperity of another? Will he not cherish animosities, jealousies, and desires which will deprave both the physical and the moral man? Do not philosophy and religion oblige him to strive every day of his life to eradicate these vices of education? Nay, the world itself compels him to conceal their hideous aspect. This is a cheering prospect opened to human life, in which it is necessary to employ one half of our days in destroying

with a thousand efforts what we have been constructing with such pains and tears in the other.

These vices we have adopted from the Greeks, without reflecting that they contributed to their perpetual divisions, and their final ruin. Most of their exercises, at least, had for their object the welfare of their country. If the Greeks had matches for wrestling, boxing, throwing the disk, races on foot and in chariots, it was because these exercises were necessary for war. If they gave prizes for eloquence, it was because it served to defend the interests of their country, from city to city, or in the general assemblies of Greece. But of what service are our long studies of the dead languages, and of customs foreign to our country? Most of our institutions relative to the ancients, bear a striking resemblance to the paradise of the Indians of America. These good people say, that, after death the souls of their countrymen go to a certain region where they hunt the souls of beavers with the souls of arrows, running over the soul of the snow with the soul of snow-shoes, and that they cook the souls of their game in the souls of kettles. We have, in like manner, images of a Colyseum, in which no games are held; images of colonnades and public places, where nobody is permitted to walk; images of antique vases, which cannot hold any liquid, but which contribute greatly to our images of grandeur and patriotism. The Greeks and Romans of ancient times would here think themselves in the region of shades. Happy would it be for us had we borrowed of them nothing but vain images, and had we not naturalized among us their real evils, by transporting hither the jealousies, the animosities, and the vain emulations by which they were rendered miserable.

It was Charlemagne, we are told, who instituted our studies, some say for the purpose of dividing his subjects, and giving them employment: in this case he has succeeded to admiration. Seven years for humanity, two for philosophy, three for theology, twelve years of languor,

ambition, and self-sufficiency, without reckoning the additional years which fond parents keep their children at their studies, to render them the more perfect, as they say. I would ask, if at the expiration of this time, a scholar is, according to the denominations of those studies, more humane, more philosophical, and believers more firmly in God than the honest clown who cannot read? Of what advantage then is all this to the majority? What benefit do they receive from it in the world, for the perfection of their understanding and the purity of their diction? We have seen that the classic authors themselves derived their knowledge from the study of Nature alone, and that those of our nation who are most distinguished in the sciences and literature, such as Descartes, Michel Montaigne, J. J. Rousseau, &c. attained to such eminence only by deviating from the track of their models, and following that which was directly opposite. It was thus that Descartes attacked and overthrew the philosophy of Aristotle: you may say that it is precisely the sciences and eloquence which are past the barriers of our Gothic institutions.

It is nevertheless fortunate, I admit, for many children who have bad parents, that there are public schools: they are less unhappy there than under the paternal roof. The vices of their masters being exposed to view, are partly restrained by the fear of public censure; but this is not the case with those of their parents. For example, the pride of a man of letters is loquacious and sometimes instructive; that of an ecclesiastic is hypocritical, but flattering; that of a gentleman is haughty, but frank; that of a peasant is insolent, but natural: whereas the pride of a citizen is sullen and stupid; it is pride at its ease, pride in a *robe de chambre*. As a citizen is never contradicted, unless by his wife, they both concur to make their children unhappy, even without suspecting it. Is it possible to believe that, in a society in which all moralists agree that men are corrupted, in which the citizens are protected only by the dread of the laws, or by the fear

They entertain of each other, weak and defenceless children are not abandoned to the discretion of tyranny? Nothing can be so shallow and so vain as most citizens; among them stupidity takes deep root: you see many of them, both men and women die of apoplexy, occasioned by a too sedentary life, by eating beef and taking meat-broth when ill, without suspecting in the least that this regimen is prejudicial to them. There is nothing so wholesome they say; they always saw their aunts do the same. It is thus that a multitude of false remedies and superstitions preserve the reputation which they have lost in the world; it is in their cupboards that cassia, a species of poison, still passes for a universal panacea. The regimen of the education of their unfortunate children resembles that of their health; they form them after gloomy customs; with rod in hand, they make them learn every thing even to the very scripture; they keep them sedentary the whole day, at an age when Nature impels them to move about for the purpose of expanding their members. Be good, say they to them incessantly; and this goodness consists only in sitting like statues. An intelligent lady, who was fond of children, one day saw in a shop in the Street St. Denis, a little boy and girl who were extremely silent and grave. "Your children are very dull," said she to the mother. "Ah! Madam," replied the woman, "it is not for want of being soundly beaten for it, I assure you."

Being rendered miserable in their plays and in their studies, children become gloomy hypocrites in the presence of their parents. At length they grow up. One night the daughter puts on her cloak, under the pretext of going to prayers, instead of which she hastens into the arms of her lover; symptoms of pregnancy appear; she flees the paternal habitation, and goes upon the town. One fine morning the son enlists. The father and mother are distracted. "We spared no expence in their education," they say; "we provided them with masters of every

kind." Ye fools! you forget the principal point, which was to win their affections.

They justify their tyranny by this cruel adage: "Correction is necessary for children; human nature is corrupt." They are not aware that it is themselves who corrupt it by their chastisements,* and that in every country where the parents are good, the children resemble them.

* I ascribe to this kind of punishment not only the physical and moral corruption of children, and of several orders of monks, but even of the whole nation. You cannot step into the streets without hearing nurses and mothers say to their children: "I'll whip you." I never was in England, but I am persuaded that the ferocity which is ascribed to the English must proceed from some such cause. I have indeed heard that this kind of punishment is more cruel and more frequent among them than in this country. See what is said on this subject by the illustrious authors of the *Spectator*, a work which has undeniably contributed to soften both their manners and ours. They reproach the English nobility for suffering this character of infamy to be impressed on their children. Turn to the 51st and 52d letters of the seventh volume. The former concludes with these words:

"I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy."

The government ought to proscribe this kind of punishment, not only in public schools, as has been done in Russia, but also in convents, on board of ships, in private houses, and in boarding-schools; it corrupts at once and the same time the fathers, the mothers, the preceptors, and the children. I could mention dreadful reactions of it did not modesty forbid me. Is it not astonishing that men, in other respects of decent habits, should inculcate kindness, humanity, chastity as the ground-work of a Christian education, and yet inflict on bashful and innocent children the most cruel and the most obscene of all punishments? Our men of letters, who, during the past century, have reformed so many abuses, have not attacked this in the manner it deserves; they bestow not sufficient attention on the wrongs of the rising generation. It would be an interesting legal question to decide whether the state should suffer the punishment of infamy to be inflicted by men who have not the power of life and death. It is certain that the infamy of a citizen has more dangerous reactions on society than his death. It is of no consequence, we are told; they are but children. And because they are but children it behoves every generous mind to protect them, as an unhappy child infallibly becomes a wicked man.

It must not be supposed that what I have said concerning preceptors in general was with the intention of rendering them odious. I only wish to apprise them that these punishments, the practice of which they have borrowed from the corrupted Greeks of the Eastern Empire, contribute much more than they imagine to the hatred borne them, as well as the other ministers of religion, both monks and ecclesiastics, by the people, who are more enlightened than formerly. Preceptors, indeed, treat their pupils as they have been treated themselves: they were themselves unhappy, and render others so, often without being aware of it. All that I

I could demonstrate by a multitude of examples that the depravation of our most notorious criminals, from Guillery to Desrues, originated in the cruelty of their education. But we shall take leave of this odious perspective with this single reflection, that, if human nature were corrupt as those pretend who arrogate to themselves the power of reforming it, children would not fail to add new corruption to that which they find already introduced into the world on their entrance into it. Consequently human society would soon arrive at the period of its destruction. On the contrary, it is children who keep it at a distance, by bringing with them new and innocent souls. Long apprenticeships are necessary, to excite in them a propensity for our passions and our extravagancies. New generations resemble the dews and the showers of heaven, which refresh the waters of rivers, slackened in their course, and on the point of becoming putrid. Change the sources of a river, and you will change it throughout its whole course; change the education of a people, and you will alter their character and their manners.

We shall hazard some ideas on a subject of such importance, and we shall seek our elucidation of them in Nature. When we examine the nest of a bird, we not only find in it the food, adapted to her young; but by the softness of the down with which it is lined, by its situation which shelters it from cold, from rain, and from wind, and a multitude of other precautions, it is obvious that those who constructed it, exerted, for the benefit of their young, all the intelligence and the benevolence of which they were susceptible. Their father even sings at a little distance from their cradle, excited, in my opinion, rather by the solicitude of paternal than of conjugal love, for

contend for here is, that man has been abandoned to his own providence, and that all the evils he inflicts on his fellow-creatures recoil sooner or later on his own head. This reaction is the only counterpoise that can bring him back to humanity. All the sciences are still in their infancy; but that of making men happy has not yet made its appearance, even in China, a country whose political system is so superior to ours,

this last sentiment is extinguished in most of them as soon as the hen begins to sit. If we examine, under the same aspect, the schools of the children of men, we shall acquire a very unfavourable idea of the affection of their parents. Canes, rods, ferules, cries, tears, are the first lessons given to human life. We discover, indeed, some rewards among all these chastisements; but emblems of what awaits them in society, the pain that attends them is real, and the pleasure only imaginary.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the species of animated beings, the human species is the only one whose young are brought up by dint of blows. I should desire no other proof of original depravity in mankind. The European species surpasses all the nations of the globe in this respect, and likewise in wickedness. We have remarked, after the testimony of the missionaries themselves, the tenderness with which the savages educate their children, and the affection which the latter bear towards their parents. The Arabs extend their humanity even to their horses; they never strike them, but train them by means of caresses, and render them so docile that none in the world can be compared to them for beauty and excellence. They never tie them in their camp; but suffer them to graze at liberty in the neighbouring fields, from which they run at the call of their masters. These docile animals repair at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting any of them.* If the rider should fall, his horse immediately stands still, and never leaves him. These people have, by the invincible influence of a gentle education, rendered their horses the first coursers in the universe. It is impossible to read

* I have heard it remarked in the country, by persons of observation and veracity, that if a man were lying in the path of a horse, who was not urged, but suffered to take his own pace, the animal would not trample upon him, but step over with the utmost care, as if fearful of injuring the image of the Creator. The sceptic may laugh; but to the mind endued with sensibility, circumstances apparently so trivial carry conviction of an Intelligence, Almighty, All-bountiful, and All-wise. T.

without emotion what the virtuous consul d'Arvieux says on this subject in his tour to Mount Lebanon. A poor Arab of the desert had nothing in the world but a mare of extraordinary beauty: the consul of France, at Seid, proposed to him to sell her, intending to send her to Louis XIV. The Arab, oppressed by want, was long in coming to a determination; at last he consented, and asked a considerable sum. The consul durst not venture to give such a high price, till he had obtained the approbation of his court. Louis XIV. ordered it to be paid. The consul immediately sent for the Arab, who appeared mounted on his beautiful steed; and he counted out to him the sum he had demanded. The Arab, whose only covering was a wretched mat, dismounted, and looked first at the money, and then at the mare. "To whom," said he, with a sigh, "am I going to deliver thee? To Europeans, who will tie thee, who will beat thee, and make thee miserable. Come back with me, my beauty, my darling, my antelope, and be the joy of my children!" so saying, he leaped upon her, and galloped back to the desert.

If, among us, parents beat their children, it is because they love them not; if they put them out to nurse, as soon as they come into the world, it is because they love them not; if they send them, as they grow up, to boarding-schools and colleges, it is because they love them not; if they procure them situations out of their condition and their province, it is because they love them not; they keep them at a distance at every period of life, undoubtedly because they consider them as their heirs.

I have long sought the cause of this unnatural sentiment, not in our books, because their authors, to pay court to parents who purchase their works, treat only of the duties of children; and if they sometimes take notice of those of parents, those which they prescribe to them with regard to their children, seem only to suggest new means of making themselves detested by the latter.

This paternal apathy proceeds from our immorality,

which has destroyed among us all the sentiments of Nature. To the ancients, and even to the savages, the perspective of social life presented a succession of employments from infancy to old age, which, among them, was the age for important, civil, and ecclesiastical offices. The hopes of their religion then crowned the conclusion of their career, and rendered the plan of their life conformable to that of Nature. It was thus that they continually presented to the minds of their fellow-citizens that prospect of infinity so natural to the human heart. But venality and immorality having deranged among us the order of Nature, the only period of life which has retained its rights is that of youth and of love. It is this period to which all the citizens direct their thoughts. Among the ancients, it was the old who governed; among us, it is the young. The aged are obliged to resign employments of every kind. Their dear children then repay them the fruits of the education they have received.

Hence it comes, that a father and mother, fixing among us the period of their happiness, about the middle of life, behold with pain their children advancing towards that point at the time they are themselves receding from it. As their faith is nearly destroyed, religion affords them no consolation. They see nothing but death as the boundary of their prospect. This point of view makes them gloomy, severe, and often cruel. This is the reason why parents, among us, do not love their children, and why our old people affect so many frivolous propensities, that they may conciliate a generation which repulses them.

It is in consequence of these same manners that there is no patriotism among us. Among the ancients, on the contrary, that virtue shone with distinguished lustre. The ancients proposed not only great rewards for the present, but much greater for the future. The Romans, for example, had oracles, which promised that Rome should be the capital of the world, and which she actually did become. Each citizen individually flattered himself with the

idea of influencing her destinies, and of one day presiding, like a tutelary deity, over those of his own posterity. They were so ambitious of nothing as to see their age honored and distinguished above all those of the republic. Those among us who have any ambition for the future, confine it to the hope of being themselves distinguished from their age by their knowledge or their philosophy. Such are nearly the limits of our natural ambition directed by our education.

The ancients sought to divine what their posterity should become, and we strive to discover what our ancestors were. We are in the State like passengers carried by force on board of a ship; we look towards the poop, and not towards the prow, at the land we are leaving, and not towards that to which we are sailing. We eagerly collect Gothic manuscripts, monuments of chivalry, medals of Childeric; we preserve with care all these things used in the ancient manœuvres of our vessel. Looking behind us, we keep sight of them as long as we can. We even extend this love of antiquity to monuments that are foreign to us, to those of the Greeks and of the Romans. They are, like ours, the wreck of their ships, which have perished on the vast ocean of ages, without being able to keep together till our times. They would have accompanied, and would even have outstripped us, had they been well managed. They may still be known by their fragments. From the simplicity of its construction and the lightness of its shape, that is the vessel of Lacedæmon. She was formed to float for ever; but she had no keel; a violent storm arose, and the Helots could not restore her equilibrium. By the height of her quarter-deck you may know proud Rome. She was unable to sustain the weight of her high manœuvres; she was upset by her grandees. On the different rocks upon which they struck might be engraved the following inscriptions:

Love of conquest, Great Properties, Venality of Offices, Corruption of Manners; and, above all, Contempt of the common people.

The billows of time still roar over their vast wrecks, and from time to time detach fragments from them, which they disperse among living nations for their instruction. These ruins seem to address us in these words: "We are the relics of the ancient government of the Tuscans, of Dardanus, and the grandsons of Numitor. The states which they transmitted to their descendants still nourish nations; but they have no longer the same languages, the same religions, or the same dynasties of sovereigns. Divine Providence, to save mankind from shipwreck, drowned the pilots, and dashed the vessels in pieces."

We admire, on the contrary, in our frivolous sciences, their conquests, their vast and useless edifices, and all the monuments of their luxury, which are the very rocks upon which they split. This is the point to which we are led by our studies and our patriotism. If posterity concerns itself about the ancients, it is because the ancients have labored for its benefit; but if we do nothing for our posterity, it will certainly give itself no concern about us. It will direct its enquiries, as we are continually doing, to the Greeks and Romans, without bestowing a single thought upon its forefathers.

Instead of being enraptured with Roman and Greek medals, half consumed by time, would it not be quite as pleasing, and much more useful, to direct our views and our conjectures to our own children, fresh, brisk, and chubby, and seek to discover from their inclinations which of them will be the future servants of our country. Those who, in their sports, are fond of building, will one day erect monuments for it. Those who take delight in waging innocent wars with each other, will become Epaminondas and Scipios. Those who are seated upon the turf, the tranquil spectators of the pastimes of their companions, will one day give it grave magistrates and philosophers, masters over their passions. Those who, in their restless courses, are fond of straggling from the rest, will be celebrated travellers, and founders of colonies, who shall intro-

duce the language and the manners of France among the savages of America, or into the interior of Africa itself. If we are kind towards our children, they will bless our memory; they will transmit without alteration our customs, our fashions, our education, our government, and our memory to the remotest posterity. We shall be to them beneficent deities, who have rescued them from Gothic barbarism. We shall satisfy the innate predilection for infinity much better by directing our views two thousand years forward, than two thousand years backward. This manner of viewing objects more conformable to our divine nature, would fix our benevolence on sensible beings who exist and are to exist.* We shall secure for the days of our old age, which are so dull and so discouraging, the gratitude of the generation which will replace us, and by assuring its happiness and our own, we shall contribute with all our power towards the felicity of our country.

That I may contribute towards this happy revolution, I shall suggest a few other rapid ideas. I suppose that I have to find useful employment for a part of the twelve years which most of our young people waste in colleges. I reduce the time of their education to three periods, of three years each. The first shall commence at the age of seven years, as among the Lacedæmonians, and even

* There is a character of grandeur in the works of the Deity. They are not only perfect, but they go on continually increasing in perfection. We have said something of this law in treating of the harmonies of plants. A young plant is preferable to the seed which produced it, and a tree in flower, or in fruit, is more valuable than a young plant; lastly, a tree is never more beautiful than when it has grown old, and is surrounded with a forest of young trees sprung from its seed. The state of an embryo is better than nothing; and childhood than the state of an embryo; adolescence is preferable to childhood, and youth, the season of love, to adolescence. Man, in virile age, the chief of a family, is preferable to the young man. Old age, which encircles him with a numerous posterity, which, from his experience, admits him to the councils of nations, which suspends in him the empire of the passions only to give greater power to that of his reason; age, which seems to place him in the rank of the gods, by the multiplied hopes arising from the exercise of virtue and the laws of Providence, is superior to all the other periods of life. Would to heaven that this were the case with the age of France, and that the present century surpassed in happiness all those which have preceded it!

earlier: a child is susceptible of a patriotic education as soon as he is able to speak and walk. The second shall begin at the period of adolescence, and the third shall finish with it towards the completion of the fifteenth year, an age at which a youth may be of service to his country, and adopt a profession.

I would first place near the centre of Paris a spacious edifice, built internally in the form of a circular amphitheatre, divided by steps. The preceptors should be in the centre at the bottom, and above should be several rows of galleries, in order to multiply the places for the auditors. All round this building on the outside should be large porticoes for admitting the people. On the pediment over the entrance should be inscribed:

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL.

It is unnecessary to observe that as the children would pass three years in each period of their education, one of these edifices would be required for the instruction of the annual generation, which would fix the number of these structures destined for the general education of the capital at nine.

Around each of these amphitheatres there should be an extensive park, covered with plants and trees of the country, scattered at random, as if in the fields and in the woods. The primrose and the violet would be seen at the foot of the oak; and pear-trees and plumb-trees intermingled with elms and beeches. The bowers of innocence would not be less interesting than the tombs of virtue.

If I have wished that monuments should be erected to the glory of those who have enriched our climate with exotic plants, it is not because I prefer them to such as are indigenous, but to recal to the memory of my countrymen part of that gratitude which we owe to Nature. The most common plants in our fields, independent of their utility, are those which revive within us the most pleasing

sensations. They do not lead us abroad like foreign plants, but they keep us at home, and within ourselves. The feathered sphere of the dandelion brings to my recollection the places where, seated on the grass with children of my own age, we endeavoured to blow away at a single blast all those tufts, without leaving one behind. Fortune has blown in like manner upon us, and has dispersed our light circles over all the countries of the globe. It is not to the most beautiful flowers that we are most partial: moral sentiment in the course of time determines all our physical tastes. The plants which appear to me the most melancholy, are those which now excite the most powerful interest. I frequently fix my attention on a stalk of grass, on the top of an old wall, or a scabiosa battered by the winds in the midst of a plain. At the sight of an apple-tree without flowers and without fruits, in a foreign country, I have more than once exclaimed: "O why has fortune refused you, as well as me, a spot of ground in your native soil?"

The plants of our native land revive the idea of it in a more touching manner than its monuments; I should therefore spare no pains to collect them around the children of the nation. I would make their school as charming as their age, that, when the injustice of their patrons, of their friends, of their parents, of fortune, should have banished from their hearts all those motives of attachment to their country, the place where the years of childhood were rendered happy, might still be their capitol.

I would likewise decorate it with pictures. Children, as well as the common people, prefer painting to sculpture, because the latter has too many conventional beauties for them. They do not like figures entirely white, but with red cheeks and blue eyes, like their images of plaster. They are more struck with colors than with forms. I would have the portraits of our infant sovereigns exhibited there. Cyrus, educated with children of his own age, made heroes of them; ours would at least be educated

with the images of our kings. At the sight of them they would conceive the first sentiments of the attachment they owe to the fathers of their country. There too should be seen religious pictures; not such as produce terror and are intended to call men to repentance; but such as are proper for encouraging innocence. Such would be that of the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Jesus in her arms; and that of Jesus himself in the midst of children, manifesting in their attitudes and in their countenances the simplicity and confidence of their tender years, and such as Le Sueur would have painted them. Underneath might be inscribed these words of Christ himself:

Suffer little children to come unto me.

If it were necessary to represent in this school any act of injustice, it might be done in a picture of the barren fig-tree withering at his command. You would there see its leaves curled up, its branches twisted, its bark chapped, and the whole vegetable, struck with terror, perishing under the malediction of the Author of Nature.

Some short and simple inscription, taken from Scripture, such as the following, might be introduced:

Love one another.

or this:

*Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.*

And this maxim, which is necessary even for infancy:

*Virtue consists in preferring the public welfare to our
private interest.*

And this other:

*To be virtuous, we must resist our propensities, our
inclinations, our tastes, and wage incessant war with
ourselves.*

But there are inscriptions to which scarcely any attention is paid, and which are of infinitely greater importance to children; these are their own names. Their names are inscriptions which they always carry with them. It is impossible to conceive the influence they have over their

natural character. Our name is the first and the last good which is at our disposal; it determines our inclinations from our very infancy; it is an object of our concern during life, and even after death. "I shall leave a name behind me," say we. It is names that confer lustre or dishonor on the earth. The rocks of Greece and Italy are neither more ancient nor more beautiful than those of other parts of the world, but we have a greater veneration for them, because they have finer names. A medal is only a piece of copper, frequently covered with rust, but which is decorated with an illustrious name. I propose then, that appropriate names be given to children. A child prides himself on his name. If it alludes to any vice, or has a tendency to ridicule, which is the case with many, the mind inclines that way. Bayle remarks that an inquisitor called *Torre-cremada*, which signifies he Burned Tower, had burned during his life a prodigious number of heretics. A cordelier whose name was *Feu-ardent*, Burning Fire, did the same. It is another abuse to give children destined for pacific occupations, turbulent and ambitious names, as *Cæsar* and *Alexander*. It is still more dangerous to give them such as are ridiculous. I have seen unfortunate children teased to such a degree by their companions, and even by their own parents, on account of their christian names, which convey certain ideas of simplicity and good-nature, that they gradually assumed an opposite character of malignity and ferocity. Of this there are numerous examples. Two of our most celebrated satirical writers in theology and poetry were called, the one *Blaise Pascal* and the other *Colin Boileau*. "There is nothing sarcastic in Colin," said his father; but this expression created a sarcastic disposition in him. The audacious villainy of *Jacques Clement* probably originated in some ridicule of his name. The government ought therefore to pay attention to the names which are given to children, since they have terrible influences on the characters of the citizens. I should likewise wish that to their

christian name might be added a surname of some family celebrated for its virtues, as was the practice of the Romans: this kind of adoption would attach the low to the high, and the high to the low. There were at Rome I know not how many Scipios among the plebeian families. The names of our illustrious families, such as our Fenelons, our Catinats, our Montausiers, should, in like manner, be revived among the common people.

In this school no noisy clocks should be employed to announce the different exercises, but the sound of flutes and hautboys. Every thing taught there should be in verse, and set to music. It is impossible to conceive the influence of these two arts united. Of this I shall cite a few examples taken from the legislation of the people, whose government was perhaps the most perfect of any that ever existed, I mean that of Sparta. Hear what Plutarch says on this subject in his life of Lycurgus. "Lycurgus, having left his country, (to avoid the calumnies which were the reward of his virtue,) first proceeded to Candia, where he attentively observed and considered the manners and government of that island, visiting and conversing with the most virtuous and most renowned of its inhabitants. If he found there some laws which appeared good, and was induced to carry them with him, for the purpose of introducing them into his own country, he likewise met with others of which he could not approve. Among the rest there was a man, who was accounted uncommonly wise and well versed in matters of governments, and whose name was Thales. Him Lycurgus persuaded by his entreaties and the friendship he had formed with him, to go to Sparta. This Thales had the reputation of being a Lyric poet, and assumed that title; but, in fact, he did every thing that could be done by the ablest governors and the most enlightened reformers of the world: for all his compositions were beautiful songs, in which he exhorted the people to live in obedience to the laws, and in union and concord with each other; the

words being accompanied with notes, gestures, and accents, full of sweetness and gravity, which secretly softened the stubborn hearts of the hearers, and inspired them with a love of virtue, and weaned them from the seditions, enmities, and divisions which at that time prevailed among them; so that it may be said that it was he who prepared the way by which Lycurgus afterwards led the Lacedæmonians to reason."

Lycurgus likewise introduced music into many of their exercises, among others into those of war. "When their whole army was ranged in order of battle, in sight of the enemy, the king sacrificed a goat to the gods, and then commanded the combatants to put chaplets of flowers on their heads, and those who played the flutes to strike up what was called the song of Castor, at the sound and cadence of which he himself began to march the first; so that it was a spectacle not less agreeable than tremendous, to behold them thus marching all together in good order, without confounding their ranks, and going steadily and joyfully to expose themselves to the perils of death."*

Thus, unlike modern nations, music served to repress their courage, rather than to excite it, and for that purpose they had no occasion for bear-skin hats, nor drums, nor spirituous liquors.

If music and poetry were such powerful means of recalling vicious men to the paths of virtue, and afterwards of governing them at Sparta, what influence would they not have over our children in the age of innocence! Who could ever forget the sacred laws of morality, if composed in verses as pleasing as the *Devin du Village*! Such institutions would produce among us poets as sublime as the sage Thales, or as Tyrtæus, who composed the hymn of Castor.

These means being established in behalf of our children, the first thing in which they ought to receive

* Plutarch's *Life of Lycurgus*.

instruction should be religion. Their preceptors should at first speak to them concerning God, in such a manner as to inspire them with love and awe, but awe, unmixed with fear. The fear of the Deity engenders superstition, and produces a horror of priests and of death. The first commandment of religion is to love God. "Love, and do what you please," was the expression of a saint. Religion enjoins us to love him above all things, and to address ourselves to him as to our father. If it commands us to fear him, it is only relatively to the love we owe him, for we ought always to be fearful of offending what it is our duty to love. For the rest, I am far from thinking that a child cannot have any idea of God before he has attained the age of fourteen years, as a writer, whom I love in other respects, has asserted. Do we not instil into very young children sentiments of fear, and hatred of metaphysical objects which have no existence? Why then should they not be inspired with confidence and love towards the Being who fills all Nature with his bounty? Children have not such an idea of God as the theologian or the philosopher, but they are extremely susceptible of the sentiment of the Deity, which, as we have seen, is the reason of Nature. Nay, this sentiment was exalted among them at the time of the Crusades to such a degree as to impel a great number of them to assume the cross, and to assist in the recovery of the Holy Land. Would to Heaven that I had preserved the sentiment of the existence of God, and of his principal attributes as pure as in the early period of my life! It is the heart rather than the understanding that religion demands. And let me ask which of the two is most filled with the Deity, and is most acceptable in his sight, the child, who, penetrated with the sentiment of him, raises his innocent hands towards heaven, and stammers forth his prayers, or the scholar who explains his nature?

It is extremely easy to excite in children ideas of God and of virtue. The daisy in the grass, the fruit suspended

from the trees in their play-ground, might be their first lessons in theology, and their first exercises in abstinence and obedience to the laws. Their attention should be drawn to the principal object of religion, by the pure and simple narrative of the life of Jesus Christ in the Gospel. They might learn in their Creed all that it is possible to know of the nature of God, and in the Lord's Prayer all that they ought to ask of him.

It is worthy of remark, that among all the sacred books there is none which children learn with such facility as the Bible. They ought in particular to be exercised in the performance of the duties enjoined by it, without vain glory and the respect of mankind. They should, therefore be trained to vie with each other in acts of friendship, and in good offices of every kind. All the children of the citizens, without exception, should be admitted into this school. Nothing should be required of them but the greatest cleanliness, let them for the rest even be clothed only in rags sewed together. You would there see the child of the man of quality, attended by his tutor, arriving in a carriage, and placing himself beside the son of a peasant, supported by his little stick, lightly clad in the midst of winter, and carrying in his satchel his books, and a slice of brown bread for his subsistence during the whole day. They would then both learn to know each other before they separated for ever. The son of the rich man would learn to share his abundance with him who is often destined to feed him during his whole life out of his own scanty pittance. These children of all ages, having their heads crowned with flowers and divided into bands, should assist at our public processions: their youth, their order, their singing, their innocence, would exhibit a more august spectacle than footmen carrying their master's coats of arms fastened to tapera, and indisputably more touching than the files of soldiers and bayonets with which a God of peace is surrounded on those occasions.

In this school the children should be taught reading,

writing, and arithmetic. For this purpose ingenious men have invented simple, speedy, and pleasing methods; but the masters of schools have taken great pains to render them useless, because they destroyed their empire, and advanced the business of education too speedily for their profit. If you would teach children to read in a short time, put a sugar-plum on each of your letters, and they will soon know the alphabet by heart: and if you multiply and diminish the number, they will quickly learn arithmetic. For the rest, they will have reaped abundant benefit from this national school, if they leave it without knowing how to read, write, or cypher, if they are only deeply impressed with this truth, that reading, writing, arithmetic, and all the sciences in the world are nothing; but that to be sincere, virtuous, kind, to love God and man is the only science worthy of the human heart.

At the second epoch of education, which I suppose to commence about the age of ten or twelve years, when their intelligence becomes restless and they are eager to imitate every thing they see done. I would teach them in what manner a provision is made for the wants of society. I should not pretend to make them acquainted with the five hundred and thirty arts and trades which are carried on in Paris, but only with those which are subservient to the first necessities of life, such as agriculture, the different preparations of bread, the arts which our vanity denominates mechanical, such as the spinning of flax and hemp, the weaving of linen, and the construction of houses. To these I would join the elements of the natural sciences, which led to the invention of those arts, the rudiments of geometry, and the experiments of natural philosophy, which have not enriched those inventions, but which explain their processes with great parade. I would add to them a knowledge of the liberal arts, such as those of drawing, architecture, fortification, not to make them painters, architects, and engineers, but to shew them how houses are built, and how the country is defended. T

preserve them from the vanity which the sciences excite, I would demonstrate to them that among so many arts and professions, man has invented nothing, but that the whole is imitated either from the industry of animals, or from the operations of Nature; that his industry is a testimony of the wretchedness to which he is condemned, which obliges him to maintain an incessant conflict with the elements, with hunger and thirst, with his fellow-creatures, and, what is still more difficult, with himself. I would make them sensible of these relations of the truths of religion to those of Nature; and I would thus encourage in them a disposition to love the class of useful men who are incessantly providing for their necessities.

In the course of this education I would always study to make the exercises of the body and those of the mind go hand in hand. Accordingly, while they were acquiring a knowledge of the useful arts, I would teach them Latin. They would not learn it metaphysically and grammatically, as in our academies, to forget it again as soon as they have left them, but by habit. It is thus that it is learned by the greater part of the Polish peasants, who speak it all their lives, though they have never been at college. They speak it in a very intelligible manner, as I know from experience during my travels in their country; they have preserved this language, I believe, from the time of the Romans, and perhaps from Ovid; who was banished among their ancestors, the Sarmatians, and for whose memory they still cherish the greatest veneration. "It is not Cicero's Latin," say our scholars. But what of that? It is not because they are not sufficiently acquainted with the Latin tongue, that they cannot speak the language of Cicero, but because they are serfs, and understand not that of liberty. Our French peasants would not understand the best translations of that writer, were they even executed by members of the university. A Canadian savage would, however, comprehend them perfectly well and better than many professors of eloquence. It is the

tone of mind of the hearer that causes him to understand the language of the speaker. It was proposed, if I am not mistaken, during the reign of Louis XIV. to build a city where only Latin should be spoken, which would have infinitely abridged the study of that language; but undoubtedly the university would not have found its account in the execution of that plan. Be this as it may, I am well assured that no more than two years would be required by the children of the national school to learn Latin by practice, especially if in their lessons extracts were given them from the lives of celebrated Frenchmen and Romans, well written in Latin, and afterwards ably explained.

At the third epoch of education, about the age when the passions manifest themselves, I would point out their tender and pure language in the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, their philosophy in certain Odes of Horace, and pictures of their corruption in Tacitus and in Suetonius. I would complete the delineation of the horrible excesses into which man is plunged by them from some historian of the Eastern Empire. I would make them remark how talents, taste, knowledge, and eloquence declined among the ancients at the same time with morals and virtue. I would take good care not to fatigue them with these lessons. I would only shew them the most interesting passages, to excite in them a desire of becoming acquainted with the rest. My object would not be to make them go through the whole of Virgil, of Horace, or of Tacitus, but through a real course of the classics, by combining in their studies what men of genius have thought most proper for improving human nature. I would have them learn, in like manner, by practice, the Greek language, which is likely to be soon entirely unknown among us. I would make them acquainted with Homer, the *principium sapientiæ et fons*, as he is justly denominated by Horace; with Herodotus, the father of history; and with some of the maxims in the work of the divine Marcus Aurelius. I

would demonstrate to them that in every age, talents, virtues, great men, and republics flourished with the confidence in divine Providence. But to give greater weight to these everlasting truths, I would blend with them the enchanting studies of Nature, of which they would have seen but feeble sketches in the greatest writers.

I would draw their attention to the disposition of this globe, suspended in an incomprehensible manner from nothing, traversed and navigated by an infinite number of nations; I would make them observe in every climate the principal plants that are useful to human life, the animals that have relations to these plants, and the countries where they grow, but without enlarging on those subjects; and would then point out to them men, the only species of living beings scattered over the surface of the whole earth for the purpose of affording each other mutual assistance, and collecting at once all the productions of Nature. I would shew them that the interests of princes are the same as those of the human race, and that the interests of each nation are not different from those of their princes. I would treat of the various laws by which nations are governed, and teach them those of their own country, of which most of the citizens are ignorant. I would give them an idea of the principal religions which divide the earth, and would convince them how much superior the Christian religion is to all our political laws, and how admirably it is adapted to the happiness of mankind. I would make them sensible that it is this which prevents the different classes of society from clashing with each other, and which gives them equal strength under unequal burdens. These sublime considerations would kindle in their youthful hearts the love of country, which would be excited by the very spectacle of its miseries.

With these affecting speculations I would intermingle exercises useful, agreeable, and adapted to the vivacity of their age. I would make them learn to swim, not so much to teach them to escape themselves, if they should

chance to suffer shipwreck, as to succour those who may experience such a disaster. Whatever benefit they may themselves derive from their studies, I would never propose to them any other object than the welfare of their fellow-creatures. They would make a great progress if they reaped from them no other fruit than concord and the love of country. In summer, after the harvest, towards the beginning of September, I would take them into the fields, divided under several standards. I would give them an idea of war. I would make them sleep upon the grass, in the shade of the forests; there they should dress their own food; they should learn to attack and defend a post, and to swim across a river. They should exercise themselves in the use of fire-arms, and at the same time perform manoeuvres taken from the tactics of the Greeks, who are our masters in almost every science. By these military exercises I would eradicate the partiality to fencing, which renders the soldier formidable only to the peaceful citizen, which is useless and detrimental in war, which has been condemned by many great generals, and, as Philopœmen said, is derogatory to courage. "When I was a child," says Michel Montaigne, "the nobility shunned the reputation of being good fencers, as injurious, and learned it with the greatest secrecy, as being a science of subtilty, derogatory to genuine and native virtue."* This art, sprung from the hatred of the inferior against the superior classes of the same society by which they are oppressed, came to us from Italy, where it destroyed the military art. It is this that cherishes among us the spirit of duelling. This spirit did not originate among the northern nations, as many writers have asserted. Duels are very rare in Prussia and Russia; they are entirely unknown among the savages of the north. It came originally from Italy, as we may judge from the celebrated books on fencing, and the terms of that art,

* Montaigne's *Essays*, book 2, chap 27.

which are Italian, as *tierce*, *quarte*, and was naturalized among us, in consequence of the weakness and corruption of many women, who are pleased to find a bully in a lover. It is undoubtedly to these moral causes that we must ascribe the strange contradiction of our government, which prohibits duelling, but, at the same time, permits the public exercise of an art which teaches nothing else but to fight duels.* The national pupils should have a different idea of courage; and in the course of their studies, they should go through a course of human life, in which they would learn how they are one day to behave towards their fellow-citizens, and towards their enemies.

The season of youth would be agreeably and usefully spent amidst so many occupations. The mind and the body would be expanded at one and the same time. Natural talents, which lie dormant in the generality of men, would be called forth at the sight of different objects presented to them. More than one Achilles would feel his blood inflamed at the sight of a sword; more than one Vaucanson, on beholding a machine, would meditate how to organize brass and wood. All these attainments, it may be said, require, considerable time. True; but if we reflect on that which is lost in the colleges by tedious repetitions of lessons, by grammatical decompositions and explanations of the Latin tongue, which do not even give the scholar the facility of speaking it, and by the dangerous competitions of a vain ambition, it cannot be denied that we should make a better use of it. The pupils every day scrawl over as much paper as attor-

* Fencing-masters say that their art expands the body, and teaches people to walk. Dancing-masters assert the same of theirs. A proof that they are mistaken is, that they may both be known at first sight by the affectation of their gait. A citizen needs not to have either the attitude or the movements of a gladiator or of a Sybarite. But if the art of fencing is necessary, duelling should be publicly allowed, to relieve honest men from the cruel alternative of dishonoring themselves, either if they violate the laws of the state and of religion, or if they observe them. Indeed, the wicked among us are perfectly at their ease.

nies,* and the more uselessly, as, thanks to the art of printing books, from which they copy the versions or the themes, they have no occasion for all that tedious labor. But how would the masters themselves employ their time, if the scholars were not to lose theirs?

In the national schools every thing should be conducted after the academic manner of the Greek philosophers. The pupils should study sometimes sitting, sometimes standing; at one time in the fields, at another in the amphitheatre, or in the park surrounding it. They would have no occasion for pens, paper, or ink; each should only carry with him the classic that was to be the subject of his lesson. I have frequently found from experience that we forget what we write. What I consign to paper, I wipe from my memory, and very soon from my recollection; this I have perceived in the case of whole works which I had written out fair, and which appeared as strange to me as if they had been executed by another hand. This is not the case with the impressions left upon our minds by the discourse of another, especially if it be accompanied with something striking. The tone of the voice, the gesture, the respect due to the speaker, the reflections of our neighbors, concur to engrave the words of a discourse much deeper than writing. I shall once more quote on this subject the authority of Plutarch, or rather of Lycurgus:

"But it must be particularly remarked, that Lycurgus wished none of his laws to be consigned to writing; this he expressly enacts in one of his ordinances that none of them should be written down; for he thought that what

* I am persuaded that if this plan of education, imperfect as it is, were adopted, one of the greatest obstacles to an universal reform of our knowledge and our manners would neither be the school-masters, nor academical institutions, nor the privileges of the university, nor doctor's caps. It would be the stationers who would see one of the most productive branches of their trade decline in consequence of it. For the privileges of the masters there would be happy and glorious compensations; but an objection on the score of money, in this venal age, seems perfectly unanswerable.

is particularly powerful and efficacious to render a city virtuous and happy, ought to be impressed by education on the hearts and manners of men, in order that it might never be erased. It is a virtuous disposition which is a much stronger tie than any other constraint that can be imposed upon men, and which causes each of them to serve as a law to himself.*

The minds of our young people would not then be fatigued in the national schools with a vain and loquacious science. Sometimes they would defend among them the cause of a citizen; sometimes they would express their sentiments on some public event. They would follow the progress of an art throughout its whole course. Their eloquence would be real eloquence, and their knowledge real knowledge. They would not employ themselves with the abstract sciences, or with vain researches, which are in general the fruits of pride. In the studies which I propose, every thing recalls us to society, to concord, to religion and to Nature.

It is unnecessary to observe, that these different schools should be decorated in an appropriate manner, and that the circumference should serve for a place for the people to assemble and walk about, especially during the long nights of winter. They would there daily behold spectacles more proper to inspire them with virtue or the love of country, I will not say than those of the Boulevards or the dances of Vauxhall, but than the tragedies of Corneille.

Among these young people there would be neither rewards nor punishments, neither emulation nor envy. The only punishment inflicted there should be to banish from the assembly any one who disturbed, but only for a time proportioned to the fault of the culprit; this would be rather an act of police than of punishment, for no kind of disgrace should be attached to this exile. If you would

* Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.

form an idea of such an assembly, imagine to yourself, instead of our youth at college, pale, contemplative, jealous, trembling for the success of their unfortunate compositions; imagine, I say, to yourself young people gay, contented, allured by pleasure into vast circular halls, over which are dispersed the statues of the illustrious men of antiquity and of their native land; observe them all attentive to the instructions of the master, assisting each other to comprehend them, to retain them, and to answer unexpected questions. This, in a whisper, suggests an answer to his neighbor, that makes an excuse for the negligence of his absent school-fellow. Represent to yourself their rapid progress in studies facilitated by intelligent masters, to pupils who mutually assist each other to retain what they hear. Figure to yourself science spreading among them like the flame in a pile of wood, all the pieces which are so arranged as to communicate with each other, and to take fire altogether. Observe, instead of a vain emulation, how union, good-will, friendship, spring up among them, for an answer seasonably suggested, for an excuse made in behalf of an absent youth by his neighbor, and for other services performed. The remembrance of these youthful connections would serve to unite them after their entrance into life, notwithstanding the prejudices of their conditions. It is at this tender age that gratitude and resentment are as profoundly engraved for the remainder of life, as the elements of the sciences and of religion. The case is very different in our colleges, where each pupil strives to supplant his neighbor. I recollect that one day I was extremely embarrassed because I had forgotten a Latin author, out of which I had a page to translate; one of my neighbors kindly offered to dictate to me the version he had made. I accepted his service very thankfully. I therefore wrote down his version, only altering a few words, lest my master should discover that it was the same as my neighbor's; but what he had given me was only a false copy of his translation, full of such

extravagant blunders, that my master was astonished, and immediately suspected that it was not my work, because I was not a backward scholar. I have not yet lost the recollection of this perfidy, though I have indeed forgotten others, still more cruel, since that time; but the early part of human life is the age for receiving impressions of resentment or of gratitude which can never be effaced. I even remember circumstances of a period still more remote. When I was in petticoats, I went to school, and sometimes lost my books through carelessness. We had a maid-servant whose name was Mary Talbot, who bought me new ones out of her own pocket, for fear I should be chastised at school. These little services made such a deep and durable impression on my heart, that, excepting my mother, there was not a person in the world for whom I entertained such a strong and permanent affection. This poor, good-natured creature was frequently included in my useless projects for making a fortune. I flattered myself with the hope of being able to repay her with usury, in her old age, when she was in a manner totally destitute, the tender cares she had bestowed on me when a child; but I scarcely had it in my power to give her some feeble and inconsiderable tokens of my good will. I mention these circumstances, though each of my readers may be in possession of still more interesting facts relative to others, or even to himself, to demonstrate to what a degree infancy would naturally be the season of virtue and of gratitude, were it not often depraved among us by the vices of our institutions.

But before these national schools were established, it would be necessary to provide men to superintend them. They should not be selected from among those who are the most strongly recommended. The more recommendations they had, the more intriguing they would be, and consequently the less virtue they would possess. It would not be asked: Is such a one a wit, a genius, a philosopher? but, does he love children? is he a man who visits the

wretched in preference to the great? is he a man of feeling? is he a virtuous man? From among men of that stamp masters should be provided for the public education; and I should farther wish that the title of master or doctor might be changed, as harsh and haughty. I would have their titles to signify the friends of children, the fathers of the country, and to be expressed by beautiful Greek words, for the purpose of adding to the respect for their functions the mystery of their titles. This class of men, destined to form the citizens of the nation, ought to be at least as noble and as distinguished as that of the equerries who train the horses of princes. A titled magistrate should preside every day in each school. It would be but just that the magistrates should cause the children, whom they are one day to judge and to govern as men, to be trained under their inspection in the paths of justice, and in the observance of the laws. Children are citizens in miniature. A nobleman of the highest rank should be invested with the general superintendence over the schools of the country, more important, beyond dispute, than that over the royal stud; and that men of letters, the vilest of flatterers, might not be tempted to advertise in the public papers the days on which they should *deign* to visit them, that sublime duty should be without a salary, and should procure only the honor of presiding there.

Would to heaven that I could make the education of women concur with that of men, as at Sparta! but this our manners forbid. I am of opinion, however, that there could be no inconvenience in associating young children of both sexes. Their society confers mutual graces; besides, the first elements of civil life, of religion, and of virtue are the same for one as for the other. This first epoch excepted, the girls should be taught nothing of what men ought to know, not that they may remain ignorant of it for ever, but that they may learn it with greater pleasure, and at a future period find their masters in their lovers. There is this moral difference between man and

woman, that it is the duty of the former to devote himself to his country, and of the latter to study the happiness of one man. A girl can never attain this end but by a taste for the occupations of her sex. You may fill her head with sciences of all kinds, and make her a philosopher and a theologian, but a husband is not pleased to find in his wife either a rival or a doctor of divinity. Among us books and masters early blight in a youthful female virgin ignorance, that flower of the soul so grateful to the senses of a lover. They rob married people of the sweetest charms of their union, and of those communications of amorous science and native ignorance so proper for beguiling the long days of wedded life. They destroy those contrasts of character which Nature has established between the two sexes, for the purpose of producing the most lovely harmonies.

These natural contrasts are so necessary to love, that there is not one female celebrated for the attachment with which she has inspired her lovers or her husband, who wed her empire to any other attractions than to the amusements and the occupations of her sex, from the time of Penelope to the present day. There are instances of the kind among women of all ranks and characters, excepting among the learned. These last have almost all been unfortunate in love, from Sappho to Christina queen of Sweden, and even nearer to our own time. It should therefore be in the company of her mother, her brothers, and her sisters, that a young female ought to acquire instruction in the future duties of a mother and a wife. It is in the paternal habitation that she should learn a great number of domestic arts, unknown at the present day to our well-educated women.

In this work I have more than once extolled the happiness of Holland, but as I only saw that country in travelling through it, I am unacquainted with the domestic manners of its inhabitants. So much, however, I know, that the women are constantly engaged in domestic con-

cerns, and that the greatest conjugal harmony prevails. But at Berlin, I beheld an image of the delight which those manners, though held in supreme contempt among us, are capable of producing in a family. A friend, whom Providence raised up for me in that city, where I was an utter stranger, took me into a company of young ladies; for in Prussia it is not the mistress of the house, but the daughter, who has parties and assemblies. This custom is observed in all the families which have not been corrupted by the manners of our French officers, who were prisoners there during the seven years' war. It is therefore common for the young ladies of the same society alternately to invite their friends, to take coffee with them, and Thursday is in general appointed for these assemblies. They repair with their mothers to the house of the young lady who gives the invitation. This last serves coffee with all kinds of pastry and confectionary of her own making. She presents them in the midst of winter fruits of every kind, preserved in sugar, with their colors, their verdure, and their perfumes, apparently as fresh as if they were still upon the trees. She receives from her companions a thousand compliments, which she repays with usury. But she soon displays other talents. At one time she unfolds to their view, on a large piece of tapestry at which she works night and day, forests of evergreen willows planted by herself, and streams of mohair which she has created with her needle. At another, she sits down to her harpsichord which she accompanies with her voice, and you would think she had assembled in her apartment all the songsters of the groves. She invites her companions to sing in their turn, and the commendations are then redoubled. Their mothers, filled with delight, are secretly gratified with the praises bestowed on their daughters. A few officers, in regimentals and in boots, escaping by stealth from their exercises, come to enjoy among them a moment of delicious tranquillity; and while each of the fair hopes to find in one of them her protector

and her friend, each soldier sighs for the partner who is one day to soften the rigor of military labors by the charm of her domestic talents. I never saw a country where the morals of the youth of both sexes are more pure, and where marriages are more happy.

There is no occasion to go so far as foreign countries to seek proofs of the power of love on purity of morals. I ascribe the innocence of those of our peasants, and their conjugal fidelity to this cause, that they are allowed to indulge this honorable sentiment at a very early age. It is love that makes them contented with their hard lot; it even suspends the woes of slavery. In the Isle of France I have frequently seen negroes exhausted with the fatigues of the day, set out at night to walk ten or twelve miles to see their mistresses. They meet them in the midst of a wood, at the foot of some rock, where they kindle a fire; they dance with them a part of the night, to the sound of their tantam, and return to their labor before day-break, contented, vigorous, and as fresh as those who have enjoyed the soundest sleep—such is the power of the moral affections combined with that sentiment over the physical organization! The night of the lover charms the day's labor of the slave.

There is in Scripture a very remarkable instance of this kind. It is in Genesis. "Jacob, it is there said, "served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."^a I know that our politicians, who value nothing but gold and titles, are unable to comprehend this; but I have the satisfaction to inform them that none was more intimately acquainted with the laws of Nature than the authors of the sacred books, and that upon the laws of Nature alone can those of happy societies be established.

I should wish then that our young people might cultivate the sentiment of love amidst their labors, as did Jacob

^a Genesis xxix. 20.

A provincial, or even a Parisian tradesman, scarcely caresses his own children when they are somewhat grown up; but he bows very low to those of strangers, if they are rich, or people of quality. His wife, on the contrary, regulates her behavior by their figure; if they are homely, she takes no notice of them, but she will caress the child of a poor day-laborer if it is handsome. She will entertain a higher respect for a low-born man with silvery hair and a venerable aspect, than for a beardless counsellor. Women attend only to the advantages of Nature, and men to none but those of fortune. Thus women, amidst all their irregularities, bring us back to Nature, while we, with all our pretended wisdom, are continually removing farther from her.

I admit, however, that while they have prevented the general calamity, they have caused among us an infinite number of particular evils. Alas! like ourselves, they will never find happiness but in virtue. In every country where virtue has ceased to reign, they are exceedingly wretched. In ancient times they were very happy in the virtuous republics of Greece and Italy, where they decided the fate of states; at the present day, reduced to the condition of slaves in the very same countries, they are obliged to prostitute themselves in order to procure a subsistence. Ours ought not to despair of us; they possess an unalienable empire over man.* We only know them by the name of the *sex*, to which we have given the epithet of *fair* by way of eminence; but how many other affecting epithets

* It is worthy of remark, that most of the names of the objects of Nature, of morals, and of metaphysics, are of the feminine gender, especially in the French language. It would afford matter of curious investigation to enquire whether the masculine names were given by women, and the feminine by men, to those things which are more particularly used by each sex, or whether the former were made of the masculine gender because they exhibit characters of strength and power, and the latter of the feminine because they presented characters of grace and loveliness. It is my opinion that men, having named in general the objects of Nature, have lavished upon them feminine denominations, from that secret propensity which impels them toward the sex. This may be remarked in the names borne by the celestial constellations, the four parts of the world, the greater number of rivers, of kingdoms, of fruits, of trees, of virtues, &c.

might we not add to it, such as nutritive and consolatory. It is they who receive us on our entrance into life, and who close our eyes in death. It is not to beauty, it is to religion that women owe their principal power; the same Frenchman who sighs at Paris at the feet of his mistress, keeps her in chains and under the lash in St. Domingo. Our religion alone has viewed the conjugal union in the order of Nature; and among all the religions in the world, it is the only one that presents woman to man as a companion; the others abandon her to him as a slave. It is to religion alone that our women are indebted for the liberty they enjoy in Europe; and the liberty of the women led to the liberty of nations, and the proscription of a multitude of inhuman usages, diffused over every quarter of the globe, such as slavery, seraglios, and eunuchs. O charming sex! your power lies in your virtues. Save your country by recalling your lovers and your husbands to domestic manners, by the spectacle of your peaceful occupations: you would restore all society to its duties, were each of you to bring back one man only to the order of Nature! Envy not man his authority, his magistracies, his talents, his vain glory; but amidst all your weakness, surrounded by your wools and your silks, bless the Author of Nature for having conferred on you alone the power of being always good and beneficent!

RECAPITULATION.

At the beginning of this work I gave a view of the different paths of Nature which I proposed to pursue, for the purpose of acquiring an idea of the order which governs the world. I first stated the objections which have been made in every age against Providence, which afforded me an opportunity, while refuting them, to open new views of the disposition and use of the different parts of the globe. Thus, for example, I have referred the direction of the chains of mountains on continents to the regular winds

which blow upon the ocean; the position of islands to the conflux of its currents, or to those of rivers; the supply of volcanoes to the bituminous deposits on its shores; the currents of the sea and the movements of the tides to the alternate effusions of the polar ices. After this I have successively refuted the other objects relative to the vegetable and animal kingdom, by demonstrating that these kingdoms were no more governed by mechanical laws than the fossil kingdom. I have next proved that most of the miseries of mankind originated in the defects of our political institutions, and are not to be ascribed to Nature; that man was the only animal abandoned to his own providence, as a punishment for some original transgression; but that the same Deity who abandoned him to his own intelligence, still watched over his destinies; that he causes the miseries with which the governors of nations overwhelm the feeble and the low, to recoil upon their own heads; and I have demonstrated the action of a divine Providence by the very calamities of the human race. Such was the subject of my first part.

In the opening of the second I have attacked the principles of our sciences, by shewing that they mislead us either by the boldness of those same principles by which they ascend to the nature of the elements which elude them, or by the weakness of their methods, which embraces only one law of Nature at once, on account of the imbecility of our understanding and the vanity of our education, which teaches to consider the narrow paths we pursue as the only roads to knowledge. Thus the natural sciences, and even the political sciences which are the results of them, being separated among us, each of them has made, if I may be allowed the expression, a lane without a thoroughfare of the road upon which it entered. Thus it is that physical causes have, at last, made us lose sight of intellectual ends in the order of Nature; as financial causes have robbed us of the hopes of virtue and religion in the social order.

I have next sought a faculty better adapted to the discovery of truth than our reason, which is nothing more than our personal interest. This I flatter myself to have found in that sublime instinct called sentiment, which is in us the expression of natural laws, and is invariable among all nations. Through this medium I have examined the laws of Nature, not by tracing them up to their principles which are known only to God, but by descending to their results which are destined for the use of man. By following this track, I have had the satisfaction to obtain a glimpse of certain principles of the conformities and harmonies which govern the world. I have no doubt that it was by pursuing the same track that the ancient Egyptians so highly distinguished themselves for their attainments in the natural sciences, which they carried incomparably farther than we have done. They studied Nature in Nature herself, and not by piecemeal and with machines. Hence they formed a wonderful science, celebrated over the whole earth, under the name of magic. The elements of that science are now unknown; nothing of it remains but the name, which is given at the present day to the most stupid operations that the error and the depravity of the human heart can invent. Widely different was the magic of the ancient Egyptians, celebrated by the most respectable authors of antiquity, and even by the sacred writings. It was these principles of conformity and harmony that Pythagoras derived from them, which he brought to Europe, and which there became the sources of various branches of philosophy which appeared after his time, and even of arts which at that day were only just beginning to flourish; for the arts are merely imitations of the processes of Nature.

Though my inability is very great, these harmonic principles are so luminous, that they have not only presented to me dispositions of the globe entirely new; but they have likewise afforded me the means of discovering, at first sight, the characters of plants, and enabled me to say

at once: this is a native of the mountain, and that of the shores. By them I have demonstrated the use of the leaves of plants, and determined by the nautical or volatile forms of their seeds the relations which subsist between them and the places where they are destined to grow. I have observed that the corollæ of their flowers have positive or negative relations to the rays of the sun, according to the latitudes and the elevations at which they are to blow. I have next remarked the charming contrasts of their leaves, of their flowers, of their fruits, and of their stems, to the soil and the sky in which they grow, and those which they form from genus to genus, being, as it were, grouped two and two. Lastly, I have indicated the relations they have to animals and man, so that I may venture to affirm I have demonstrated that there is not a single shade of color thrown at random throughout the whole extent of Nature. By these views I have furnished the means of forming complete chapters of natural history, from having evinced that each plant is the centre of the existence of an infinite number of animals, which have conformities with it that are still unknown to us. Their harmonies might undoubtedly be extended still farther, for many plants seem to have relations not only to the sun, but to different constellations. It is not always a certain altitude of the sun above the horizon that sets their vegetative powers in motion. Many a plant flourishes in the spring, without putting forth the smallest leaf in autumn, though it is then exposed to the very same degree of heat. The same observation applies to their seeds, which sprout and shoot up in one season and not in another, though they have the same temperature. These celestial relations were known to the ancient philosophy of the Egyptians and of Pythagoras. We find various observations of this kind in Pliny; he says, for example, that towards the rising of the Pleïdes, the olive-trees and vines conceive their fruit; and after Virgil, that wheat ought to be sown on the retiring of that constellation and lentils on that of

Bootes; that reeds and willows should be planted when the constellation of the Lyre is setting. It was from these relations, the causes of which are unknown to us, that Linnæus formed with the flowers of plants a botanical almanac, of which Pliny suggested the first idea to the husbandmen of his time.* But we have indicated vegetable harmonies still more affecting, by demonstrating that the season of the expansion of every plant, of its flowering and of the maturity of its fruits, is connected with the developments and wants of animals, and particularly with those of man. There is not any but what has relations of utility to us either direct or indirect: but this immense and mysterious portion of human history will perhaps never be known, except to angels.

My third part presents the application of these harmonic principles to the nature of man. I have there shewn that he is composed of two powers, the one physical, the other intellectual, which affect him perpetually with two contrary sentiments, one of which is that of his misery, and the other that of his excellence. I have demonstrated that these two powers are most happily gratified at the different periods of the passions with the ages and occupations to which Nature has destined man, as agriculture, marriage, the settlement of posterity, religion. I have dwelt principally on the affections of the intellectual power, evincing that every thing which appears delightful and enchanting in our pleasures proceeds from the sentiment of infinity, or some other attribute of the Deity, which appears to our view at the extremity of our prospects. I have demonstrated, on the contrary, that the source of our miseries and of our errors arises from this, that in the social state we frequently cross these natural sentiments by the prejudices of education and of society, so that we often apply the sentiment of infinity to the transient objects of the world, and that of our misery and

* See his Natural History, book xvii, chap. 22.

weakness to the immortal plans of Nature. I have only skimmed the surface of this rich and sublime subject, but I may venture to assert that by pursuing this path, I have sufficiently proved the necessity of virtue, and have pointed out its real source; not where it is sought by our modern philosophers, that is, in political institutions, which are frequently contrary to it, but in the natural state of man and in his own heart.

I have afterwards applied, to the best of my ability, the action of these two powers to the happiness of society, by first shewing that most of our miseries are only social re-actions, all of which originate principally in overgrown property, in offices, in honors, in money, and in land. I have proved that these enormous properties are productive of the physical and moral indigence of a nation; that this indigence engenders in its turn a multitude of corrupt men, who employ all the resources of ingenuity and cunning to make the rich refund what their necessities demanded; that celibacy and the solitudes with which it is accompanied, are, in a great number of citizens, the effects of that state of abject penury to which they are reduced; and that their celibacy produced by repercussion the prostitution of the women of the town, because every man who abstains from marriage, either voluntarily or by necessity, devotes a female to celibacy or prostitution. This effect necessarily results from one of the harmonic laws of Nature; since every male comes into the world and goes out of it with his female, or what amounts to the same thing, the two sexes of the human species are born and die in equal numbers. From these principles I have deduced several important consequences.

I have finally demonstrated that our maladies, physical and moral, proceed from the punishments, the rewards, and the vanity of our education.

I have suggested various ideas, in the view of supplying the people with abundant means of subsistence and population, and of reviving among them the spirit of religion

and patriotism, by presenting to them some perspectives of infinity, without which the happiness of a nation, like that of an individual, is negative and quickly exhausted, were it even founded on the most advantageous plans of finance, of commerce, and of agriculture. It is necessary to make a provision for man both as an animal and as an intellectual being. I have concluded these different projects with presenting a sketch of a national education, without which no kind of legislation or durable patriotism can exist. I have endeavoured to unfold in it at once the two powers of man, physical and intellectual, and to direct them towards them the love of country and of religion.

I have no doubt often gone astray in pursuing paths so new and so extended. I have frequently sunk below the subject, from the construction of my plans, from my inexperience, and from the very embarrassment of my style; but I repeat, that, provided my ideas suggest superior conceptions to others, I am satisfied. At the same time, if calamity be the road to Truth, I have not been destitute of the means to direct me towards her. The disorders of which I have frequently been the witness and the victim have suggested to me ideas of order. I have frequently met, in the journey of life, with great personages of high reputation and men belonging to respectable associations who had always in their mouths the words patriotism and humanity. I have approached them to enlighten myself from their intelligence and to place myself under the protection of their virtues; but I discovered them to be nothing but intriguers, whose private interest was their only object, and who soon persecuted me, because they found that I was not fit to be either the pander of their pleasures, or the trumpet of their ambition. I then ranged myself on the side of their enemies, thinking that I should there find the love of truth and of the public weal; but however varied may be our sects, our parties, and our associations, I met in all of them with the same men, only

clothed in a different garb. When both the one and the other found that I refused to become their partizan, they calumniated me after the perfidious manner of this age, that is, by pronouncing my panegyric. The times in which we live are highly extolled, but if we have on the throne a prince who emulates Marcus Aurelius, our age rivals that of Tiberius.

Should I ever publish the memoirs of my life, I should wish for no stronger proofs of the contempt which the glory of the world deserves, than to hold up to view those who are objects of it. At a time when, unconscious of having injured any one, after an infinite number of peregrinations, services, and fruitless labors, I was preparing in solitude these last fruits of my experience and of my industry, my secret enemies, that is, the men whose partizan I had refused to be, found means to deprive me of a gratuity which I received every year from the bounty of the prince. It was the only resource I possessed for the aid and subsistence of my family. This catastrophe was attended with ill health and domestic calamities which baffle description. I hastened, therefore, to gather the yet unripe fruit of the tree which I had cultivated with such perseverance, before it was blown down by the tempests.

But I wish no ill to any of my persecutors. If I am one day compelled to speak of their conduct towards me, it will only be with a view to justify my own. I even owe them obligations. Their persecutions have procured me repose; to their scornful ambition I am indebted for a liberty preferable to their grandeur. It is to them I owe the delicious studies to which I have devoted my attention. Providence has not abandoned me as they did. It has raised me up friends who served me, as opportunity offered, with my prince, and it will raise up others to recommended me to his favor, whenever it may be necessary. Had I reposed that confidence in God which I placed in men, I should have enjoyed uninterrupted tran-

quillity; the proofs of his providence in my behalf during the past ought to make me easy concerning the future. But, from a fault of education, the opinions of men have still too much empire over me. It is their fears, and not my own, which disturb me. Sometimes, however, I say to myself—Wherefore be embarrassed about the future? Before you came into the world did you give yourself any concern about the manner in which your members should be combined, and your nerves and your bones developed? When you afterwards emerged into light, did you study optics to know how you should perceive objects, and anatomy in order to learn how to move your body, and to promote its growth? These operations of Nature, far superior to those of man, took place in you without your knowledge, and without your interference. If you had no anxiety about being born, wherefore should you disquiet yourself about living? wherefore about dying? Are you not still in the same hand?

Other natural sentiments, however, afflicted me; for example, not to have acquired, after so many peregrinations and services, a single rural spot, where, in the bosom of repose, I might have arranged my observations on Nature, to me of all others the most amiable and interesting under the sun. Another source of still deeper regret proceeds from my not having united to my lot a partner, simple, gentle, sensible, and pious, who would have soothed my solitudes much better than philosophy, and who, by giving me children like herself, would have provided me with a posterity much dearer than a vain reputation. I had found this retreat and this rare felicity in Russia, in the midst of an honorable employment; but I renounced all these advantages at the instigation of our ministers, to seek preferment in my native country, where I had nothing similar to which to aspire. Nevertheless, I may assert that my private studies have made amends for the first privation, in procuring me the enjoyment not only of a small spot of ground; but of all the harmonies diffused

throughout the vast garden of Nature. An estimable wife cannot be so easily replaced; but if I may flatter myself that this work contributes to multiply marriages, to render them more happy, and to soften the education of children, I shall consider my family as perpetuated in them, and the wives and children of my country as in some measure my own.

Nothing is durable but virtue. Personal beauty passes quickly away; fortune creates extravagant desires; grandeur is fatiguing; reputation is inconstant; talents and genius may be impaired: but Virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal and ever strong, because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

Happy then, and a thousand times happy if I have contributed to redress some of the evils which afflict my country, and to open to it some new prospects of felicity! Happy if I have been enabled to wipe away, on the one hand, the tears of the wretched, and to recal, on the other, men misled by voluptuousness to that Deity towards whom Nature, time, our own miseries, and our secret affections propel us with such rapidity

In my opinion some favourable revolution is approaching. If it takes place, to the influence of letters we shall be indebted for it: though they are at the present day productive of little benefit to those who cultivate them, they nevertheless direct every thing. I say nothing concerning the influence they possess over the whole world, which is under the government of books. Asia is governed by the maxims of Confucius, the Corans, the Beths, the Vedams, and the like. But in Europe, Orpheus was the first that associated its inhabitants, and allured them from barbarism by his divine poesy. The genius of Homer afterwards produced the legislature and religious systems of Greece; it animated Alexander, and sent him forth to the conquest of Asia. Its influence extended to the Romans, who sought in his sublime productions the

genealogy of the founder and of the sovereigns of their empire, as the Greeks had sought in them the origins of their republics and of their laws. His august shade still presides over the poetry, the liberal arts, the academies, and the monuments of Europe; such is the power possessed by the prospects of the Deity which he has presented over the human mind! Thus the Word that created the world still continues to govern it; but when it had descended itself from heaven, and had shewn to man the path to happiness in virtue alone, a light more pure than that which illumined the islands of Greece burst forth in the forests of Gaul. Their savage inhabitants would have been the happiest of men had they enjoyed liberty; but they had tyrants, and these tyrants plunged them again into sacred barbarism, by presenting to them phantoms so much the more tremendous, because the objects of their confidence were converted into objects of their terror. The cause of human felicity and of religion itself was reduced to desperation, when two men of letters, Rabelais and Michael Cervantes arose, the one in France and the other in Spain, and shook at once the foundations of the monastic power* and of chivalry. To level these two colossal fabrics they employed no other implements than ridicule, that natural contrast to human terror. Like children, the people laughed and resumed their courage: they no longer felt any other impulsion towards happiness than those which their princes chose to give them, if their princes had then been capable of feeling any. Telemachus appeared, and that work recalled Europe to the harmonies

* God forbid that I should be thought to intend any insinuation against persons truly religious. Supposing that the members of monastic institutions possessed no other merit than that of passing through life without doing mischief, they would be respectable in the eyes of incredulity itself. I allude here not to persons of unfeigned piety, who have quitted the world in order to cherish, without interruption, the spirit of religion; but to those who merely assume a habit consecrated by religion, for the purpose of obtaining the honors and the riches of the world; to those against whom St. Jerome thundered so vehemently in vain, and who verified his prophecy in Palestine and in Egypt, in bringing religion into disgrace by their immorality, their avarice, and their ambition.

of Nature. It produced a great revolution in politics. It brought back the nations and their sovereigns to the useful arts, to commerce, to agriculture, and, above all, to the sentiment of the Deity. This work combines with the imagination of Homer the wisdom of Confucius. It was translated into all the languages of Europe. It was not in France that it excited the highest admiration: there are provinces of England where it is still one of the books in which children are taught to read. When the English entered the Cambrasis with the allied army, they wished to carry the author, who resided there far from the court, to their camp, to do him the honor of a military festival; but his modesty refused this triumph: he concealed himself. I shall add but one trait in praise of him: he was the only man living of whom Louis XIV. was jealous, and he had reason to be so; for while he was endeavouring to excite the fear and admiration of Europe by his armies, his conquests, his banquets, his buildings, and his magnificence, Fenelon was commanding universal admiration by a book.*

* It is absurd to institute a comparison between Bossuet and Fenelon. I am not capable of appreciating their merit, but the second appears to me far superior to his rival: he fulfilled, in my opinion, the two points of the law: *He loved God and man.*

The reader will not be displeased at being told what J. . . Rousseau thought of Fenelon. Having one day taken a walk with him to Mont Valerian, when we had reached the summit of the hill, we resolved to ask a dinner of the hermits, for payment. We arrived at their habitation, a little before they sat down to table, and while they were still at church. Rousseau proposed to me to step into the church, and to join in their devotions. After we had offered up our prayers to God in a little chapel, and while the hermits were proceeding to their refectory, Rousseau said to me with emotion: "I now experience what is said in the Gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a sentiment of peace and of happiness which penetrates the soul. I replied: "If Fenelon were alive, you would be a Catholic." He exclaimed in extacy, and with tears in his eyes: "O! if Fenelon were alive, I would strive to get into his service as a lacquey, in the hope of meriting the place of his valet-de-chambre!"

Having met, some time ago on the Pont Neuf, with one of those little urns which the Italians sell about the streets for a few pence, I conceived the idea of erecting with it, in my solitude, a monument to the memory of Jean Jacques and of Fenelon, after the manner of those which the Chinese set up to the memory of Confucius. As there are two little escutcheons on this urn, I inscribed upon the one J. J. ROUSSEAU, and upon the other F. FENELON. I then placed it about six feet from the floor, in a corner of my cabinet, and affixed near it the following inscription:

Many learned men, inspired by his genius, have changed the spirit of our government and of our manners. To their works we are indebted for the suppression of many barbarous customs, such as that of punishing with death the pretended crime of witchcraft, of subjecting all criminals without distinction to the torture, the abolition of the relics of feudal slavery, the custom of wearing swords in the midst of cities and in time of peace, with many others. It is to them we owe the revival of the love of Nature and her duties, or at least the images of them. To many infants they have restored the nipple of their mothers, and they have kindled in the rich the love of a country life, which now impels them to quit the heart of cities and to reside in the suburbs. They have inspired

A la gloire durable et pure
De ceux dont le genie eclaire les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur et les abus,
Et tenta d'amener le siècle à la nature.
Aux Jean Jacques Rousseau aux François Fenelon
J'ai dédié ce monument d'argile,
Que j'ai consacré par leurs noms
Plus augustes que ceux de César et d'Achille.
Ils ne sont point fameux par nos malheurs ;
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs,
Ravi vos bœufs ni vos javelles ;
Bergeres, vos amans ; nourrissons, vos mamelles ;
Rois, les états où vous regnez :
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire, |
Si vous donnez à leur memoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont épargnés

To the pure and never-fading glory
Of those whose virtues were illumined by genius,
Who feared not to attack errors and abuses,
And endeavored to recal mankind to Nature.
To Jean Jacques Rousseau and François Fenelon
I have dedicated this monument of clay,
Which I have consecrated by their names,
Far more august than those of Cæsar and of Achilles.
They have not acquired fame by spreading devastation ;
They did not, O ye poor husbandmen !
Seize your oxen and plunder your barns.
Rob you, ye shepherdesses, of your lovers, ye sucklings, of your teats,
Nor, ye kings, did they ravage your dominions !
But you will confer on them the highest glory,
If you bestow on their memory
The tears which they have spared you.

the whole nation with a taste for agriculture, which has usually degenerated into fanaticism whenever it has become the spirit of a party. It is they who have strengthened the bonds of unity between the nobility and the common people, with whom, it is true, the former were before connected by the alliances of finance: they have recalled them to their duty by those of humanity. They have directed all the powers of the state and even the women towards patriotic objects, by decking them with charms and with flowers.

O men of letters! without you the rich would have no intellectual enjoyment; their wealth and their honors would be a burden to them. You alone remind men of their duties to their fellow-creatures, and to the Deity. Wherever you appear, whether in the military, in the clergy, in the laws, in the arts, a divine intelligence is manifested, and the human heart sighs. Ye are at once the eyes and the light of nations. We should now probably be much nearer happiness, had not many of you, from a desire to please the multitude, misled it by flattering its passions, and by mistaking their deceitful voices for that of human nature.

See how ye have yourselves been misled by these same passions, because ye have associated too much with the world. It is in solitude or in the company of each other that your talents communicate reciprocal illumination. Recollect the time when a La Fontaine, a Boileau, a Racine, a Moliere lived among you. What is now your situation? The world, whose passions you flatter, arms you against each other. It consigns you to glory, as the Romans exposed unhappy wretches to wild beasts. Your sacred lists are transformed into the *arena* of gladiators. Without being aware of it, ye are the instruments of the ambition of bodies. It is by means of your talents that their chiefs obtain wealth and honors, while ye remain in obscurity and indigence. Recollect the glory of men of letters among nations emerging from barbarism; they

presented virtue to them, and became their gods. Think of their degradation among those that sunk into corruption, they flattered their passions, and fell victims to them. During the decline of the Roman empire, letters were exclusively the portion of a few Greek freedmen. Let the multitude run after the rich and the voluptuous. What do you propose to yourselves in the sacred career of literature, unless to march under the banner of Minerva? What respect would the world shew you, were you not covered with her sacred *Ægis*? It would tread you under foot. Let it deceive its adorers; place your confidence in heaven, whose succour will reach you wherever you may be.

The vine one day complained, weeping, to heaven of the injustice of her lot. "I am planted," said she, among parched rocks, and am obliged to produce fruit replenished with juice, while the reed in the valley, which produces nothing but dry down, grows at its ease, on the bank of the stream." "O vine," replied a voice from heaven, complain not of thy destiny. Autumn will come, when the reed shall perish without honor on the brink of the morass; but the rains of heaven shall refresh thee in the mountains, and thy juice, ripened among rocks, shall console men, and rejoice the gods."

We farther entertain a strong hope of reformation from the affection we cherish for our kings. Among us the love of country is nothing but love of the prince. It is the only tie that unites us and that, more than once has prevented us from separating. On the other hand, the people are the real monuments of kings. All those monuments of stone, by which many princes think to eternize their memory, frequently serve only to render it detested. Pliny says that the Egyptians of his time cursed the memory of the kings who had erected the pyramids, though they had forgotten their names. The modern Egyptians say that they were constructed by the devil, undoubtedly from the sense of the labor and pain which they must

have cost. The common people of our own country often ascribe the same origin to our ancient bridges and high roads cut through rocks which tower above the clouds. In vain medals are struck for them, they understand neither their emblems nor their inscriptions. But it is on the hearts of men that an impression should be made by benefits conferred; the stamp of these can never be erased. The people have forgotten those monarchs who presided at councils, but they still cherish the memory of those who supped with millers.

The people love in their prince only one single quality, that is popularity, for thence spring all the virtues for which they have occasion. An act of justice performed unexpectedly and without ostentation for a poor widow, or a charcoal-burner, excites their admiration and their joy. They look upon their prince as a god, whose providence is every where vigilant; and they are right, for a single circumstance of this nature, which happens at a seasonable time, keeps all oppressors in awe, and fills all the oppressed with hope. In our days venality and pride have raised between the people and the king a thousand impenetrable barriers of gold, of iron, and of lead. The people can no longer approach the prince, but the prince may still descend to his people. On this subject kings have been filled with fears and prejudices. It is however very remarkable that among the great number of kings and princes of all nations who have been the victims of different factions, not one has perished while doing good, going about on foot or *incognito*; but that all of them have been sacrificed either in their carriages or at table, in the bosom of pleasures; in the midst of their court, of their guards, and in the very centre of their power.

We see in our days the Emperor and the King of Prussia travelling in a simple carriage, with one or two attendants, and without guards, through their widely-dispersed dominions, though inhabited in part by foreigners and conquered people. The great men and the most

illustrious princes of antiquity, such as Scipio, Germanicus, Marcus Aurelius, travelled without retinue on horseback, and frequently on foot. How many provinces of his kingdom did not our great Henry IV. visit in the same manner, in an age of factions and disturbances!

A king should be to his dominions as a sun to the earth, where there is not a single diminutive plant but what receives in its turn the influence of his rays. How many important truths are withheld from our kings by the prejudices of courtiers! How many pleasures they forego by their sedentary life! I allude not to those of grandeur, when they behold the people running in crowds to the high roads as they pass by, the ramparts of cities appearing all on fire with the lightning of their artillery, and squadrons issuing from their ports to cover the sea with flags and with flames. I suppose them to be weary of the pleasures of glory, but I consider them sensible to those of humanity, of which they are perpetually deprived. They are always forced to be kings, and are never permitted to be men. What pleasure it must afford them to conceal their grandeur like gods, and to appear in the midst of a virtuous family, like Jupiter in the habitation of Philemon and Baucis! How little it would cost them to make some of their subjects happy every day! What they bestow on a single family of courtiers, would often be sufficient to confer felicity on a whole province. Their appearance alone would frequently strike terror into all the tyrants there, and would console the unhappy. If they were known no where, they would be supposed to be every where. A faithful friend and a few robust attendants would be sufficient to procure them all the pleasures and to obviate all the inconveniences of travelling.

They possess the power of varying the seasons at pleasure without passing the boundaries of their kingdom, and of extending their enjoyments as far as their authority. Instead of residing in country-houses on the banks of the Seine, or amidst the rocks of Fontainebleau, they might

have palaces on the shores of the ocean and at the foot of the Pyrenees. They might, if they please, spend the burning months of summer embosomed in the mountains of Dauphiné, surrounded by an horizon of snow; the winter in Provence, beneath olive-trees and green oaks; the autumn in the ever-verdant meads and under the apple-trees of fruitful Normandy. They would behold mariners of every nation landing on the shores of France, English, Spaniards, Swedes, Dutch, Italians, all exhibiting the costumes and the manners of their respective countries. Our kings have in their palaces theatres, libraries, green-houses, cabinets of natural history; but all these collections are only vain images of man and of Nature. They possess no gardens more worthy of them than their kingdom, no libraries more instructive than their people.

Ah! if it be possible for a single individual to be upon the earth the hope of mankind, it is a king of France. He reigns over his people by affection, his people over Europe by manners; Europe over the rest of the world by power. Nothing prevents him from doing good when he pleases. In spite of the venality of places, he can humble haughty vice, and exalt depressed virtue. He can still descend to his subjects, or raise them up to him. Many kings have repented of having placed their confidence in treasures, in allies, in bodies of men, and in the great; but none ever regretted having entrusted his cause to his people and to God. Thus reigned the popular Charles V. and St. Louis. Thus will you, O Louis XVI. one day reign! From your accession to the throne, you have issued laws for the re-establishment of morals, and what was still more difficult, you have set the example of virtue in the midst of a French court. You have destroyed the relics of feudal slavery, ameliorated the condition of unfortunate prisoners, mitigated punishments civil and military, given to the inhabitants of certain provinces the liberty of dividing among them the national imposts, relinquished to the nation your lawful claim on your

accession to the crown, ensured to the poor sailors a portion of the fruits of war, and restored to men of letters the natural privilege of reaping the benefit of their exertions. While with one hand you relieved the unfortunate of the nation, with the other you erected statues to its celebrated men of past ages, and you succoured the oppressed Americans. The wise men who surround you, and, what is still more, the charms and the sensibility of your august consort, have rendered the path of virtue more easy to you. O great king! if you proceed with constancy along that rugged path, your name will one day be invoked by the unhappy of every nation. It will preside over their destinies, even during the lives of their own sovereigns. They will place it as a barrier against their tyrants, and hold it up as a model to their good kings. From the east to the west it will be revered like that of a Titus or of an Antoninus. When all living nations shall have ceased to exist, your name shall still live, shall still flourish with a glory ever new. The majesty of ages will add to its veneration, and the remotest posterity will envy us the happiness of having lived under your laws. I am nothing, sire. I may have been the victim of public evils, and be ignorant of their causes. I may have treated of the means of remedying them, without knowing the power and the resources of great kings. But if you make us better and more happy, future Tacituses will study after your example the art of reforming and of governing men at a difficult period. Other Fenelons will one day speak of France during your reign as of happy Egypt under Sesostris. Then while you are receiving upon earth the invariable homage of men, you will be their mediator with the Deity, whose most perfect image you will have been among us. Ah! if it were possible that we could lose the sense of his existence by the corruption of those who ought to set us an example, by the turbulence of our passions, by the mistakes of our own understandings, by the multiplied evils of humanity, then, O king! it will be your glory to

preserve the love of order in the midst of general disorder. The nations oppressed by lawless tyrants, would crowd to the foot of your throne, and would seek in you that God whom they no longer perceived in Nature.*

* Many a reader will undoubtedly perceive in this concluding apostrophe a larger portion of the spirit of adulation than of the spirit of philosophy. It likewise affords a striking example of the shortsightedness of human reason. A very few years after this prophetic eulogium on Louis XVI. proceeded from the pen of M. de St. Pierre, that unfortunate monarch, and almost his whole family, were immolated by his own sanguinary subjects, and every vestige of their existence was swept from the face of the earth. T.

THE END.

SUPPLEMENT.

I SHALL here introduce, by way of Supplement, a few reflexions which would perhaps have been more properly placed in the Introduction; but, as this edition was printed from the fourth in 12mo, I did not think fit to make that transposition.

The reader may recollect that I explain the direction of our tides in summer towards the north, by the counter-currents of the general current of the Atlantic Ocean, which, at that season, descends from our pole; the ices of which are partly melted by the action of the sun that warms it for six months. I supposed that this general current which then runs to the south, being confined between Cape St. Augustine and the entrance of the Gulph of Guinea in Africa, produced on either side counter-currents, which occasion our tides that ascend toward the north along our coasts. These counter-currents actually exist in these same places, and are always produced on each side of a straight through which passes a current. But I had no occasion to suppose the re-actions of Cape St. Augustine, and of the entrance of the Gulph of Guinea, to make our tides ascend very far toward the north. The mere action of the general current of the Atlantic, which descends from the north pole and runs toward the south, by displacing a great volume of water, which it repels to the right and to the left, is sufficient to produce along its current those lateral re-actions which give rise to our tides that ascend northward.

On this subject I quoted two observations, the first of which is adapted to the comprehension of every reader. It is that of a spring, which, running into a basin, produces on the sides of that basin a counter-current, that carries back straws and other floating bodies to the spring itself. The second observation is extracted from the History of New France by Father Charlevoix. He relates, that, though he had a contrary wind, he proceeded at the rate of eight full leagues a day on lake Michigan, against the general current, by the aid of its lateral counter-currents.

But M. de Crevecoeur, author of the Letters of an American Farmer, goes still farther ; for he assures us that in ascending the Ohio along its banks, he proceeded 422 miles in fourteen days, which is more than ten leagues a day, "by means of the counter-currents," says he, "which always have a velocity equal to that of the principal current." This is the only observation I have to add, on account of its importance, and the esteem which I entertain for its author.

Thus the general effect of the tides is placed in the clearest light, by the example of the lateral counter-currents of our basins into which springs discharge themselves ; of those of the lakes that receive rivers ; and of those of the rivers themselves, notwithstanding their falls, which are considerable ; without having any necessity for a particular strait to effect these re-actions along the whole extent of their shores, though straits considerably augment these counter-currents.

In fact, the course of our tides towards the north in winter cannot possibly be explained as an effect of the lateral counter-currents of the Atlantic Ocean, which descends from the north, since its general current proceeds at that season from the south pole, the ices of which are melted by the sun. But the course of these tides towards the north may be still more easily conceived from the immediate effect of the general current of the south pole, which proceeds direct north. In that direction, this southern current passes almost always from a wider into a narrower space, first running between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope ; and ascending to the bays and mediterraneans of the north, &c

SUPPLEMENT.

drives before it the whole volume of the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, without suffering a column to escape either to the right or to the left. If however, it were to meet in its way with some cape or strait that impeded its course, it cannot be doubted that a lateral counter-current, or tides running in a contrary direction, would there be formed. This is, accordingly, the effect produced at Cape St. Augustin in America, and above the gulph of Guinea, to the tenth degree of north latitude in Africa; that is, in the two places were those two quarters of the globe approach nearest to each other: for, in the summer of the south pole, the currents and the tides so far from taking a northern direction below those two points, return southward from the coast of America, and run eastward from Africa, along the whole gulph of Guinea, contrary to all the laws of the lunar system.

I could fill a volume with new proofs in favor of the alternate fusion of the polar ices, and of the elongation of the earth at the poles, which are consequences of each other; but I have quoted in the preceding part of this work more than sufficient to confirm those truths. The very silence of academies on subjects so important, is a proof that they have no objection to adduce against me. Had I been wrong in my correction of the strange error which led them to conclude that the poles of the earth are flattened, from geometrical operations, which evidently demonstrate that they are elongated, abundance of journals, most of which are devoted to their interest, would have come forward to silence a recluse. I have found but a single one that has ventured to bestow on me its approbation. Among so many literary powers, which contest the empire of opinions, and cruize on their tempestuous seas, endeavouring to sink every thing that does not appear under their colours, a foreign journalist hoisted in my behalf the flag of insurrection. This was that of Deux-ponts, whom I name according to my custom of publicly acknowledging private services, though this was performed rather for truth than for me, who am personally unknown to this writer, so estimable for his impartiality.

On the other hand, if academics have not explained themselves, we must consider the embarrassment they would feel to retract publicly a geometrical inconsistency already so ancient and so universally adopted. They cannot approve my results without condemning their own; and they cannot condemn mine because they are justified by their own labors. I was not less embarrassed myself, when, publishing my observations, I was reduced to the alternative of chusing between their esteem and their friendship; but I was impelled by the sentiment of truth, which ought to overbalance all political considerations. My reputation, I confess, likewise engaged my attention, though only the smallest portion of it. Public utility was my principal object. I employed neither ridicule nor enthusiasm against celebrated men, surprized in error. I was not intoxicated by the discovery of that error. I approached them as I would have approached Plato, asleep on the brink of a precipice, fearful of their awaking, and still more apprehensive of the continuance of their slumbers. I have not ascribed their blindness to any want of light, a reproach so sensibly felt by the learned; but to the dazzling of their systems; and, above all, to the influence of education and moral habits, which veil our reason with so many prejudices. In the introduction to my first volume, I have described the origin of this error; and have given a geometrical refutation of it in the explanation of the plate annexed to the Fourth Study.

To convince one's self that the poles of the earth are elongated, there is no necessity to resolve some problem of transcendental geometry, filled with equations, such as the squaring of the circle; but the most common notions of the elements of geometry and physics are sufficient. Before I collect the proofs I have already given, and subjoin new ones, I shall say a few words concerning the means by which we may ascertain the truth, as much for my own instruction as for that of my critics.

We float on the bosom of ignorance, like mariners in the midst of a boundless ocean. We discover here and there a few truths, scattered like islands. To take observations

of islands in the open sea, it is not sufficient to find their distance to the north or to the east. Their latitude gives an entire circle, and their longitude another; but the intersection of those two measures precisely determines their situation. In like manner, truth cannot be ascertained but by considering it under various aspects. For this reason, we are much better acquainted with an object which we can submit to the examination of all our senses, than another which admits the application of no more than one. Thus, we know much more of a tree than of a star, because we see and touch the former; the flower of the tree affords us more knowledge than the trunk, because we can farther examine it with the sense of smelling; and finally, our observations on the fruit are still more numerous, because we taste it; and can examine it with four senses at once. With respect to objects towards which we direct only one of our organs, as that of sight, we cannot acquire a knowledge of these, except by surveying them under different aspects. That tower, say you, at the horizon, is blue, small, and of a circular form. You approach, and find it white, large, and angular. You then conclude that it is square; you walk round it, and find that it is pentagonal. You judge it impossible to measure its height without an instrument, because it is very lofty. Take an accessible object of comparison, that of your own shadow to your height; you will find the same proportion between the shadow of the tower and its elevation, which you judged it impossible to obtain.

Thus, the knowledge of any truth is acquired only by considering it in different points of view. On this account, therefore, God alone is truly wise, because he alone knows all the relations that exist between things: and nothing is so universally known by all beings as God, because the relations which he has established manifest him in all his works.

All truths form links of one chain. We cannot learn to know them but by comparing one with the other. If the academicians had followed this principle, they would have discovered that the flattening of the poles was an error. They needed only to have applied its consequences to the

distribution of the seas. If the poles are flat, their radii being the shortest of any part of the globe, all the seas must repair thither as to the lowest part of the earth: on the other hand, if the equator is protuberant, all the seas must retire from it, and the torrid zone must exhibit a belt of parched land, elevated six leagues and a half at its centre, since the radius of the globe at the equator exceeds by so much the radius at the poles, according to the academicians.

Now the configuration of the globe presents facts the very reverse; for the oceans of the greatest extent and depth are precisely under the equator; and, towards the north pole, the land stretches far away to the north, and the seas which it incloses are nothing but mediterraneans that are full of shoals.

The south pole is, indeed, surrounded by a vast ocean; but, as Captain Cook could not approach nearer than 475 leagues, we are ignorant whether there are lands contiguous to it. It is, farther, probable, as I have elsewhere observed, that Nature, who contracts and balances all things, has made amends for the elevation in land of the north pole, by an equivalent elevation in ice at the south pole. Cook actually found the icy cupola of the south pole much more extensive and more elevated than that which covers the north pole; and he even thinks that no comparison ought to be formed between them. Hear what he says, when prevented from penetrating beyond the 71st degree south, by one of its solid extremities, which resembled a chain of mountains towering one above the other, and hiding themselves in the clouds:

"There never were seen, in my opinion, mountains of ice such as these in the seas of Greenland; at least, I have never read or heard of the like: no comparison, therefore, can be stated between the ices of the north and those of the latitudes which I am mentioning." (*Cook's Second Voyage, January, 1774.*)

This prodigious elevation of ice, of which Cook saw only the extremity, may, then, counterbalance the elevation of the land of the north pole, proved by the labors of the

academicians themselves. But, though the frozen seas or the south pole are inaccessible to the operations of geometry, we shall presently see, from two authentic observations, that the fluid seas by which it is surrounded are more elevated than those of the equator; and that they are on the same level as the seas of the north pole.

Let us now verify the elongation of the poles by the same method as was used to demonstrate their being flattened. This last hypothesis has acquired a new degree of error, by being applied to the distribution of the lands and seas of the globe; that of the elongation of the poles will obtain new degrees of certainty by being extended to different harmonies of Nature.

Let us for this purpose collect the proofs scattered through the preceding volumes. These are both geometrical, geographical, atmospherical, nautical, and astronomical.

1. The first proof of the elongation of the earth at the poles is geometrical. I introduced it into the explanation of the plate of the Atlantic Hemisphere, in the first volume; and this alone is sufficient to give the utmost degree of certainty to this truth. It may be very easily conceived that if, in a circle, the degrees of one portion of this circle are lengthened, the entire portion of the circle must also be lengthened. Now the degrees of the meridian are lengthened under the polar circle, since they are larger there than under the equator, according to the academicians: consequently, the polar arc of the meridian, or what amounts to the same thing, the polar curve is lengthened also. I have already employed this argument, which is unanswerable, to prove that the polar curve is not flattened; I may certainly be allowed to use it also to prove that it is elongated.

2. The second proof of the elongation of the earth at the poles is atmospherical. It is well known that the elevation of the atmosphere continues decreasing the higher you ascend a mountain. Now this elevation likewise diminishes as you proceed towards the pole. On this subject I have two experiments with the barometer; the first for the northern, the second for the southern hemisphere. The ba-

rometer at Paris falls one line at the height of eleven fathoms, and it likewise falls one line in Sweden, at the elevation of only ten fathoms, one foot, six inches, and four lines. The atmosphere of Sweden is therefore lower, or, in other words, its continent is higher than at Paris. The earth must therefore be elongated towards the north. This experiment, and its consequences, cannot be rejected by academicians, for they are extracted from the History of the Academy of Sciences for the year 1712.

3. The second experiment on the depression of the atmosphere at the poles, was made towards the south pole. It is a series of barometrical observations made every day in the southern hemisphere by Captain Cook, in the years 1773, 1774, and 1775, from which it appears that the mercury scarcely ever rose above 29 inches, beyond the 60th degree of south latitude, and was almost always at 30, and even higher, in the vicinity of the torrid zone; which proves that the barometer falls in advancing towards the south pole, as well as towards the north, and that, consequently, both the one and the other are elongated.

The table of these barometrical observations may be seen at the end of Captain Cook's second voyage. Those of the same kind which were collected in the subsequent voyage, exhibit no regular difference, let the latitude of the vessel be what it will: this proves their inaccuracy, occasioned probably by the disorder which must have been produced by the successive death of those who took the observations; that is, of the learned Anderson, the surgeon of the ship, and the particular friend of Cook; of that great man himself, and his successor Captain Clerke; and perhaps also by some zealous partisan of Newton, who was solicitous to throw a cloud over facts so contrary to his system of the flattening of the poles.

4. The fourth proof of the elongation of the poles is nautical. It is composed of six experiments of three different species. The two first experiments are taken from the annual descent of the ices of each pole towards the line; the two next from the currents that proceed from the poles during their summer; and the two last from the rapidity

and extent of those same currents; which make the circuit of the globe alternately for six months: three are for the north pole, and three for the south pole.

The first experiment, relative to the descent of the ices of the north pole, is quoted in the first volume of this work, in Study IV. I have there referred to the testimonies of the most celebrated navigators of the north—among others of Ellis, an Englishman; of Linschoten and Barentz, Ditchmen; of Martens, a Hamburger; and of Denis, the French Governor of Canada; who attest that these ices are of prodigious height, and that they are frequently found in spring in very temperate latitudes. Denis asserts that they are higher than the turrets of Notre Dame; that they sometimes form floating chains more than a day's sail in length, and that they advance as far southward as the great bank of Newfoundland. The northernmost part of this bank scarcely extends so far as the 50th degree; and the mariners employed in the whale fishery never find solid ice in the north till they reach the 75th degree. But, supposing this solid ice extends in winter from the pole to the 65th degree, the floating ice which is detached from it would traverse 375 leagues in the two first months of spring. It is not the wind that wafts them to the south, for the fishing vessels that meet them frequently have a favorable wind. Variable winds would drive them indiscriminately to the north, to the east, or to the west; but it is the currents of the north that constantly carry them towards the line, because the pole whence they come is more elevated.

5. The second experiment of the same kind, for the South Pole, is extracted from Cook's second voyage, in 1772. "On the 10th of December, at eight in the morning, we discovered ice to the westward of us, and," adds Forster, "a large mass about two leagues on the weather-bow, which had the appearance of a white head-land, or a chalk-cliff. In the afternoon we passed another large cubical mass, about two thousand feet long, four hundred feet broad, and at least as high again as our main-top-gallant-mast-head, or two hundred feet high." Cook was then in latitude 61° and longitude 2° west of the Cape of Good

Hope. He saw many other islands of ice till the 17th of January, 1773, but being at that time in $65^{\circ} 15'$ south latitude, he was stopped by a mass of broken ice, which prevented his farther progress to the south. Supposing, then, that the first ice he met on the 10th of December, departed from that point the 10th of October, the season at which I suppose that the action of the sun begins to dissolve the ices of the south pole, it must have advanced fourteen degrees, or 350 leagues, towards the line in two months; so that it must travel the same distance in the same space of time as the ices which descend from the north pole. The south pole, then, as well as the north, is more elevated than the equator, since its ices descend towards the torrid zone.

6. The third nautical experiment, demonstrating the elongation of the north pole, is deduced from its currents themselves, which issue directly from the bays and straits of the north, with the rapidity of sluices. On this subject I have quoted the same navigators of the north, Linschoten and Barentz, sent by the Dutch to discover a north-east passage to China; and Ellis, dispatched from England in quest of a north-west passage to the South-Sea, at the bottom of Hudson's Bay. At the extremity of these northern seas they found currents, which issued from the bays and straits at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour, carrying along a prodigious quantity of floating ice, and tumultuous tides, which, as well as the currents, rushed directly from the north, north-east, or north-west, according to the bearing of the land. From these invariable and multiplied facts, I am convinced that the effusion of the polar ices is the secondary cause of the motion of the seas, the sun being the primary cause; and hence I have formed my theory of the tides.

7. The currents of the South Sea in like manner originate in the ices of the south pole. Hear what Cook says on this subject, in his journal, January 1774:—"Indeed the majority of us were of opinion that this ice extended to the pole, or that it might possibly join some land, to which it has adhered from the earliest times; that, to the south of this parallel are formed all the ices which we found here

and there to the north; that they are afterwards detached by violent gusts of wind, or by other causes, and thrown to the north by the currents, which in high latitudes we always observed to bear in that direction."

This fourth nautical experiment, therefore, proves that the south pole is elongated as well as the north pole, for if both were flattened, the currents would set in towards them, instead of proceeding towards the line.

These southern currents are not so violent at their source as the northern, because they are not like them cooped up in bays, and afterwards disgorged by straits, but we shall find that they extend quite as far.

8. The fifth nautical proof of the elevation of the poles above the horizon of all seas, is founded on the rapidity and the length of their currents, which make the circuit of the globe. The reader may see the extent of my researches and of my proofs, in the Explanation of the Plate of the Atlantic Hemisphere. I first mentioned the current of the Indian Ocean, which flows six months toward the east, and six months toward the west, according to the testimony of all the navigators of India. I have shewn that this alternate and half-yearly current cannot, by any means, be ascribed to the course of the sun and of the moon, which always move from east to west, but to the combined heat of those luminaries, which melt for six months alternately the ices of each pole.

I have afterwards adduced two very curious observations, to prove that a similar half-yearly and alternate current exists in the Atlantic Ocean, where no such thing has hitherto been suspected. The first is that of Rennefort, who, on leaving the Azores, in the month of July 1666, found the sea covered with the wrecks of a sea-fight, which had taken place nine days before, off Ostend, between the English and the Dutch. These wrecks had in nine days travelled 275 leagues towards the south, which is at the rate of more than 34 leagues a day; and this is the fifth nautical experiment which proves the considerable elevation of the pole above the horizon of the seas by the rapidity of the currents of the north.

9. My sixth nautical experiment demonstrates, in a particular manner, the elevation of the south pole by the extent of its currents, which in winter force their way to the extremities of the Atlantic. It is the observation of Mr. Pennant, a celebrated English naturalist, who relates that the mast of the *Tilbury* man of war, burned at Jamaica, was thrown by the sea upon the coast of Scotland, and that the seeds of plants, which grow no where but in Jamaica, are annually picked up on the shores of the Scottish islands.

Cook likewise assures us in his voyages, as an undoubted fact, that a quantity of the large, flat, round seeds, called ox-eyes, which thrive only in America, are found every year on the coasts of Iceland.

10. and 11. The astronomical proofs of the elongation of the poles are three in number. The two first are lunar. These consist of the two-fold observation of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, who, in the central eclipses of the moon, saw the shadow of the earth elongated at the poles. I have quoted it in volume I. Study 4. It is impossible to object to the ocular testimony of two astronomers of such high celebrity, whose calculations, instead of being favored, were deranged by their observations.

12. The third astronomical proof of the elongation of the poles is solar, and relates to the north pole. It is the observation of Barentz, who, being at Nova Zembla, in the 76th degree of north latitude, perceived the sun above the horizon, fifteen days earlier than he expected. The altitude of the sun, in this case, was two degrees and a half greater than it ought to have been. Allowing one, or even one and a half, which is a very considerable concession, for the refraction of the atmosphere in winter, in the 76th degree of north latitude, still there would remain at least one degree for the extraordinary elevation of the observer above the horizon of Nova Zembla. On this occasion I have corrected an error of Bouguer, the academician, who fixes the greatest refraction of the sun, in every climate, at no more than 34 minutes. It is obvious that I do not avail myself of all the advantages given me by those whose opinions I am combating.

All these twelve proofs, deduced from the harmonies of Nature, mutually concur in demonstrating that the poles are elongated. They are supported by a multitude of facts, the number of which I might easily increase, whereas the academicians cannot apply their result of the flattening of the poles to any phenomenon of the earth, of the sea, or of the atmosphere, without immediately discovering it to be erroneous. Besides, geometry alone is sufficient to convince them of this.

They have, it is true, made the vibrations of the pendulum to tally with it ; but this experiment is liable to a thousand errors. It is at least as much to be suspected as that of the burning glass, from which they concluded that the moon's beams had no heat, though the contrary has been proved, at Rome and at Paris, by professors of natural philosophy. The pendulum is lengthened by heat, and contracted by cold. It is extremely difficult to counterbalance its variations by a number of rods, of different metals. On the other hand, it is extremely easy for men, prepossessed from their childhood, in favor of the doctrine of attraction, to make a mistake of a few lines on its side. Besides, all these petty expedients of physics, liable to so many errors, cannot, by any means, contradict the elongation of the poles of the earth, of which nature exhibits the same results on the land, on the sea, in the air, and in the heavens.

The elongation of the poles being proved, the current of the sea and tides follows of course. Many persons observing a coincidence between our tides and the phases of the moon, in their increases and diminutions, are persuaded that this luminary is, from her attraction, the first principle of those phenomena ; but this coincidence exists only in part of the Atlantic Ocean. They proceed not from the attraction of the moon acting upon the seas, but from her heat, reflected from the sun, on the polar ices, the effusions of which it augments, conformably to certain laws, peculiar to our continents. In every other part of the globe, the number, the variety, the duration, the regularity and irregularity of the tides, have no relation to the phases of the

moon, but, on the contrary, correspond with the influence of the sun on the polar ices, and the configuration of the poles of the earth. This we shall proceed to demonstrate, employing the same principle of comparison which enabled us to refute the error of the academicians, with respect to the flattening of the poles, and to demonstrate the truth of my theory of their elongation.

If the moon acted, by means of her attraction, on the tides of the ocean, her influence would likewise extend to mediterraneans and lakes. Now this is not the case, since mediterraneans and lakes have no tides, or at least no lunar tides; for we have observed, that the lakes situated at the foot of icy mountains, have, in summer, solar tides, or a flux, like the ocean. Such is the lake of Geneva, which has a regular flux in the afternoon. This coincidence alone, between the flux of lakes adjacent to icy mountains and the heat of the sun, gives a high degree of probability to my theory of the tides; and, on the contrary, the disagreement of these same fluxes with the phases of the moon, as well as the tranquillity of mediterraneans when that luminary passes over their meridian, makes the doctrine of her attraction more than conspicuous. But we shall presently see, that, in the vast ocean itself, most of the tides have no kind of relation, either to her attraction or to her course.

I have already quoted, in the first volume, Dampier, the navigator, who informs us, that the highest tide he observed on the coasts of New Holland, did not take place till three days after the full moon. He affirms, like all the navigators of the south, that the tides rise very little between the tropics, that they are at most from four to five feet high in the East Indies, and only one and a half on the coasts of the South Sea.

Let me now ask, Why these tides between the tropics are so feeble and so much retarded, under the direct influence of the moon? Why the moon by her attraction produces two times a day in our Atlantic Ocean, and only one in many parts of the South Sea, which is incomparably more extensive? Why there are, in this same South Sea, diurnal and semi-diurnal tides, that is, of twelve hours and of six

hours? Why most of the tides take place invariably at the same hours, and rise to a regular height almost all the year round, whatever may be the irregularities of the phases of the moon? Why there are some which increase in the first and last quarter, as well as at the full and new moon? Why they are always higher in proportion as you approach the poles, and frequently set towards the line, contrary to the pretended principles of their impulsion?

These problems, which it is impossible to resolve by the theory of the moon's attraction at the equator, are easy of solution by the alternate action of the sun's heat on the ices of the two poles.

I shall first prove this diversity of the tides by the testimony of Newton's countrymen, and zealous partisans of his system. My witnesses are not obscure men; they are men of science, naval officers of the king of England, selected successively by the voice of the nation and the appointment of their prince, to circumnavigate the globe, and to make such observations as were likely to enlarge the knowledge of Nature. These were the Captains Byron, Cartaret, Cook, Clerke, and Mr. Wales, the astronomer. To their testimony I shall subjoin that of Newton himself. Let us first examine what they say relative to the tides of the southern part of the South Sea.

In the road of the island of Massafuero, in $35^{\circ} 45'$ south latitude, and $80^{\circ} 22'$ west longitude from London, "the sea," says Captain Byron, "runs twelve hours to the north, and then flows back twelve hours to the south."

As the island of Massafuero is situated in the southern part of the South Sea, its tides, which set in to the north in April, consequently run towards the line, contrary to the lunar system: besides, its tides are of twelve hours, which presents another difficulty.

At English Creek, on the coast of New Britain, in the 5th degree of south latitude, and 152 degrees east longitude, "the tide," we are told by Captain Cartaret, "has a flux and reflux once in twenty-four hours."

At the Bay of Islands, in New Zealand, in latitude $34^{\circ} 59'$ south, and longitude $185^{\circ} 36'$ west, from the observations which Captain Cook was able to make on the

coast, relative to the tides, in December, 1769, the flood-tides set in from the north.

Here again are tides in the open sea which run toward the line, contrary to the impulsion of the moon. They descended at that season to New Zealand from the south pole, the currents of which were then in a state of activity, for the month of December is the summer of that pole. Those of Massafuero, though observed in the month of April by Captain Byron, had the same origin, because the currents of the north pole, which never begin before the end of March, at our spring equinox, had not yet checked the influence of the south pole in the southern hemisphere

At the mouth of Endeavour River, in New Holland, in latitude $15^{\circ} 26'$ south, longitude $214^{\circ} 42'$ west, where Captain Cook refitted his vessel after having run aground, neither the flood-tide nor ebb was considerable, except once in twenty-four hours, as he had found while the ship was fast on the rock. (*Cook's First Voyage, June, 1770.*)

At the entrance of Christmas Harbour, in Kerguelen's Land, in latitude $48^{\circ} 39'$ south, longitude $68^{\circ} 42'$ east, Captain Cook observed, while he was at anchor, that the flood-tide came from the south east, running two knots at least in an hour. (*Third Voyage, December, 1776.*)

Here again is another tide which descended directly from the south pole. It appears that this tide was regular and diurnal, that is, of twelve hours; for Cook adds, a few pages afterwards: "It is high water here at the full and change days, about ten o'clock; and the tide runs and falls about four feet.

At the island of Otaheite, in latitude $17^{\circ} 29'$ south, and longitude $149^{\circ} 35'$ west, and at that of Ulietea, in latitude $16^{\circ} 45'$ south, "some observations were also made on the tide, with a view of ascertaining its greatest rise at the first place. When we were there in my second voyage, Mr. Wales thought he had discovered that it rose higher than I had observed it to do, when I first visited Otaheite in 1769. But the observations we now made, proved that it did not; that is, that it never rose higher than twelve or fourteen inches at most. And it was observed to be high water

nearly at noon, as well at the quadratures as at the full and change of the moon." *Cook's Third Voyage, December, 1777.*)

In this part of his journal, Cook gives a table of the tides at these islands, from the 1st to the 26th of November, from which it appears, that there was only one tide a day, which, in the whole course of the month, was at its mean height between eleven and one o'clock. It is, therefore, evident, that tides so regular at such different epochs of the moon, could have no relation to the phases of that luminary.

Cook was at Otaheite in the month of July, 1776, that is, in the winter of the south pole. He revisited the island in December, 1777, that is, in its summer; it is, therefore, possible that the effusions of this pole, being then more abundant, and nearer to Otaheite than those of the north pole, the tides might be higher in December than in July, and that Mr. Wales, the astronomer, was in the right.

Let us now examine the effects of the tides in the north part of the South Sea.

At Noetka Sound, on the coast of America, in latitude $49^{\circ} 36'$ north, longitude $232^{\circ} 17'$ east, "it is high water on the days of the new and full moon, at twenty minutes past twelve. The perpendicular rise and fall is eight feet nine inches; which is to be understood of the day-tides, and those which happen two or three days after the full and new moon. The night-tides, at this time, rise near two feet higher. This was very conspicuous during the spring-tide of the full moon, which happened soon after our arrival; and it was obvious that it would be the same in those of the new moon, though we did not remain here long enough to see the whole of its effect." (*Cook's Third Voyage, April, 1778*).

Here then are two tides a day, or semi-diurnal, on the side opposite to our hemisphere as on our own, whereas it appears that there is only one in the southern hemisphere, that is, in the South Sea only. Farther, these semi-diurnal tides differ from ours in this, that they take place at the same hour, and exhibit no increase till two or three days after the full moon. We shall presently assign the reason for these phenomena, inexplicable by the lunar system.

In the two following observations we shall find these tides in the northern part of the South Sea, observed in April, becoming, in higher latitudes on the same coast, stronger in May, and still stronger in June, which cannot by any means be referred to the course of the moon, which then passes into the southern hemisphere, but to the course of the sun, which passes into the northern hemisphere, and gradually warms the ices of the north pole; the fusion of which increases in the same proportion as the heat of that luminary. Besides, the direction of these northern tides toward the line, and other circumstances, will fully demonstrate that they derive their origin from that pole.

At the entrance of Cook's river, on the coast of America, in latitude $57^{\circ} 51'$ north, "was a strong tide setting to the southward out of the inlet. It was the ebb, and ran between three and four knots in an hour; and it was low water at ten o'clock. A good deal of sea-weed, and some drift-wood, were carried out with the tide. The water too became thick, like that in rivers; but we were encouraged to proceed by finding it as salt at low water as the ocean. The strength of the flood-tide was three knots; and the stream ran up till three in the afternoon." (*Cook's Third Voyage, May, 1778.*)

On sailing up the same inlet, in a part where it was only four leagues broad, "through this channel ran a prodigious tide. It looked frightful to us, who could not tell whether the agitation of the water was occasioned by the stream, or by the breaking of the waves against rocks or sands.—Here we lay during the ebb, which ran near five knots in the hour. Until we got thus far, the water had retained the same degree of saltness at low as at high water; and at both periods was as salt as that in the ocean. But now the marks of a river displayed themselves. The water taken up this ebb, when at the lowest, was found to be very considerably fresher than any we had hitherto tasted; in-somuch that I was convinced that we were in a large river, and not in a strait communicating with the Northern Seas." (*Cook's Third Voyage, May 30th, 1778.*)

What Cook calls an inlet, to which was afterwards given the name of Cook's Great River, is from its course, and

its brackish waters, neither a strait, nor a river, but a real northern sluice, through which the effusions of the polar ices discharge themselves into the ocean. Similar ones are found at the bottom of Hudson's Bay. Ellis had been mistaken in these, which he supposed to be straits, forming a communication between the Northern Ocean and the South Sea. It was for the purpose of dispelling the doubts which had remained on this subject, that Captain Cook undertook the same kind of investigation to the northward of California.

"In prosecuting the examination of the interior of Cooke's Inlet, or Great River, after we had entered the bay, the flood set strong in the river Turnagain, and the ebb came out with still greater force; the water falling, while we lay at anchor, twenty feet upon a perpendicular. (*Cook's Third Voyage, June, 1778*).

What Cook calls the ebb, or reflux, appears to me to be the flood-tide, or flux itself, since it was more boisterous and more rapid than what he denominates the flood; for the reaction can never be more powerful than the action. The falling tide, even in our rivers, is never so strong as the rising tide. The latter usually produces a bar, which the other does not.

Cook, prepossessed with the prevailing opinion that the cause of the tides is between the tropics, could not summon the resolution to consider this flood, which came from the interior of the land, as a real tide. Nevertheless, in the opposite part of this same continent, I mean at the bottom of Hudson's Bay, the flood-tide comes from the west, that is, from the interior of the country.

In the introduction to Cook's *Third Voyage*, we find the following observations on this subject:—"Middletton, who commanded the expedition in 1741 and 1742, into Hudson's Bay, had proceeded farther north than any of his predecessors, in that navigation. He had, between the latitude of 65° and 66° found a very considerable inlet running westward, into which he entered with his ships; and after repeated trials of the tides, and endeavours to discover the nature and course of the opening, for three weeks successively, he found the flood constantly to come from the east-

ward, and that it was a large river he had got into, to which he gave the name of Wager River.

"The accuracy, or rather the fidelity, of this report was doubted by Mr. Dobbs, who contended that this opening is a strait, and not a fresh water river, and that Middleton, if he had examined it properly, would have found a passage through it to the Western American Ocean. The failure of this passage, therefore, only served to furnish our zealous advocate for the discovery with new arguments for attempting it once more; and he had the good fortune, after getting the reward of twenty thousand pounds established by act of parliament, to prevail upon a society of gentlemen and merchants to fit out the *Dobbs* and *California*; which ships, it was hoped, would be able to find their way into the Pacific Ocean by the very opening which Middleton's voyage had pointed out, and which he was believed to have misrepresented.

"This renovation of hope only produced fresh disappointment. For it is well known, that the voyage of the *Dodds* and *California*, instead of confuting, strongly confirmed, all that Middleton had asserted. The supposed strait was found to be nothing more than a fresh-water river, and its utmost western navigable boundaries were now ascertained by accurate examination."

Thus Wager's River produces a real tide from the west, because it is one of the sluices opening from the north into the Atlantic Ocean. It is, therefore, evident that Cook's Great River produces, on its side, areal tide from the east, because it is likewise one of the sluices of the north into the South Sea.

Besides, the height and the turbulence of these tides, of Cook's Great River, similar to those of the bottom of Hudson's Bay, Walgate's Straits, &c. the diminution of their saltness, their general direction towards the line, prove that they are formed in summer in the northern portion of the South Sea, as well as in the north of the Atlantic Ocean, by the effusion of the ices of the north pole.

In the sequel of Cook's voyage, conducted by Captain Clerke, we find two other observations on the tides, for which the lunar system is equally incapable of accounting.

At the English observatory, in the bay of Karakakoo, in the Sandwich Islands, situated in latitude $19^{\circ} 28'$ north, and longitude 240° east, "the tides are very regular, flowing and ebbing six hours each. The flood comes from the eastward; and it is high water at the full and change of the moon forty-five minutes past three, apparent time." (*March 1779*).

At the town of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, in latitude $53^{\circ} 28'$ north, longitude $158^{\circ} 43'$ east, "it was high water on the full and change of the moon, at thirty-six minutes past four, and the greatest rise was five feet eight inches. The tides were very regular every twelve hours." (*October 1779*).

Captain Clerke, wedded, like Cook, to the system of the moon's attraction in the torrid zone, attempts, to no purpose, to refer to the irregular phases of that luminary, the tides which take place at regular hours in the South Sea, as well as their other phenomena. Mr. Wales, the astronomer, who accompanied Cook in his second voyage, is obliged to acknowledge the defectiveness of Newton's theory on this subject. In an extract, inserted in the general Introduction to Cook's last voyage, he says:—"The number of places at which the rise and times of flowing of tides have been observed, in these voyages, is very great; and hence an important article of useful knowledge is afforded. In these observations, some very curious and even unexpected circumstances have offered themselves to our consideration. It will be sufficient to instance the exceedingly small height to which the tide rises in the middle of the great Pacific Ocean; where it falls short two-thirds at least of what might have been expected from theory and calculation."

The partizans of the Newtonian system would find themselves reduced to a still greater embarrassment, were they required to explain in a satisfactory manner, first, why there are daily two tides of six hours in the Atlantic Ocean; in the next place, why there is only one of the twelve hours in the southern part of the South Sea, as in the island of Otaheite, on the coast of New Holland, on that of New Britain, at the island of Massafuero, and in other places; why, on the other hand, in the northern part of this same

South Sea, two equal tides of six hours are again observable every day at the Sandwich Islands; why they are unequal on the coast of America, at Nootka Sound; and why they are reduced to a single tide of twelve hours in nearly the same latitude at Kamtschatka, on the coast of Asia.

I could adduce other circumstances still more extraordinary. By these strongly marked, and numerous dissimilarities between the course of the tides and that of the moon, with a very small number of which, however, Newton was acquainted, he was compelled to acknowledge, as I have elsewhere observed, that "there must be some other mixed cause for the periodical return of the tides, with which we are still unacquainted." (*Newton's Philosophy, chapter 18.*)

This other cause, with which we have hitherto been unacquainted, is the fusion of the polar ices, which are from five to six thousand leagues in circumference in their winter, and from two to three in their summer. These ices, discharging themselves alternately into the bosom of the seas, produce all their various phenomena. If, in our summer, there are daily two tides in the Atlantic Ocean, it is on account of the alternate deflection of the two continents, the old and the new, which approach toward the north, and of which one pours by day and the other by night, the waters of the ice, melted by the sun, on the eastern and western side of the pole, which he encircles every day with his fires, and thaws for six months together. If there is a retardation of twenty-two minutes from tide to tide, it is because the cupola of the polar ices, in fusion, is daily diminishing; and because these effluxes are retarded by the sinuosities of the channel of the Atlantic. If, in our winter, there are likewise two tides, undergoing daily retardations on our coasts, it is because the effusions of the south pole, on their entrance into the channel of the Atlantic meet with two deflections at its mouth, one in America, at Cape Horn; the other in Africa, at the Cape of Good Hope. 'Tis, in my opinion, these two alternate deflections of the current of the south pole, that render those two capes, which receive their first impulsion, so temper-

mous, and so difficult to be doubled, even during the summer of that pole, by vessels coming from the Atlantic Ocean; for then they are met in the very teeth by the currents which descend from the south pole. On this account, it is extremely difficult for them to double the Cape of Good Hope in November, December, January, February, and March, in sailing to India; and that, on the contrary, they pass it with ease in our summer months, because they are then aided by the currents of the north pole, which at that season waft them out of the Atlantic. They experience the reverse of this on their return from India, during the months of our winter.

I am led, by these considerations, to believe that ships bound to the South Sea would meet with fewer obstacles in doubling Cape Horn in the winter season than in the summer of that climate; for they would not then be driven back by the currents of the south pole into the Atlantic, and they would, on the contrary, be assisted in leaving it by those of the north pole. I could support this conjecture by the experience of several ships. That of Commodore Anson may, perhaps, be objected; but he did not double this cape till the months of March and April, which are two of the most tempestuous months in the year, on account of the general revolution which takes place in the atmosphere and in the ocean at the equinox, when the sun passes from one hemisphere to the other.

Let us now explain, upon the same principles, why the tides of the South Sea do not resemble those of the Atlantic Ocean. The south pole has not, like the north pole, a double continent, separating into two portions the effluxes which the sun daily thaws from its ices; nor has it, indeed, any continent: consequently it has no channel by which its effusions might be retarded. These effusions, accordingly, proceed directly into the vast South Sea, forming over the half of that pole a succession of divergent streams, which make the circuit of it, like the rays of the sun, in twenty-four hours. When a branch of these effusions meets with an island, it produces a tide of twelve hours, that is, of the same duration as the time required by the sun to warm the half of the icy cupola, through which passes the meridian of

the island. Such are the tides of the islands of Otaheite and Massafuero, of New Holland, New Britain, &c. Each of these tides is of the same duration as the course of the sun over the horizon, and is regular like its course. Thus, while the sun heats the southern islands of the South Sea twelve hours successively with his vertical fires, he cools them by a tide of twelve hours, thawed from the ices of the south pole by his horizontal beams. Contrary effects frequently proceed from one and the same cause.

A different order of tides exists in the northern part of the South Sea. In this part opposite to our hemisphere, the two continents again approach each other toward the north. They, therefore, discharge alternately in summer into the channel which separates them, the two semi-diurnal effusions of their pole, and they alternately collect there in winter those of the south pole, which produce two tides a day, as in the Atlantic Ocean. But as the channel formed to the north of the South Sea by the two continents, is exceedingly wide below the 55th degree, or rather, as it ceases to exist, in consequence of the abrupt trending away of America and Asia, which diverge to the east and west, it thence happens, that only such places as are situated in the line of the effusions from the northern part of those two continents have two tides a day. Such are the Sandwich Islands, situated just at the confluence of those two currents, at a proportionate distance from America and from Asia, in the 21st degree of north latitude. When such a place is more exposed to the current of one continent than to that of another, its two semi-diurnal tides are unequal, as at Nootka Sound, on the coast of America; but when it is completely out of the influence of the one, and entirely under that of the other, it receives only one tide a day, as at Kamtschatka, on the coast of Asia; and this tide is then of twelve hours duration, like the action of the sun on the half of the pole, the effusions of which are then undivided.

Hence it is obvious, that two ports may be situated on the same sea, and under the same parallel, and yet the one shall have daily two tides, and the other only a single tide, and that the duration of these tides, whether double or

single, whether double and equal, or double and unequal, whether regular or irregular, is always twelve hours in the twenty-four, that is, precisely the time the sun takes to warm half of the polar cupola, from which they flow; which cannot possibly be referred to the unequal course of the sun between the tropics, and still less to that of the moon, which in those parts is often but a few hours above the horizon.

I have therefore demonstrated, by simple, plain, and numerous facts, the discordance of the tides in most of the seas with the pretended attraction of the moon at the equator, and, on the contrary, their concordance with the action of the sun on the ices of the poles.

I beg the reader's pardon, but the importance of these truths induces me to recapitulate them.

1. The attraction of the moon on the waters of the ocean is contradicted by the inaction of the waters of mediterraneans and lakes, which never manifest any motion when that luminary passes their meridian, or even their zenith. On the contrary, the action of the sun's heat, which produces the currents and the tides of the ocean from the polar ices, is verified by its influence on the icy mountains, whence issue, in summer, currents and fluxes, that produce real tides, as may be observed in the lake of Geneva, situated at the foot of the Rhetian Alps. The seas are the lakes of the globe and the poles are its alps.

2. The pretended attraction of the moon on the ocean can neither be applied to the two tides of six hours, or semi-diurnal, of the Atlantic Ocean, because that luminary passes every day only at its zenith; nor to the tide of twelve hours, or diurnal, of the southern part of the South Sea, because it passes daily at the zenith and the nadir of that vast ocean; nor to the tides, whether semi-diurnal or diurnal, of the northern part of the same sea; nor to the variety of these tides, which rise here at the^e full^e and new moon, and

* I admit, with Pliny, that the moon melts ice and snow by her heat. Accordingly, when she is full, she must increase the fusion of the polar ice, or tides. But, if these likewise rise on our coasts at the new moon, in my opinion, these superabundant effusions are

there several days afterwards,—which here increase in the quadratures, and there decrease; nor to their constant equality in other places; nor to the direction of those that set toward the line; nor to their elevation, which augments toward the poles and diminishes in the very zone of the lunar attraction, that is, under the equator. On the contrary, the action of the sun's heat on the poles of the earth, perfectly accounts for the height of the tides near the poles, and their weakness near the equator; their divergence from the pole whence they flow, and their exact concordance with the continents from which they descend, being double in twenty-four hours, when the hemisphere which discharges or receives them is divided into two continents; double and unequal when the deflection of the two continents is unequal; and single when they are discharged by only one continent, or when there is none at all.

3. The attraction of the moon, which always moves from east to west, cannot possibly be applied to the course of the Indian Sea, which flows six months towards the east, and six months towards the west; nor to the course of the Atlantic Ocean, which runs six months to the north and six months to the south. On the contrary, the action of the half-yearly and alternate heat of the sun around each pole, covered with an ocean of ice five or six thousand leagues in circumference in winter, and two or three thousand in summer, perfectly corresponds with the half-yearly and alternate current descending from that pole, and flowing towards the opposite pole, according to the direction of the continents and archipelagoes, which serve it for shores.

On this subject I shall observe, that though the South Sea apparently presents no channel to the course of the polar effusions, in consequence of the great divergence of America and Asia, we may, however discover one percep-

occasioned by the full-moon, and are retarded in their course by some particular configuration of one of the two continents. For the rest, this point is not more difficult to be resolved by my theory, than by that of attraction, which is, besides, incapable of explaining most of the nautical phenomena of which I have been treating.

ably formed by the projection of its archipelagoes, which correspond with its two continents. It is by means of this channel that the Sandwich Islands, situated in the northern part of the South Sea, in the latitude of 21° , have daily two tides, from the effusions of America and Asia, though the strait which separates those two continents is in the latitude of 60° north. Not that these islands are exactly under the same meridian; but the Sandwich Islands are situated in a curve corresponding with the sinuous curve of America, and which commences at the northern strait. This curve might be prolonged to archipelagoes at a greater distance from the South Sea, which have two tides a day; and it would there express the current formed by the effusions of America and Asia, as we have elsewhere observed. All the islands are in the midst of currents. Taking, therefore, a bird's eye view of the south pole on a globe, you perceive a succession of archipelagoes scattered in a spiral line quite into the northern hemisphere, and indicating the current of the South Sea, as the projection of the two continents toward the north pole indicates the current of the Atlantic.

Thus, the course of the seas from one pole to another is in a spiral direction round the globe, like the course of the sun from one tropic to the other.

This observation adds a new degree of probability to the correspondence of the motion of the sea with that of the sun. Not but that the chain of archipelagoes, extending in a spiral form across the South Sea, is interrupted in several places; but these interruptions proceed, in my opinion, only from the imperfection of our discoveries. We might, I conceive, extend them much farther, if we were to guide our search of the unknown islands of that sea by the projection of the islands with which we are already acquainted. Those who might undertake these voyages should not go directly from the Line to the South Pole, or describe the same parallel all round the globe, as is usually done, but should follow the above-mentioned spiral line, which is sufficiently marked by the general current of the ocean itself. They should not fail to observe the nautical fruits which the alternate current of the seas is continually waft-

ing from one island to another, frequently at prodigious distances. By these simple and natural means, the ancient inhabitants of the south of Asia discovered so many islands of the South Sea, where traces of their manners and their language are still discovered. Thus, by abandoning themselves to Nature, who is frequently more serviceable to us than our knowledge, they landed without quadrant and without chart, on a multitude of islands of which they had never heard.

In the first volume I have indicated those easy means of discovery and of communication between maritime nations. I allude to the explanation of the plate of the Atlantic Hemisphere, where I mention Christopher Columbus, who, being on the point of perishing in the open sea, on his first return from America, enclosed the narrative of his discovery in a cask, which he threw into the sea, in the hope that it would be wafted to some shore or other. On this occasion I have observed, that, "a common glass bottle might preserve such a deposit for ages, and convey it more than once from one pole to the other." This experiment has been realized in part on the coasts of Europe.* An account of it

* I invite mariners who are interested in the progress of the natural sciences to repeat this experiment, which is so easy, and attended with so little expence. There is no place where empty bottles are more common, and of less use, than on board-ship. When a vessel sails from port, she carries out a great quantity of bottles filled with wine, beer, cider, and spirits, most of which are empty in the course of a few weeks; while those to whom they belong have nothing wherewith to replenish them during the whole voyage. Before they are thrown into the sea, a little stick, with a small piece of cloth or white feathers, at the top, might be fastened to it perpendicularly. This mark would render it conspicuous at a distance on the azure bosom of the deep. It would be advisable to tie cords round it, to prevent its being broken on reaching the shore, whither it would sooner or later be wafted by the currents and the tides. These experiments will have the appearance of children's play in the eyes of our men of science; but to the mariner they might prove of the utmost importance. They might serve to make him acquainted with the direction and the velocity of the currents, in a much more certain and comprehensive manner than the log which is thrown overboard, or than the boats which are lowered into the sea. This last method, though frequently employed by the celebrated Cook, can only give the relative velocity of the boat and the ship, and not the intrinsic velocity of the current. Finally, these essays

was given in the *Mercur de France* of Saturday, January 12th, 1788, in the following terms :

hazardous as they are, may afford navigators an opportunity of transmitting intelligence to their friends in distant parts of the world, as appears from the experiment made in the Bay of Biscay; and of obtaining relief from them in case they should be shipwrecked on some desert island.

We do not place sufficient confidence in Nature. In preference to bottles we might make use of some of the trajectories which she employs in different climates, to preserve the chain of her correspondence over the whole face of the globe. The cocoa is one of those that are most widely diffused through the tropical seas. This fruit is frequently wafted to the distance of five or six hundred leagues from the shore where it grew. Nature formed it for traversing the ocean. It is of an oblong form, and triangular, so that it floats on one of its angles as upon a keel, and passing through rocky straits, it is cast upon the shores, where it soon begins to sprout. It is preserved from injury when it lands, by a thick covering or husk, which is one or two inches thick in the circumference of the fruit, and three or four at the pointed part, which may be considered as prow, with so much the more justice as the other end is flat, like the poop of a ship. This husk is covered, externally, with a smooth, coriaceous membrane, on which letters might be traced; and it is composed internally of filaments interwoven and mixed with a substance resembling saw-dust. By means of this elastic covering, the cocoa may be dashed by the waves against rocks, without breaking. Besides, its internal shell is of a matter more flexible than stone, and harder than wood; impervious to water, in which it may continue a long time without becoming putrid; as well as the husk, of which the Indians make excellent cables for their vessels. The shell of the cocoa is so hard, that its shoot could never force its way through it, had not Nature contrived at its pointed part, where the husk is the thickest, three small holes, covered with a mere pellicle.

There are many other bulky vegetables which are carried by the currents of the sea to prodigious distances, such as the firs and the birches of the north, the double cocoa-nuts of the Sechelles islands, the bamboos of the Ganges, the large rushes of the Cape of Good Hope, &c. Their stems may easily be written upon with the point of a shell, and they may be rendered perceptible at sea by some conspicuous mark.

Similar resources may be found among amphibious animals, such as tortoises, which travel great distances by means of the currents. I have somewhere read, in the History of China, that one of its ancient kings, accompanied by a multitude of people, one day saw a tortoise coming out of the sea, with the laws which at this day form the basis of the Chinese government, inscribed on its back. This legislator had probably taken advantage of the moment when the tortoise went on shore, according to custom, to fix upon a place for laying her eggs, to write on her back the laws he was desirous of establishing; and in like manner availed himself of the day after her visit, when that animal invariably returns to the same spot to lay, in order to impress a simple people with respect for laws that pro-

" In the month of May last, some fishermen of Arromanches, near Bayeux, found in the open sea a small bottle well corked. Impatient to discover what it contained, they broke it, and found a letter, the direction of which they were unable to read, as it was in English. They carried it to the judge of the Admiralty, by whom it was deposited in the Registry. The superscription announcing that it was intended for an English lady, he took such measures as prudence dictated to ascertain that such a person was in existence, and to transmit the letter in safety. The husband of this lady, a man of letters, well known in his native country for several justly-esteemed works, has returned an answer; and, assuring the judge of his gratitude with the strongest expressions, he informs him that the letter in question was written by his wife's brother, on his way to the East Indies. He was desirous of writing to his sister, an idea which he conceived from seeing a ship in the Bay of Biscay apparently bound for England. He hoped to pass sufficiently near to her, but the vessel standing off, he resolved to put the letter into a bottle, and to throw it overboard.

Desirous of giving to such an important fact all the authenticity of which it is susceptible, I wrote to a friend of mine, a lady in Normandy, who cultivates with great taste the study of nature in the bosom of her family, requesting her to apply to the Judge of the Admiralty at Arromanches, for some particulars that I wished to obtain from England. His answer, as transmitted to me on the 24th February, 1788, was as follows :

" The bottle was found two leagues out at sea to the

ceeded from the bosom of the deep, at the sight of the wonderful tablets on which they were inscribed.

Sea-fowl might furnish other and more speedy means of communication, as their flight is extremely rapid; and they are so familiar on desert shores, that you may catch them by the hand, as I know from my own experience at the island of Ascension. Some conspicuous mark might be fastened to them, together with a billet; and such might be chosen in preference as arrive at different seasons and visit different shores; and even land birds of passage, such as the ring-dove.

right of the parish of Arromanches, which lies two leagues to the north east of the town of Bayeux, on the 9th of May, 1787, and was deposited on the 10th in the registry of the Admiralty.

"Mr. Elphinstone, the husband of the lady to whom the letter was addressed, observes, that it is not absolutely certain whether the writer of the letter put it into the bottle in the Bay of Biscay, on the 17th of August, 1786, in latitude $45^{\circ} 10'$ north, longitude $10^{\circ} 56'$ west, as it is dated; or whether it was committed to the waves by some person on board the passing ship. The latter was called the *Naguet*; the name of that bound to Bengal was the *Intelligence*, commanded by Captain Linston.

"The names of the fishermen are; Charles le Romain, master of the vessel; Nicolas Fresnel, Jean Baptiste le Bas, and Charles l'Ami, seamen, all of the parish of Arromanches.

(Signed) "PHILIPPE DE DELVILLE."

The parish of Arromanches, is in the longitude of about one degree west of the meridian of Greenwich, and in the latitude of $49^{\circ} 5'$ north. Thus the bottle, thrown into the sea in the longitude of $10^{\circ} 56'$ west, and the latitude of $45^{\circ} 10'$ north, traversed nearly 10 degrees of longitude, which in that parallel, at 17 leagues to a degree, makes 170 leagues towards the east. Farther, it proceeded northward four degrees, as it was picked up two leagues to the north of Arromanches, that is in latitude $49^{\circ} 10'$, which makes 100 leagues toward the north, and for its whole course 270 leagues. In accomplishing this passage it took 266 days, from the 17th of August, 1786, to the 9th of May, 1787, which is at the rate of about a league a day. Its progress cannot by any means be compared for velocity to that of the wrecks of the engagement off Ostend, which travelled to the Azores, at the rate of more than 35 leagues a day, as I have stated in my first volume. The reader might be inclined to doubt this observation of Rennefort, and likewise the inference I have deduced from it, in confirmation of the velocity of the general current of the ocean, had I not proved it elsewhere by several other nautical

facts, and had not the journal of navigators been full of similar remarks, which attest that the currents and tides frequently waft ships three or four miles an hour, and even rush with the rapidity of sluices, proceeding at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour, in the straits adjacent to the polar ices in fusion, according to the testimonies of Ellis, of Linschoten, and of Barentz. But I am enabled to assert, that the slow progress of the letter, thrown overboard in the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, to the coasts of Normandy, is a new proof of the existence and of the velocity of the alternate and half-yearly current of the Atlantic Ocean, which was before unknown, which I have assimilated to that of the Indian Ocean, and explained by the same cause.

The reader may convince himself by pricking the chart, that the spot where the English bottle was thrown into the sea, is more than 80 leagues from the continent, and precisely in the middle of the mouth of the Channel, through which passes a branch of the general current of the Atlantic, that, in summer, wafted the wrecks of the engagement off Ostend to the Azores. Now, this current likewise set to the south when the English voyager committed to it a letter for his friends in the north, since it was the 17th of August, that is, during the summer of our pole, when the effusions of its ices flow toward the south. The bottle therefore floated towards the Azores, and undoubtedly to a great distance beyond those islands, during the remainder of the month of August and the whole of September, till the revolution of the equinox, when the effusions of the south pole check the current of the Atlantic, carried it back toward the north.

We cannot then calculate that it turned back before the month of October, when I suppose it to be in the vicinity of the line, the calms of which might possibly have arrested its progress, till it experienced the influence of the south pole, which does not acquire activity in our hemisphere till about the month of December. At that season, the current of the Atlantic which flows northward, being the same as that of our tides, it might have approached our shores, and there have been exposed to many retardations, from the

disgorging of the rivers which discharge themselves into the sea across its course, but above all by the re-action of the tides; for if their flux sets to the north, their reflux must consequently recede toward the north.

It is, therefore, essential to make these experiments in the open sea, and especially to pay attention to the direction of the current of the ocean, lest letters intended for the north should be sent to the south. In the season when this current is unfavorable, we might avail ourselves of the tides which frequently set in a contrary direction; but as I have just observed, this is attended with one great inconvenience, namely, that if their flux advances to the north, their reflux must recede toward the south.

The tides have, in their very flux and reflux, a perfect consonance with the general currents of the sea and the course of the sun. They flow twelve hours a day, either if they are divided into two tides of six hours by the deflection of two continents, as in the northern hemisphere, or if they run for twelve successive hours, as in the southern hemisphere: in like manner, the general current of a pole flows six months in the space of a year. Thus the tides which are of twelve hours, in every case, are of a duration precisely equal to that which the sun takes to thaw half of the polar hemisphere from which they flow, that is, half a day; as the general current which issues from this pole, flows precisely during the same time as the sun heats the whole of that hemisphere, that is, for half a year. But as the tides, which are only polar effusions of half a day, have refluxes equal to their fluxes, that is of twelve hours, so the general currents, which are half-yearly effusions of an entire pole, have refluxes equal to their fluxes, that is of six months, when the sun sets those of the opposite pole in activity.

If time and place permitted, I would demonstrate how these same general currents which are the secondary causes of tides, sometimes carry them backward or forward out of their reckoning, according to the season of each pole. Of this I could find a multitude of proofs in voyages round the world, and among others, in Captain Cook's second and third voyage. These currents frequently render it exceed-

ingly difficult for ships to make the land. For example, when Cook set sail from Otaheite in December 1777, to prosecute his discoveries in the north, he came to the Sandwich Islands, which he made without difficulty, because he was favored by the current of the south pole; but when he returned from the north to procure refreshments at these same islands, this southern current was so contrary during the same season, that though he came in sight of them on the 26th of November, 1778, he was obliged to stand off and on above six weeks, nor was he able to come to an anchor till the 17th of January, 1779. Accordingly, the proper season for visiting islands situated in a higher latitude than that from which we take our departure, is the winter of their hemisphere; for we are then favored by the currents of the opposite hemisphere, as is proved by Cook's first voyage to the Sandwich Islands. But the contrary takes place when we are desirous of making an island in a less elevated latitude, in the winter of its hemisphere, as is obvious from the example of his return to the same islands. I could adduce a multitude of facts in favor of a theory so important to navigation, but it would be abusing the attention of the reader. I therefore flatter myself, that I have placed in the clearest light the concordance of the movements of the seas with those of the sun, and their discordance with the phases of the moon.

I could adduce more than one objection against the very system of attraction by which Newton accounts for the motion of the planets in the heavens. Not that I deny in general the law of attraction, whose effects we observe upon the earth in the gravity of bodies and in magnetism; but, in my opinion, the application which Newton and his partisans have made of it to the course of the planets, is not just. According to Newton, the sun and the planets reciprocally attract each other with powers in a direct ratio to their masses, and in an inverse ratio to the square of their distance. A second power is combined with attraction, to keep the planets in their orbits. From these two powers results an ellipsis for the curve described by each planet: this ellipsis is continually altered by the action exercised by the planets upon each other. By means of this theory,

the course of the stars is traced in the heavens with the utmost precision, according to the Newtonians. The course of the moon alone seemed to disagree with this system; but, to adopt the words of an Introduction to the Study of Astronomy, an extract from which appeared in the *Mer-cure* of the 1st of December, 1787, "This satellite, called by the celebrated Halley a rebellious star, *cidus pertinax*, on account of the great difficulty of calculating the irregularities of her course, has been at length subdued by the learned methods of Messrs. Clairault, Euler, d'Alembert, La Grange, and Laplace."

Thus, then, the most rebellious stars are subjected to the laws of attraction. I have but one small objection to make against this empire, and the learned methods which have subdued the course of the moon. How is it possible that the reciprocal attractions of the planets could have been calculated with such precision by our astronomers, and that their masses could have been weighed with such accuracy, since the planet discovered some years since by Herschel, has not yet been placed in their scales? Has this planet no attraction, or, is it not itself attracted?

God forbid that I should have any intention of destroying the reputation of Newton, and the men of science who have adopted his system. If, on the one hand, they have involved us in some errors, they have contributed, on the other to increase the knowledge of the human mind. Had Newton made no other discovery than his telescope, posterity had been deeply indebted to him. He enlarged for man the sphere of the universe, and the sentiment of the infinity of God. Others have diffused a partiality for the study of nature through all ranks of society, by the magnificent pictures of her works with which they have presented us. In pointing out their errors, I have respected their virtues, their talents, their discoveries, and their painful exertions. Men equally celebrated, such as Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, and Descartes, had, like them, obtained credit for great errors. The philosophy of Aristotle alone had been, for a series of ages, the greatest obstacle to the research of truth. Let it never be forgotten, that the republic of letters ought to be a real republic, recognizing

no other authority than that of reason. Besides, nature has placed each of us in the world, in order to correspond directly with her. Her intelligence illumines every mind, as the sun dispenses light to every eye. To study her works in systems only, is to observe them with the eyes of another.

I have not, then, been solicitous to raise myself upon the ruins of any one. I seek no pedestal: a sod is sufficient for him who courts nothing but repose. If I myself durst write the history of the weakness of my own understanding, I should excite the compassion of those whose envy I have perhaps irritated. Of how many errors have I not been the sport since the period of infancy! These prejudices I adopted, not on the faith of others, but on my own. It is not admirers, but indulgent friends that I am solicitous to obtain. I feel much greater obligations to one who excuses my failings, than to him who exaggerates my feeble virtues. The one assists me in my weakness, the other supports me in my strength; the one loves me in my indigence, and the other in my supposed wealth. I formerly sought friends among the great, but I found among them scarcely any but men who want only complaisant clients, patrons who prop themselves upon you instead of supporting you, and crush you whenever you attempt to recover your liberty. I now wish for no other friends than souls that are simple, sincere, mild, innocent, and tender. They are more interesting to me, ignorant than learned, in adversity than in prosperity, in the cottage than in the palace. For them I composed my work, and to them it owes its success. They have done me more good than I ever wished them, for their own repose. I have given them some consolations, and in return they have conferred glory. I have presented to them nothing but hopes, and they have been eager to render me a thousand good offices. I had paid attention only to their pains, and they have been anxious to promote my happiness. To acquit myself of the debt I owed them, I have written this fourth volume.* May it

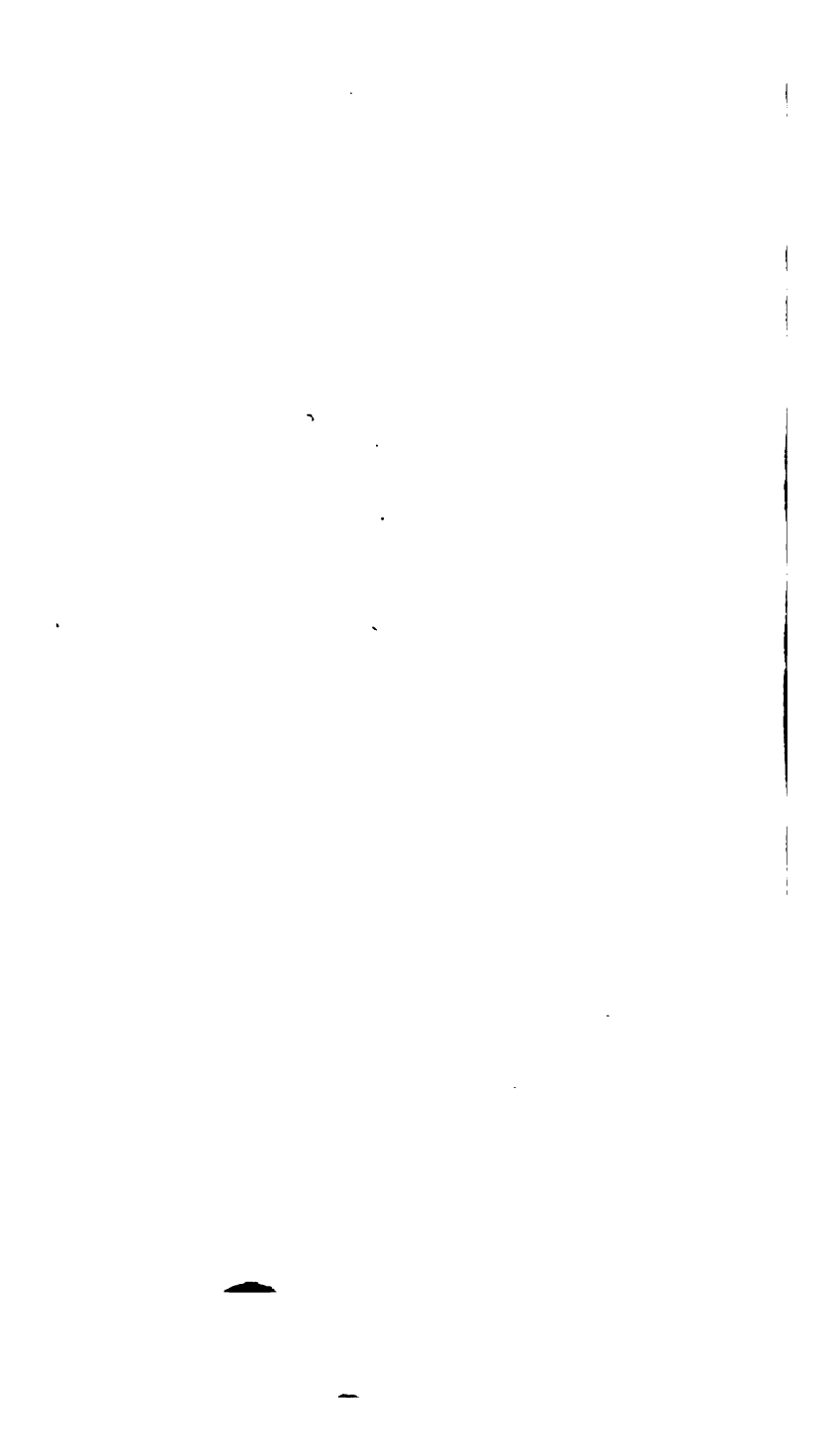
* This Supplement, as the translator in the original, to the fourth volume.

untitled it, is prefixed,

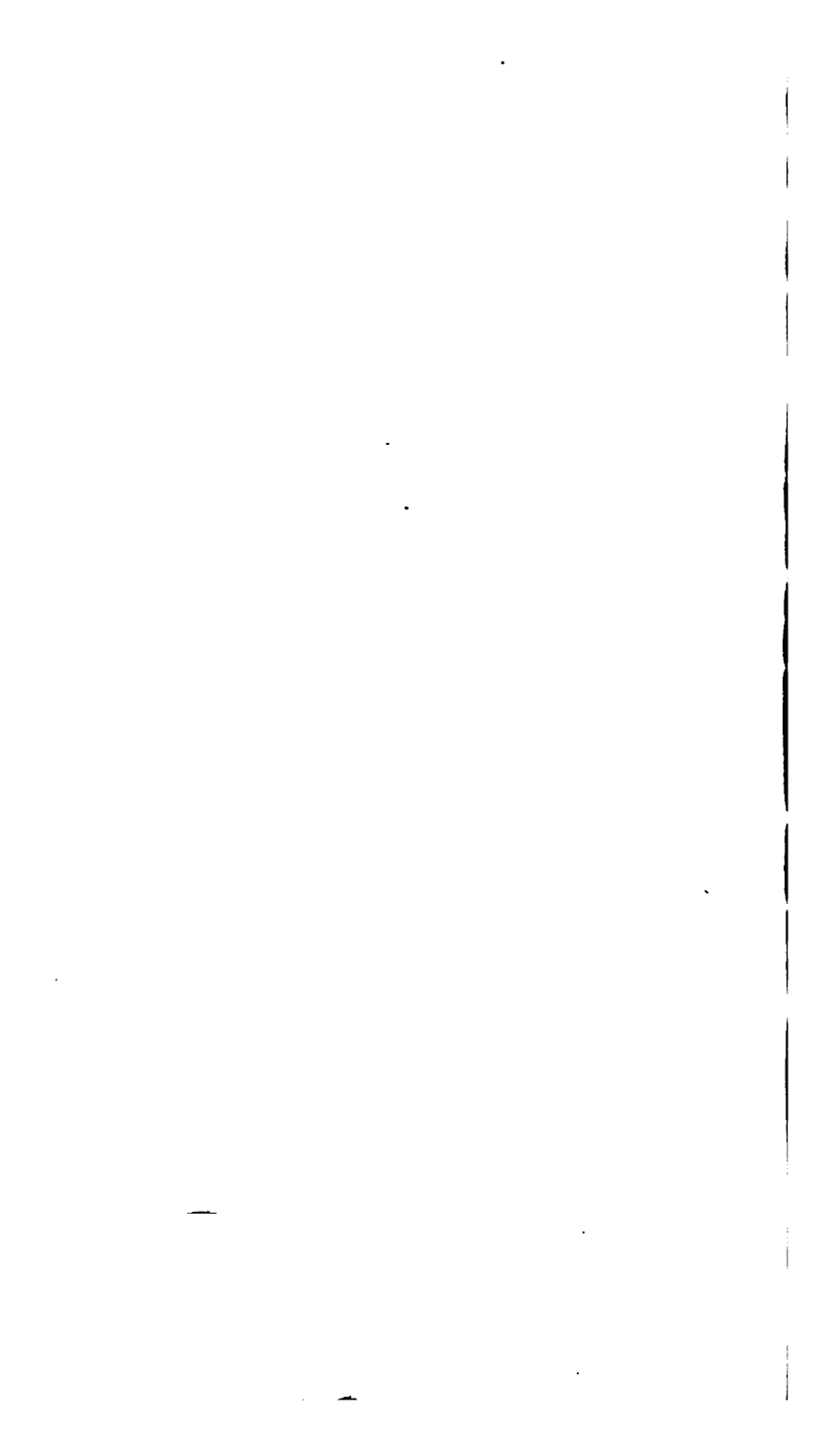
anew procure me their approbation, so free, so pure, so affecting! This is the sole object of my desire. Ambition disdains it, because it is not invested with power; but time will one day pay it due respect, for such approbation intrigue can neither give nor destroy.

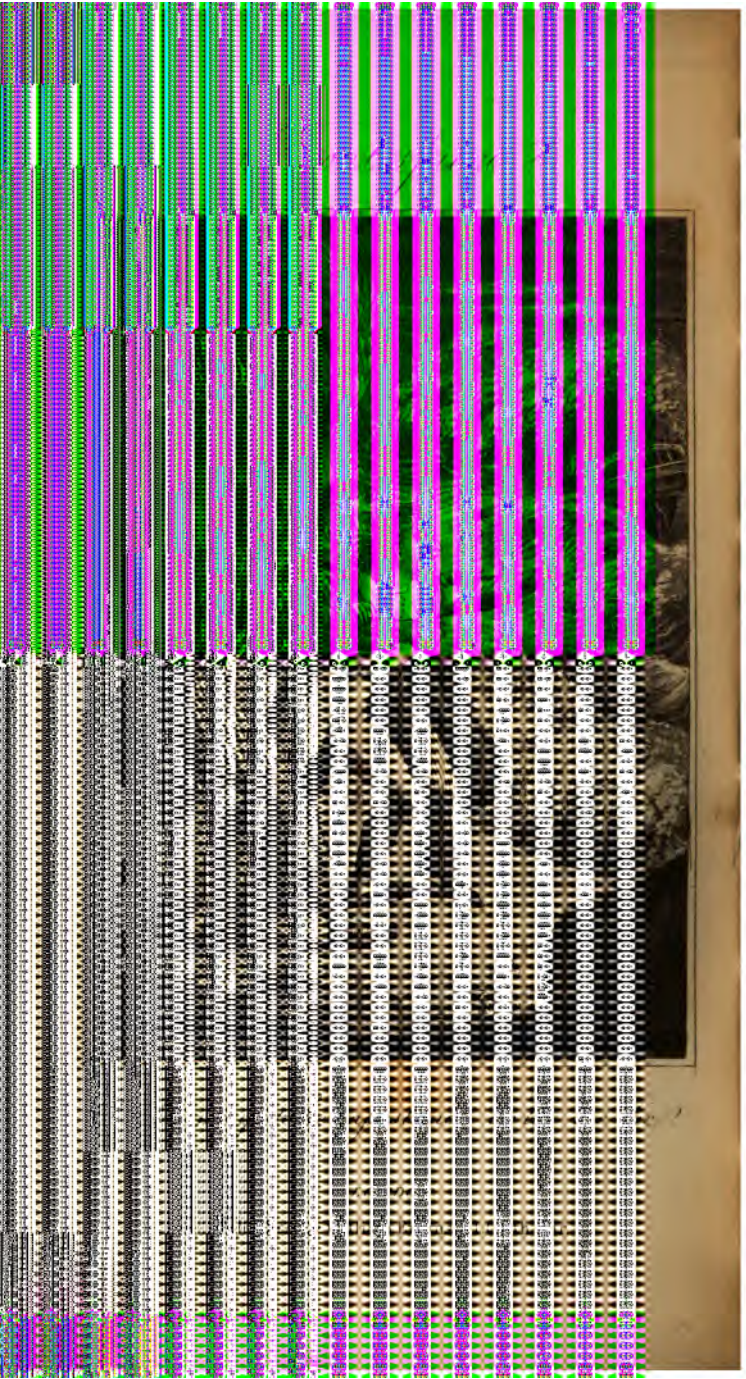
Some persons to whom I have read the book entitled *The Gauls*, expressed a wish that I would not publish it till the completion of the work of which it composes a part; but I know not whether I shall ever find leisure to finish it, and whether this kind of antique composition will be relished by the present age. 'Tis, in truth, only a fragment; but, such as it is, it forms a complete work, since it presents an entire picture of the manners of our ancestors at the time of the Druids. Besides, the most finished performances of men are nothing but fragments. The history of a king is but a fragment of that of his dynasty; the history of his dynasty of that of his kingdom; the history of his kingdom of that of mankind, which is itself but a fragment of that of the creatures which inhabit the globe, whose universal history would form, after all, but a very small chapter in the history of the numberless stars which roll above our heads, at distances which it is impossible to calculate.

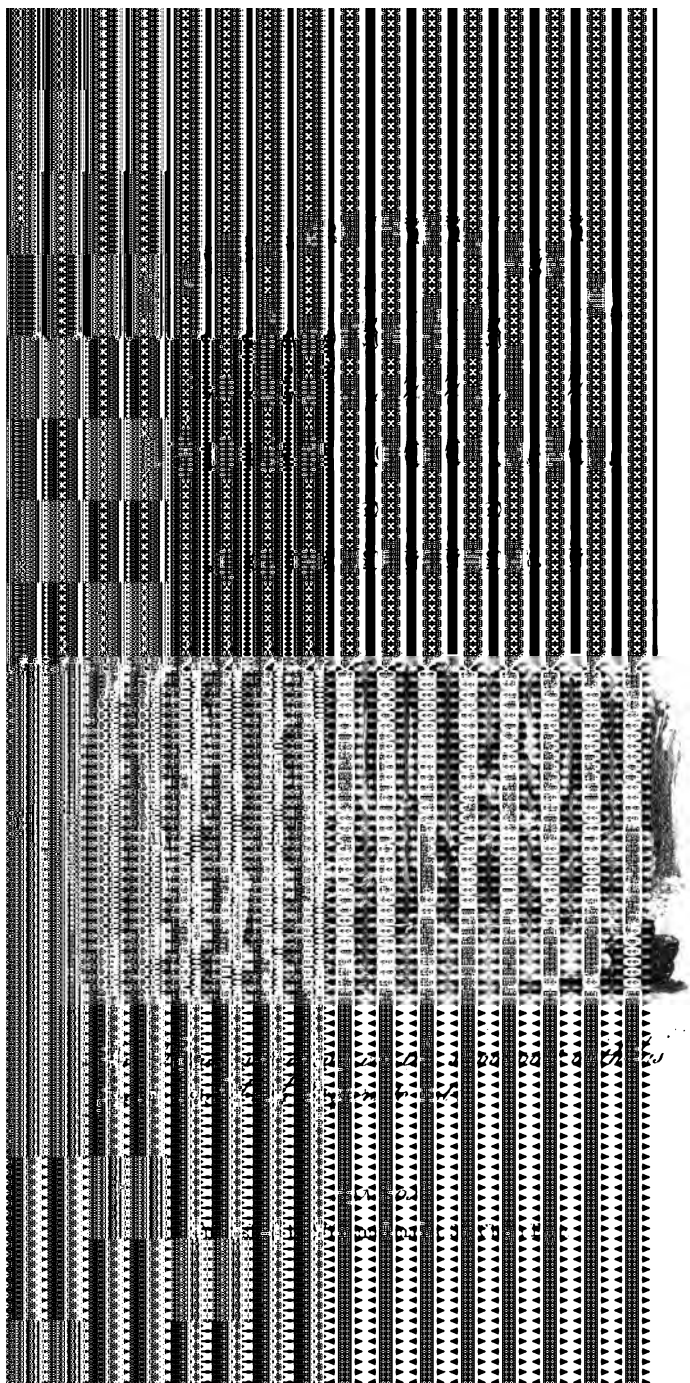
THE END



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.







PAUL AND VIRGINIA,

AND THE

Indian Cottage.

BY

J. B. DE ST. PIERRE.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

BY THE REV. E. CLARKE, D. D.

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PAUL AND VIRGINIA.



ON the eastern declivity of the mountain which rises behind Port Louis, in the Isle of France, are still to be seen, on a spot of ground formerly cultivated, the ruins of two little cottages.

They are situated almost in the middle of a bason formed by enormous rocks, which has only one opening turned toward the north.

From that opening, you perceive on the left, the mountain known by the name of Mount Discovery, from which signals are repeated of vessels steering for the island ; and at the bottom of this mountain, the city of Port Louis ; to the right, the road, which leads from Port Louis to the quarter of Pamplemousses ; afterwards the church of that name, which rises with its avenues of bamboos, in the middle of a great plain ; and beyond it, a forest which extends to the farthest extremities of the island.

You have in front, on the brink of the sea, a view of Tombay : a little to the right Cape Misfortune, and beyond that the boundless ocean, in which appear, on a level with the water's edge, some uninhabited little isles, among others Mitre Point, which resembles a bastion in the midst of the waves.

At the entrance of this basin from whence so many objects are distinguishable, the echoes of the mountains incessantly repeat the noise of the winds which agitate the neighbouring forests, and the roaring of the billows, which break at a distance upon the shallows; but at the very foot of the cottages, no noise is any longer to be heard, and nothing to be seen around except great rocks, as steep as the wall of a house.

Tufts of trees grow at their bases, in their clefts, and up to their very summits, on which the clouds settle.

The rains which are attracted by their peaks frequently paint the colors of the rainbow on their green and dusky sides, and constantly supply, at the bottom, the sources of which the small river of the Lataniers is formed. A profound silence reigns through this inclosure, where all is peace; the air, the waters, and the light. Scarcely does the echo there repeat the murmuring sound of the palmists, which grow on their elevated stalks, and whose long arrow-formed branches are seen always balanced by the winds.

A mild light illuminates the cavity of this basin, into which the rays of the sun descend only at noon-day; but from the dawning of Aurora, they strike upon the brim of it, the peaks of which, rising above the shadows of the mountain, present the appearance of gold and purple on the azure of the heavens.

I took pleasure in retiring to this place, where you can enjoy at once an unbounded prospect, and a profound solitude. One day, as I was sitting by the platform of these cottages, and contemplating their ruins, a man considerably advanced into the vale of years happened to pass that way. He was dressed conformably to the custom of the ancient inhabitants in a short jacket and long trousers. He walked bare-footed, and supported himself on a staff of ebony wood. His hair was completely white, his physiognomy simple and majestic. I saluted him respectfully. He returned my salute, and having eyed me for a moment,

ne approached, and sat down on the hillock where I had taken my station.

Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I took the liberty of addressing him in these words: "Can you inform me, father, to whom those two cottages belonged?" "My son," replied he, "these ruins, and that now neglected spot of ground, were inhabited about twenty years ago by two families, which there found the means of true happiness. Their history is affecting: but in this island, situated on the road to India, what European will deign to take an interest in the destiny of a few obscure individuals? Nay, who would submit to live here, though in happiness and content, if poor and unknown? Men are desirous of knowing only the history of the great, and of kings, which is of no use to any one." "Father," replied I, "it is easy to discern from your air, and your style of conversation, that you must have acquired very extensive experience. If you leisure permits, have the goodness to relate me, I beseech you, what you know of the ancient inhabitants of this desert; and be assured that there is no man, however depraved by the prejudices of the world, but who loves to hear of the felicity which nature and virtue bestow."

Upon this, like one who is trying to recollect certain particular circumstances, after having applied his hands for some time to his forehead, the old man related what follows.

"In the year 1735, a young man of Normandy, called De la Tour, after having to no purpose solicited employment in France, and looked for assistance from his family, determined to come to this island in the view of making his fortune. He brought along with him a young wife whom he passionately loved, and who returned his affection with mutual ardour. She was descended from an ancient and opulent family of her province; but he had married her privately, and without a portion, because her relations opposed their union on account of the obscurity of his birth.

" He left her at Port Louia, in this island, and embarked for Madagascar in the hope of there purchasing some negroes, and of immediately returning hither for the purpose of fixing his residence. He disembarked at Madagascar during the dangerous season, which commences about the middle of October, and soon after his arrival died of the pestilential fever, which rages for six months of the year, and which always will prevent European nations from forming settlements on that island.

The effects which he had carried with him were embezzled after his death, as generally happens to those who die in foreign countries. His wife, who had remained in the Isle of France, found herself a widow, pregnant, and destitute of every earthly resource except a negro woman, in a country where she was entirely unknown. Being unwilling to solicit assistance from any man, after the death of him who was the sole object of her affection, her misfortunes gave her courage. She resolved to cultivate with the help of her slave, a small spot of ground, in order to procure the means of subsistence.

In an island almost a desert, the soil of which was unappropriated, she did not choose the most fertile district of the country, nor that which was the most favorable for commerce; but looking about for some sequestered cove of the mountain, some hidden asylum, where she might live secluded and unknown, she found her way from the city to these rocks, into which she slunk as into a nest.

It is an instinct common to all beings possessed of sensibility, under the pressure of calamity, to seek shelter in places the wildest and most deserted; as if rocks were bulwarks against misfortune, or as if the calmness of Nature could compose the troubles of the soul. But Providence which comes to our relief when we aim only at necessary comforts, had in store for Madame de la Tour a blessing which neither riches nor grandeur can purchase; and that blessing was a friend.

In this place for a year past had resided a sprightly,

good and sensible women, called Margaret. She was born in Brittany, of a plain family of peasants, by whom she was beloved, and who would have rendered her happy, had she not been weak enough to repose confidence in the professions of love of a man of family in the neighborhood, who had promised to marry her; but who, having gratified his passion, abandoned her, and even refused to secure to her the means of subsistence for the child with which he had left her pregnant.

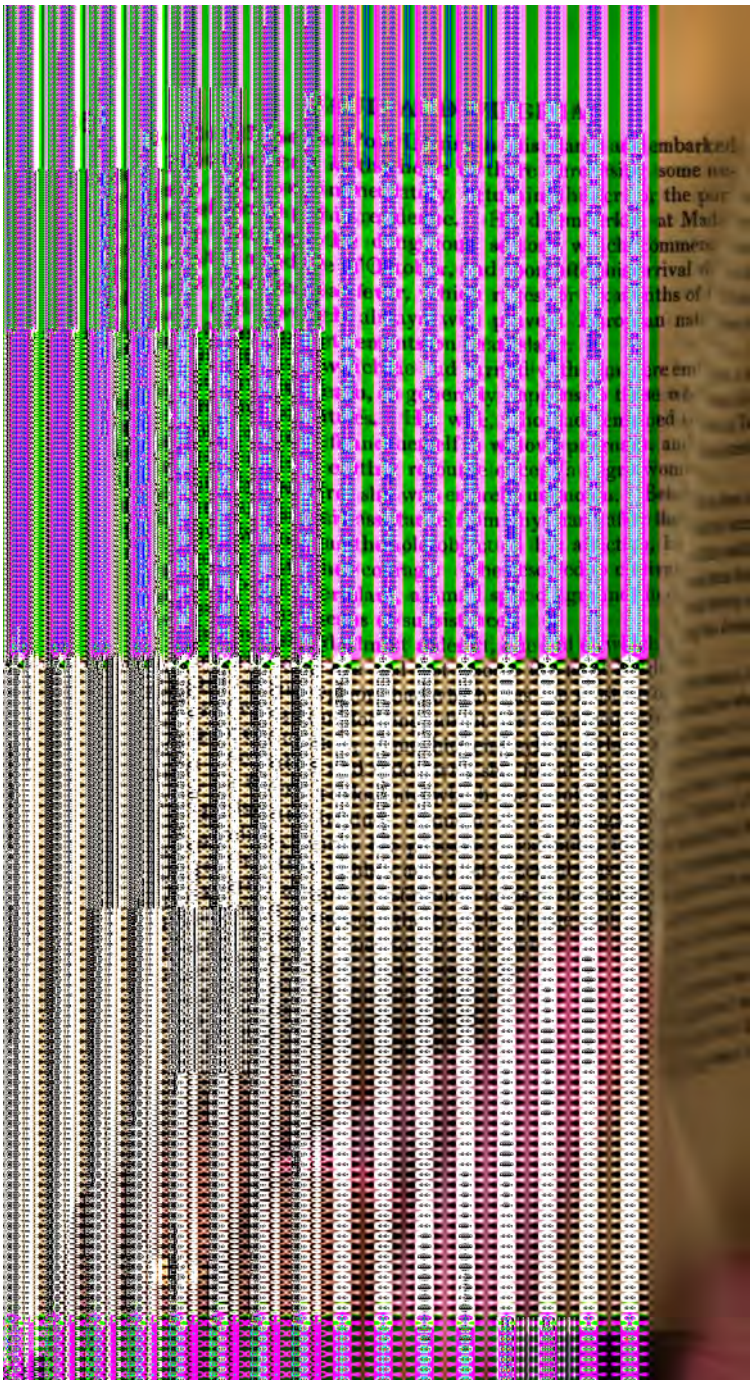
She immediately resolved for ever to quit the village where she was born, and to conceal her frailty in the Colonies, far from her country, where she had lost the only dowry of a poor and honest young woman, reputation. An old black fellow, whom she had purchased with a poor borrowed purse, cultivated with her a small corner of this district.

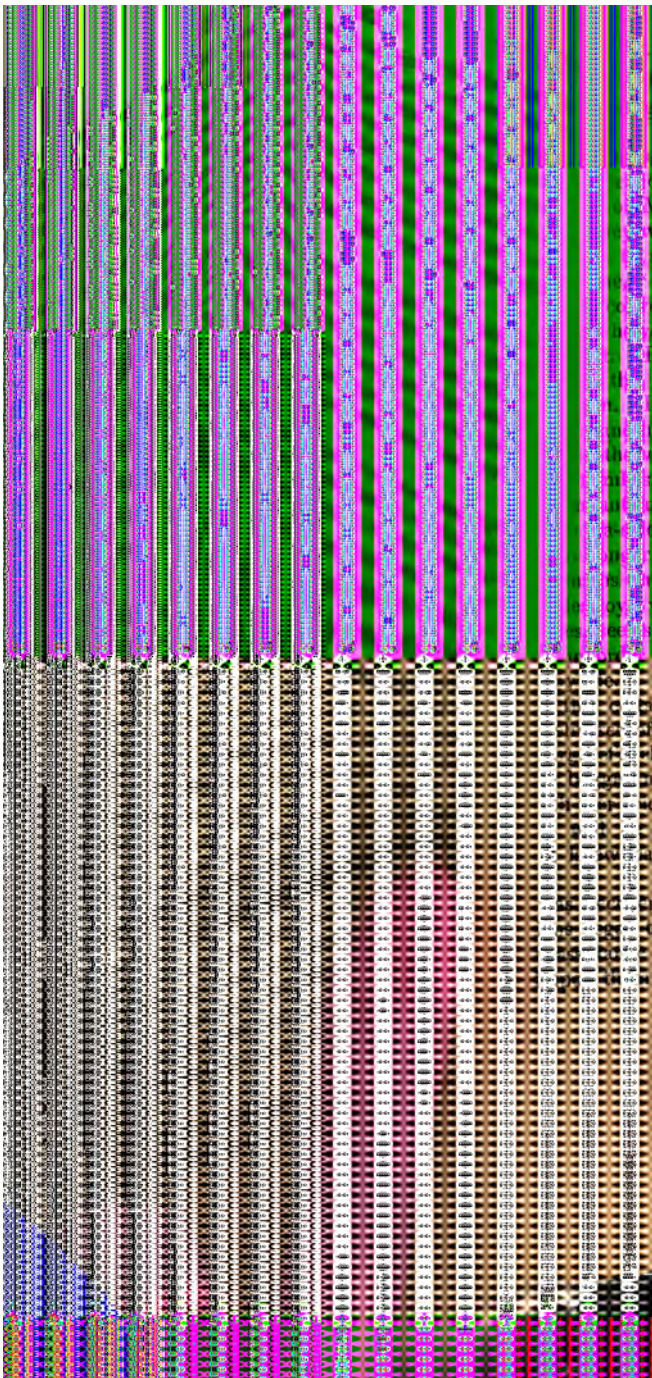
Madame de la Tour, attended by her black woman, found Margaret in this place, who was suckling her child. She was delighted to meet with a female in a situation which she accounted somewhat similar to her own. She unfolded, in a few words, her former condition, and her present wants. Margaret, on hearing Madame de la Tour's story, was moved with compassion, and wishing to merit her confidence rather than her esteem, she confessed to her without reserve the imprudence of which she had been guilty: 'For my part,' said she, 'I have merited my destiny, but you Madam——, virtuous and unfortunate!'

Here with tears in her eyes, she tendered to the stranger the accommodations of her cottage, and her friendship.

Madame de la Tour, deeply affected with a reception so tender, folded her in her arms, exclaiming, 'I see that God is going to put an end to my sufferings, since he has inspired you with sentiments of greater kindness to me, an entire stranger, than I ever received from my own relations.'

I had the felicity of Margaret's acquaintance; and though I live at the distance of a league and a half from





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larly by the assiduous labour of their slaves; that of Margaret, called Domingo, was an Ilof Black, still robust though rather advanced in life.

He possessed the advantage of experience and good natural sense.

He cultivated, without distinction, on the two districts, the soil which appeared to him the most fertile, and there he sowed the seeds which he thought would thrive the best in it. He sowed small millet and Indian corn in places where the soil was of an inferior quality, and a little wheat where the ground was good. In marshy places he sowed rice, and at the foot of the rocks were raised giranmons, gourds, and cucumbers, which delight in climbing up their sides: in dry places, he planted potatoes, which there acquire singular sweetness; cotton-trees on heights, sugar-canes on strong land; coffee-plants on the hills, where their grains are small, but of an excellent quality; along the river, and around the cottages, he planted bananas, which all the year round produce large supplies of fruit, and form a beautiful shelter; and finally some plants of tobacco, to soothe his own cares and those of his good mistress. He went to cut wood for fuel in the mountain, and broke down pieces of rock here and there in the plantation, to smooth the roads. He performed all these labours with intelligence and activity, because he performed them with zeal. He was very much attached to Margaret, and not much less so to Madamede la Tour, whose slave he had married at the birth of Virginia. He passionately loved his wife, whose name was Mary. She was a native of Madagaacar, from whence she had brought some degree of skill, particularly the art of making baskets, and stuffs called pagnes, with the grass which grows in the woods. She was clever, cleanly, and what was above all, incorruptibly faithful. Her employment was to prepare the victuals, to take care of some poultry, and to go occasionally to Port Louis to sell the superfluity of the two plantations; this however was

very inconsiderable. If to these you add two goats, brought up with the children, and a great dog that watched the dwellings during the night, you will have an idea of all the possessions and of all the domestic economy of these two little farms.

As for the two friends, they spun cotton from morning till night. This employment was sufficient to maintain themselves and their families; but in other respects they were so ill provided with foreign commodities, that they walked bare-footed when at home, and never wore shoes except on Sundays when they went to mass early in the morning, at the church of Pamplémousses which you see in the bottom.

It is nevertheless much further than to Port Louis; but they seldom visited the city, for fear of being treated with contempt, because they were dressed in the coarse blue linen cloth of Bengal which is worn by slaves. After all, is public respectability half so valuable as domestic felicity?

If these ladies were exposed to a little suffering when abroad, they returned home with so much more additional satisfaction. No sooner had Mary and Domiugo perceived them from this eminence, on the road from Pamplémousses, than they flew to the bottom of the mountain, to assist them in re-ascending it. They read in the eyes of their slaves the joy which they felt at seeing them again. They found in their habitation cleanliness and freedom, blessings which they owed entirely to their own industry, and to servants animated with zeal and affection. As for themselves, united by the same wants, having experienced evils almost similar, giving to each other the tender names of friend, companion and sister, they had but one will, one interest, one table. They had every thing in common. And if it sometimes happened that former sentiments, more ardent than those of friendship, were re-kindled in their bosoms, a pure and undefiled Religion, assisted by chaste manners, directed them

toward another life, like the flame which flies off to Heaven when it ceases to find nourishment on the earth.

The duties of nature were besides an additional source of happiness to their society. Their mutual friendship redoubled at the sight of their children, the fruits of a love equally unfortunate. They took delight to put them into the same bath, and lay them to sleep in the same cradle. They frequently exchanged their milk to the children; 'My friend,' said Madame de la Tour, 'each of us will have two children, and each of our children will have two mothers.' Like two buds which remain upon two trees of the same species, all the branches of which have been broken by the tempest, produce fruits more delicious, if each of them, detached from the maternal stock, is grafted on the neighbouring stem; thus these two little children, deprived of their relations, were filled with sentiments toward each other more tender than those of son and daughter, of brother and sister, when they were exchanged at the breast by the two friends who had given them being.

Already their mothers talked of their marriage, though they were yet in the cradle, and this prospect of conjugal felicity, with which they soothed their own woes to peace, frequently terminated in a flood of tears; the one recollecting the miseries which she had suffered from having neglected the forms of marriage and the other from having submitted to its laws; the one from having been raised above her condition; and the other from having descended below hers; but they consoled themselves with the thought that the day would come, when their children, more fortunate than themselves, would enjoy at once, far from the cruel prejudices of Europe, the pleasures of love and the happiness of equality.

Nothing indeed was to be compared with the attachment which the babes betimes testified for each other: If Paul happened to complain, they shewed Virginia to him; at the sight of her he smiled and was pacified.

If Virginia suffered, you were informed of it by the lamentations of Paul; but this amiable child immediately concealed her pain, that her sufferings might not distress him.

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Though he was almost continually in motion, the moment his sister appeared he became tranquil, and seated himself beside her; their meal frequently passed without a word being uttered: their silence, the simplicity of their attitudes, the beauty of their naked feet, would have tempted you to believe that you beheld an antique group of white marble, representing the children of Niobe: but

"He left her at Port Louis, in this island, and embarked for Madagascar in the hope of there purchasing some negroes, and of immediately returning hither for the purpose of fixing his residence. He disembarked at Madagascar during the dangerous season, which commences about the middle of October, and soon after his arrival died of the pestilential fever, which rages for six months of the year, and which always will prevent European nations from forming settlements on that island.

The effects which he had carried with him were embezzled after his death, as generally happens to those who die in foreign countries. His wife, who had remained in the Isle of France, found herself a widow, pregnant, and destitute of every earthly resource except a negro woman, in a country where she was entirely unknown. Being unwilling to solicit assistance from any man, after the death of him who was the sole object of her affection, her misfortunes gave her courage. She resolved to cultivate with the help of her slave, a small spot of ground, in order to procure the means of subsistence.

In an island almost a desert, the soil of which was unappropriated, she did not choose the most fertile district of the country, nor that which was the most favorable for commerce; but looking about for some sequestered cove of the mountain, some hidden asylum, where she might live secluded and unknown, she found her way from the city to these rocks, into which she slunk as into a nest.

It is an instinct common to all beings possessed of sensibility, under the pressure of calamity, to seek shelter in places the wildest and most deserted; as if rocks were bulwarks against misfortune, or as if the calmness of Nature could compose the troubles of the soul. But Providence which comes to our relief when we aim only at necessary comforts, had in store for Madame de la Tour a blessing which neither riches nor grandeur can purchase; and that blessing was a friend.

In this place for a year past had resided a sprightly,

good and sensible women, called Margaret. She was born in Brittany, of a plain family of peasants, by whom she was beloved, and who would have rendered her happy, had she not been weak enough to repose confidence in the professions of love of a man of family in the neighborhood, who had promised to marry her; but who, having gratified his passion, abandoned her, and even refused to secure to her the means of subsistence for the child with which he had left her pregnant.

She immediately resolved for ever to quit the village where she was born, and to conceal her frailty in the Colonies, far from her country, where she had lost the only dowry of a poor and honest young woman, reputation. An old black fellow, whom she had purchased with a poor borrowed purse, cultivated with her a small corner of this district.

Madame de la Tour, attended by her black woman, found Margaret in this place, who was suckling her child. She was delighted to meet with a female in a situation which she accounted somewhat similar to her own. She unfolded, in a few words, her former condition, and her present wants. Margaret, on hearing Madame de la Tour's story, was moved with compassion, and wishing to merit her confidence rather than her esteem, she confessed to her without reserve the imprudence of which she had been guilty: 'For my part,' said she, 'I have merited my destiny, but you Madam——, virtuous and unfortunate!'

Here with tears in her eyes, she tendered to the stranger the accommodations of her cottage, and her friendship.

Madame de la Tour, deeply affected with a reception so tender, folded her in her arms, exclaiming, 'I see that God is going to put an end to my sufferings, since he has inspired you with sentiments of greater kindness to me, an entire stranger, than I ever received from my own relations.'

I had the felicity of Margaret's acquaintance; and though I live at the distance of a league and a half from

hence, in the woods, behind the long mountain, I looked upon myself as her neighbor. In the cities of Europe, a street, a simple partition separates the members of the same family for years ; but in the new colonies, we consider as neighbors those who are only separated from us by woods and by mountains. At that time particularly, when this island had little commerce with India, neighborhood alone was a title to friendship, and hospitality to strangers was considered as a duty and a pleasure.

As soon as I learned that my neighbor had got a companion, I went to see her, in order to offer to both all the assistance in my power. I found in Madame de la Tour, a person of a very interesting figure ; majestic and melancholy.

She was then very near her time. I said to these two ladies, that it would be better, for the sake of the interests of their children, and especially to prevent the establishment of any other settler, to divide between them the territory of this basin, which contains about twenty acres. They entrusted me with the care of making this division ; I formed it into two portions nearly equal.

The one contained the upper part of that enclosure, from yonder point of the rock covered with clouds, from whence issues the source of the river of the Lataniers, to that steep opening which you see at the top of the mountain, and which is called the Embrazure, because it actually resembles the parapet of a battery. The bottom of this spot of ground is so filled with rocks and gutters, that it is scarcely possible to walk along. It nevertheless produces large trees, and abounds with fountains and little rivulets. In the other portion, I comprised all the lower part of the enclosure, which extends along the river of the Lataniers, to the opening where we now are, from whence the river begins to flow between two hills toward the sea. You there see some stripes of meadow-ground, and a soil tolerably smooth and level, but which is very little better than the other ; for in the rainy season it is

marshy, and in drought stiff as lead. When you wish in that case to open a treach, you are obliged to cut it with a hatchet.

After having made these two divisions, I persuaded the ladies to settle their respective possessions by casting lots. The upper part fell to the share of Madame de la Tour, and the lower to Margaret. They were both perfectly satisfied; but requested me not to separate their habitations, 'in order,' said they to me, 'that we may always have it in our power to see, to converse with, and to assist each other.' It was necessary however that each of them should have a separate retreat. The cottage of Margaret was built in the middle of the bason, exactly upon the boundary of her own domain. I built close to it, upon that of Madame de la Tour, another cottage; so that these two friends were at once in the vicinity of each other, and on the property of their families.

I myself cut palisadoes in the mountain, and brought the leaves of the Latanier from the sea-side, to construct these two cottages, which now no longer present either door or roof. Alas! there still remains but too much for my recollection. Time which destroys with so much rapidity, the monuments of empires, seems to respect in these deserts those of friendship, in order to perpetuate my affliction to the last hour of my life.

Scarcely was the second of the cottages completed when Madame de la Tour was delivered of a daughter. I had been the god-father of Margaret's child, who was called Paul. Madame de la Tour begged me to name her daughter also, in conjunction with her friend who gave her the name of Virginia. 'She will be virtuous,' said she, 'and she will be happy; I knew calamity only in ceasing to be virtuous.'

When Madame de la Tour was recovered of her lying-in, these two little habitations began to wear the appearance of comfort, with the assistance of the labour which I occasionally bestowed upon them; but particu-

larly by the assiduous labour of their slaves; that of Margaret, called Domingo, was an Iolof Black, still robust though rather advanced in life.

He possessed the advantage of experience and good natural sense.

He cultivated, without distinction, on the two districts, the soil which appeared to him the most fertile, and there he sowed the seeds which he thought would thrive the best in it. He sowed small millet and Indian corn in places where the soil was of an inferior quality, and a little wheat where the ground was good. In marshy places he sowed rice, and at the foot of the rocks were raised gourd-monts, gourds, and cucumbers, which delight in climbing up their sides: in dry places, he planted potatoes, which there acquire singular sweetness; cotton-trees on heights, sugar-canes on strong land; coffee-plants on the hills, where their grains are small, but of an excellent quality; along the river, and around the cottages, he planted bananas, which all the year round produce large supplies of fruit, and form a beautiful shelter; and finally some plants of tobacco, to soothe his own cares and those of his good mistress. He went to cut wood for fuel in the mountain, and broke down pieces of rock here and there in the plantation, to smooth the roads. He performed all these labours with intelligence and activity, because he performed them with zeal. He was very much attached to Margaret, and not much less so to Madame de la Tour, whose slave he had married at the birth of Virginia. He passionately loved his wife, whose name was Mary. She was a native of Madagascar, from whence she had brought some degree of skill, particularly the art of making baskets, and stuffs called pagnes, with the grass which grows in the woods. She was clever, cleanly, and what was above all, incorruptibly faithful. Her employment was to prepare the victuals, to take care of some poultry, and to go occasionally to Port Louis to sell the superfluity of the two plantations; this however was

very inconsiderable. If to these you add two goats, brought up with the children, and a great dog that watched the dwellings during the night, you will have an idea of all the possessions and of all the domestic economy of these two little farms.

As for the two friends, they spun cotton from morning till night. This employment was sufficient to maintain themselves and their families; but in other respects they were so ill provided with foreign commodities, that they walked bare-footed when at home, and never wore shoes except on Sundays when they went to mass early in the morning, at the church of Pamplémousses which you see in the bottom.

It is nevertheless much further than to Port Louis; but they seldom visited the city, for fear of being treated with contempt, because they were dressed in the coarse blue linen cloth of Bengal which is worn by slaves. After all, is public respectability half so valuable as domestic felicity?

If these ladies were exposed to a little suffering when abroad, they returned home with so much more additional satisfaction. No sooner had Mary and Domingo perceived them from this eminence, on the road from Pamplémousses, than they flew to the bottom of the mountain, to assist them in re-ascending it. They read in the eyes of their slaves the joy which they felt at seeing them again. They found in their habitation cleanliness and freedom, blessings which they owed entirely to their own industry, and to servants animated with zeal and affection. As for themselves, united by the same wants, having experienced evils almost similar, giving to each other the tender names of friend, companion and sister, they had but one will, one interest, one table. They had every thing in common. And if it sometimes happened that former sentiments, more ardent than those of friendship, were re-kindled in their bosoms, a pure and undefiled Religion, assisted by chaste manners, directed them

toward another life, like the flame which flies off to Heaven when it ceases to find nourishment on the earth.

The duties of nature were besides an additional source of happiness to their society. Their mutual friendship redoubled at the sight of their children, the fruits of a love equally unfortunate. They took delight to put them into the same bath, and lay them to sleep in the same cradle. They frequently exchanged their milk to the children; 'My friend,' said Madame de la Tour, 'each of us will have two children, and each of our children will have two mothers.' Like two buds which remain upon two trees of the same species, all the branches of which have been broken by the tempest, produce fruits more delicious, if each of them, detached from the maternal stock, is grafted on the neighbouring stem; thus these two little children, deprived of their relations, were filled with sentiments toward each other more tender than those of son and daughter, of brother and sister, when they were exchanged at the breast by the two friends who had given them being.

Already their mothers talked of their marriage, though they were yet in the cradle, and this prospect of conjugal felicity, with which they soothed their own woes to peace, frequently terminated in a flood of tears; the one recollecting the miseries which she had suffered from having neglected the forms of marriage and the other from having submitted to its laws; the one from having been raised above her condition; and the other from having descended below hers; but they consoled themselves with the thought that the day would come, when their children, more fortunate than themselves, would enjoy at once, far from the cruel prejudices of Europe, the pleasures of love and the happiness of equality.

Nothing indeed was to be compared with the attachment which the babes betimes testified for each other: If Paul happened to complain, they shewed Virginia to him; at the sight of her he smiled and was pacified.

If Virginia suffered, you were informed of it by the lamentations of Paul; but this amiable child immediately concealed her pain, that her sufferings might not distress him.

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when you beheld their looks, which seemed desirous to meet each other, their smiles returned with smiles still sweeter, you would have taken them for those children of Heaven, those blessed spirits whose nature is love; and who have no need of thought to make their feelings known, nor of words to express their affection.

In the mean time, Madame de la Tour perceiving that her daughter advanced in life with so many charms, felt her uneasiness increase with her tenderness: she used to say sometimes to me. 'If I should chance to die, what would become of Virginia, dowerless as she is?'

She had an aunt in France, a woman of quality, rich, old, and a devotee, who had refused her assistance in a manner so unfeeling, when she married De la Tour, that she resolved never to have recourse to her again, to whatever extremity she might be reduced.

But now that she was become a mother, she no longer dreaded the shame of a refusal; she acquainted her aunt with the unexpected death of her husband, the birth of her daughter, and the embarrassment of her affairs; being destitute of support, and burdened with a child. She however received no answer; but, being a woman of exalted character, she no longer feared humiliation, nor the reproaches of her relation, who had never forgiven her for having married a man of low birth, though virtuous. She continued therefore to write her aunt by every opportunity in the hope of raising in her breast some favorable emotions toward Virginia: many years however elapsed before she received from her any token of remembrance.

At length, in the year 1746, on the arrival of M. de la Bourdonaye, Madame de la Tour was informed that their new governor had a letter to deliver from her aunt.

She immediately ran to Port Louis, for this once entirely indifferent about appearing in her coarse habit; maternal love raising her above respect to the world. M. de la Bourdonaye delivered her aunt's letter, which insinuated that she merited her condition for having married

an adventurer, a libertine; that the passions always carried their punishment along with them; that the untimely death of her husband was a just chastisement of God; that she had done well to remain in the island, instead of dishonoring her family by returning to France; and that after all she was in an excellent country, where every body made fortunes, except the idle.

After having thus reproached her, she concluded with making her own eulogium: to avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils which attend matrimony, she had always refused to marry: the truth was, that being very ambitious, she had refused to unite herself to any except a man of rank; but although she was very rich, and that at court every thing is a matter of indifference, fortune excepted, yet no person was found willing to form an alliance with a woman humble to the last degree, and at the same time possessed of a most unfeeling heart.

She added by way of postscript, that every thing considered, she had strongly recommended her to M. de la Bourdonaye: she had indeed recommended her, but, conformably to a custom but too prevalent at this day, which renders a protector more to be dreaded than a declared enemy, in order to justify to the governor her severity to her niece, in feigning to pity she had calumniated her.

Madame de la Tour, who could not be seen by the most indifferent person without interest and respect, was received with the greatest coolness by M. de la Bourdonaye, thus prejudiced against her. To the account which she gave of her own situation, and that of her daughter, he answered only by harsh monosyllables; 'I shall enquire,' — 'we shall see,' — 'in time,' — 'there are many unhappy people,' — 'why offend so respectable an aunt?' — 'you are certainly to blame.'

Madame de la Tour returned to the plantation, her heart oppressed with grief, and full of bitterness; on her arrival she sat down, threw her aunt's letter on the table, and said to her friend, 'Behold the fruits of eleven yea.

patience.' But as no one of the society knew how to read except Madame de la Tour, she took up the letter again and read it to all the family. Scarcely had she concluded, when Margaret said to her with vivacity, 'what need have we of thy relations? Has God forsaken us? He only is our father; have we not lived happily until this day? Why then should you afflict yourself? You have no fortune.'

Perceiving that Madame de la Tour was much affected, she threw herself on her bosom, folded her in her arms and exclaimed, 'my dear friend, my dear friend!' her own sobs quite choked her voice. At this sight, Virginia melting into tears, alternately pressed the hands of her mother, and of Margaret, to her lips, and to her heart; whilst Paul, his eyes inflamed with rage, exclaimed aloud, clenched his fists, stamped with his feet, not knowing how to vent his rage.

At the noise which he made Domingo and Mary ran in, and nothing but exclamations of distress were heard in the cottage: 'Ah, Madam!—' My good mistress!—' my dear mother!—' Do not distress yourself.' Such tender marks of affection soon dissipated the anguish of Madame de la Tour: she embraced Paul and Virginia, and said to them with a look of satisfaction, 'my dear children, you are the cause of my tears, but you are also the source of all the happiness I enjoy: Oh, my children, misfortune attacks me only from afar, felicity is ever around me.'

Paul and Virginia did not comprehend what she said, but as soon as they saw that she was composed they smiled and caressed her.

Thus was peace restored, and the past scene was only like a stormy cloud in the midst of summer.

The good dispositions of these children were unfolding themselves from day to day.

One Sunday about sun-rise, their mothers having gone to the first mass at the church of Pamplonouzes, a fugitive negro-woman made her appearance, under the bananas

which surrounded their plantations. She was as meagre as a skeleton, and without a bit of clothing except a shroud of tattered canvas about her loins.

She threw herself at Virginia's feet, who was preparing the family breakfast, and thus addressed her.

'My dear young lady, take pity on a miserable runaway slave: for more than a month past I have been wandering about these mountains, half-dead with famine, and frequently pursued by the huntmen and their dogs. I have fled from my master, who is a wealthy planter on the Black River: he has treated me in the manner you see.'

In saying these words, she shewed her body deeply furrowed by the strokes of the whip which she had received; she added, 'I had thoughts of drowning myself, but knowing that you lived here, I thus reflected; perhaps there are still some good white people in this country, I must not die yet.'

Virginia much affected, replied, 'take comfort unfortunate creature! eat, eat; upon which she gave her the breakfast which she had prepared for the family. The slave in a few moments devoured the whole of it. Virginia, seeing her refreshed, said, 'poor wretch! I have a great desire to go to your master and implore your pardon: at the sight of you he must be touched with compassion: will you conduct me to him?' 'Angel of God!' replied the negress, 'I will follow you wherever you lead me.'

Virginia called her brother, and entreated him to accompany her: the fugitive slave conducted them by narrow paths to the middle of the woods, across high mountains over which they scrambled with difficulty, and great rivers, which they forded.

At length, toward noon, they arrived at the bottom of a mountain on the banks of the Black River. They there perceived a well built house, considerable plantations, and a great number of slaves engaged in different occupations. The master was walking in the midst of them, with a pipe in his mouth, and a ratan in his hand. He was a

very tall, lean man, of an olive complexion, with his eyes sunk in his head, his eye-brows black and meeting each other.

Virginia, quite petrified, holding Paul by the arm, approached the man, and entreated him for the love of God to pardon his slave, who was a few paces behind them.

The master, at first, did not pay much attention to these two children, who were but meanly clad : when however he had remarked the elegant form of Virginia, her beautiful flaxen hair, which appeared from under a blue hood, and when he had heard the sweet tones of her voice, which trembled as well as her body while she implored his forgiveness, he took the pipe from his mouth, and raising his ratan toward Heaven, declared with a terrible oath that he would pardon his slave, not for the love of God, but for the love of her.

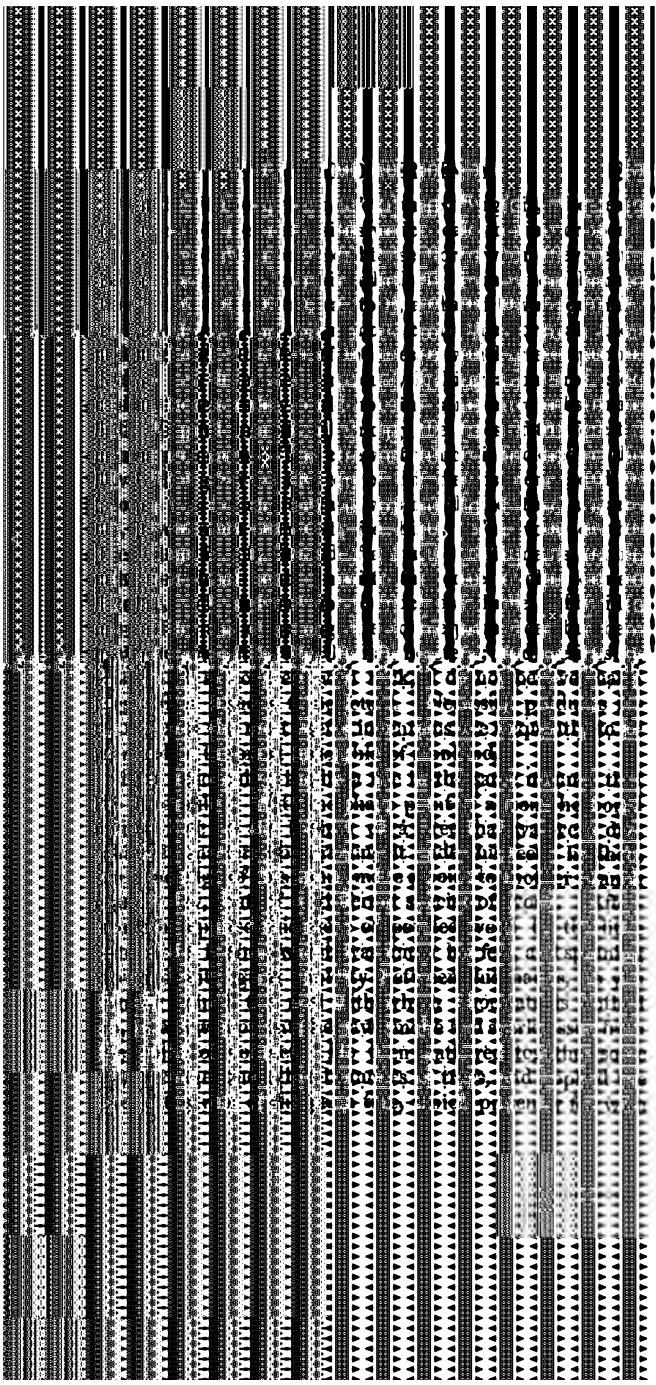
Virginia immediately made a sign for the slave to advance toward her master, and then ran away, with Paul running after her.

They scrambled together up the steep declivity of the mountain, by which they had descended in the morning, and having arrived at its summit, they seated themselves under a tree, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and thirst.

They had travelled from the rising of the Sun, more than five leagues, without having tasted food : Paul addressed Virginia thus : ' Sister, it is past mid-day, you are hungry, you are thirsty ; we shall find no refreshment here, let us again descend the mountain, and request the master of the slave to give us something to eat.'

' Oh, no ! my friend,' replied Virginia, ' he has terrified me too much already. Do you not remember what mamma has often said ; the bread of the wicked fills the mouth with gravel ?'

' What shall we do then ?' said Paul, ' these trees produce only bad fruits : there is not so much as a tamarind, or a lemon to refresh you.'



a terrible crash. This fire likewise assisted him in peeling off from the colewort its long ligneous and prickly leaves.

Virginia and he ate a part of his canoeage raw, and the other part dressed upon the ashes, and found them equally savoury. They enjoyed this frugal repast with the highest satisfaction, from the recollection of the good action which they had performed in the morning; but their joy was greatly damped by the uneasiness which they had not a doubt their long absence must have occasioned to their parents. Virginia recurred frequently to this subject, while Paul, who now felt his strength restored, assured her that it would not be long before they got home to quiet the anxiety of their mothers. After dinner they found themselves much embarrassed, for they had no longer a guide to direct them homewards. Paul, who was disconcerted at nothing, said to Virginia, "Our cottage looks toward the noon-day sun, we must therefore pass as we did this morning, over that mountain which you see below with its three peaks. Come, let us walk on, my friend." This mountain is called the Three Papa,* because its three peaks have that form.

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do nothing without consulting our parents, no, not even what is right. Oh! I have been very imprudent!"

Thus saying, she burst into tears. In the mean-time she said to Paul, "Let us pray to God, my brother, and he will take compassion on us." Scarcely had they finished their prayer when they heard a dog bark.

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In truth, a moment afterwards, Fidèle was at their feet, barking, howling, groaning, and loading them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise, they perceived Domingo, who was running toward them.

At the sight of this worthy negro, who wept with joy, they also shed tears, without being able to say one word.

When Domingo had a little recovered himself: "Oh, my young masters," said he to them, "what distress your mothers are in; how astonished they were at not finding you on their return from mass; whither I had accompanied them! Mary, who was at work in a corner of the plantation, could not tell whither you were gone: I wandered about the grounds, not knowing myself where to seek you: at length, I took the old clothes which you used to wear*; I made Fidèle smell to them; and as if the poor animal understood me, he immediately set off to trace your steps. He conducted me, always wagging his tail, to the Black River. There I was informed by a

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when you beheld their looks, which seemed desirous to meet each other, their smiles returned with smiles still sweeter, you would have taken them for those children of Heaven, those blessed spirits whose nature is love; and who have no need of thought to make their feelings known, nor of words to express their affection.

In the mean time, Madame de la Tour perceiving that her daughter advanced in life with so many charms, felt her uneasiness increase with her tenderness: she used to say sometimes to me. 'If I should chance to die, what would become of Virginia, dowerless as she is?'

She had an aunt in France, a woman of quality, rich, old, and a devotee, who had refused her assistance in a manner so unfeeling, when she married De la Tour, that she resolved never to have recourse to her again, to whatever extremity she might be reduced.

But now that she was become a mother, she no longer dreaded the shame of a refusal: she acquainted her aunt with the unexpected death of her husband, the birth of her daughter, and the embarrassment of her affairs; being destitute of support, and burdened with a child. She however received no answer; but, being a woman of exalted character, she no longer feared humiliation, nor the reproaches of her relation, who had never forgiven her for having married a man of low birth, though virtuous. She continued therefore to write her aunt by every opportunity in the hope of raising in her breast some favorable emotions toward Virginia: many years however elapsed before she received from her any token of remembrance.

At length, in the year 1746, on the arrival of M. de la Bourdonaye, Madame de la Tour was informed that their new governor had a letter to deliver from her aunt.

She immediately ran to Port Louis, for this once entirely indifferent about appearing in her coarse habit; maternal love raising her above respect to the world. M. de la Bourdonaye delivered her aunt's letter, which insinuated that she merited her condition for having married

an adventurer, a libertine; that the passions always carried their punishment along with them; that the untimely death of her husband was a just chastisement of God; that she had done well to remain in the island, instead of dishonoring her family by returning to France; and that after all she was in an excellent country, where every body made fortunes, except the idle.

After having thus reproached her, she concluded with making her own eulogium: to avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils which attend matrimony, she had always refused to marry: the truth was, that being very ambitious, she had refused to unite herself to any except a man of rank; but although she was very rich, and that at court every thing is a matter of indifference, fortune excepted, yet no person was found willing to form an alliance with a woman honestly so to the last degree, and at the same time possessed of a most unfeeling heart.

She added by way of postscript, that every thing considered, she had strongly recommended her to M. de la Bourdonaye: she had indeed recommended her, but, conformably to a custom but too prevalent at this day, which renders a protector more to be dreaded than a declared enemy, in order to justify to the governor her severity to her niece, in feigning to pity she had calumniated her.

Madame de la Tour, who could not be seen by the most indifferent person without interest and respect, was received with the greatest coolness by M. de la Bourdonaye, thus prejudiced against her. To the account which she gave of her own situation, and that of her daughter, he answered only by harsh monosyllables; 'I shall enquire,'—'we shall see,'—'in time,'—'there are many unhappy people,'—'why offend so respectable an aunt?'—'you are certainly to blame.'

Madame de la Tour returned to the plantation, her heart oppressed with grief, and full of bitterness; on her arrival she sat down, threw her aunt's letter on the table, and said to her friend, 'behold the fruits of eleven yea.

patience.' But as no one of the society knew how to read except Madame de la Tour, she took up the letter again and read it to all the family. Scarcely had she concluded, when Margaret said to her with vivacity, 'what need have we of thy relations? Has God forsaken us? He only is our father; have we not lived happily until this day? Why then should you afflict yourself? You have no fortune.'

Perceiving that Madame de la Tour was much affected, she threw herself on her bosom, folded her in her arms and exclaimed, 'my dear friend, my dear friend! her own sobs quite choked her voice. At this sight, Virginia melting into tears, alternately pressed the hands of her mother, and of Margaret, to her lips, and to her heart; whilst Paul, his eyes inflamed with rage, exclaimed aloud, clenched his fists, stamped with his feet, not knowing how to vent his rage.

At the noise which he made Domingo and Mary ran in, and nothing but exclamations of distress were heard in the cottage: 'Ah, Madam!—My good mistress!—my dear mother!—Do not distress yourself.' Such tender marks of affection soon dissipated the anguish of Madame de la Tour: she embraced Paul and Virginia, and said to them with a look of satisfaction, 'my dear children, you are the cause of my tears, but you are also the source of all the happiness I enjoy: Oh, my children, misfortune attacks me only from afar, felicity is ever around me.'

Paul and Virginia did not comprehend what she said, but as soon as they saw that she was composed they smiled and caressed her.

Thus was peace restored, and the past scene was only like a stormy cloud in the midst of summer.

The good dispositions of these children were unfolding themselves from day to day.

One Sunday about sun-rise, their mothers having gone to the first mass at the church of Pamplemousses, a fugitive negro-woman made her appearance, under the bananas

which surrounded their plantations. She was as meagre as a skeleton, and without a bit of clothing except a thread of tattered canvas about her loins.

She threw herself at Virginia's feet, who was preparing the family breakfast, and thus addressed her.

'My dear young lady, take pity on a miserable runaway slave: for more than a month past I have been wandering about these mountains, half-dead with famine, and frequently pursued by the hunters and their dogs. I have fled from my master, who is a wealthy planter on the Black River: he has treated me in the manner you see.'

In saying these words, she shewed her body deeply furrowed by the strokes of the whip which she had received; she added, 'I had thoughts of drowning myself, but knowing that you lived here, I thus reflected; perhaps there are still some good white people in this country, I must not die yet.'

Virginia much affected, replied, 'take comfort unfortunate creature! eat, eat; upon which she gave her the breakfast which she had prepared for the family. The slave in a few moments devoured the whole of it. Virginia, seeing her refreshed, said, 'poor wretch! I have a great desire to go to your master and implore your pardon: at the sight of you he must be touched with compassion: will you conduct me to him?' 'Angel of God!' replied the negress, 'I will follow you wherever you lead me.'

Virginia called her brother, and entreated him to accompany her: the fugitive slave conducted them by narrow paths to the middle of the woods, across high mountains over which they scrambled with difficulty, and great rivers, which they forded.

At length, toward noon, they arrived at the bottom of a mountain on the banks of the Black River. They there perceived a well built house, considerable plantations, and a great number of slaves engaged in different occupations. The master was walking in the midst of them, with a pipe in his mouth, and a ratan in his hand. He was a

very tall, lean man, of an olive complexion, with his eyes sunk in his head, his eye-brows black and meeting each other.

Virginia, quite petrified, holding Paul by the arm, approached the man, and entreated him for the love of God to pardon his slave, who was a few paces behind them.

The master, at first, did not pay much attention to these two children, who were but meanly clad : when however he had remarked the elegant form of Virginia, her beautiful flaxen hair, which appeared from under a blue hood, and when he had heard the sweet tones of her voice, which trembled as well as her body while she implored his forgiveness, he took the pipe from his mouth, and raising his ratan toward Heaven, declared with a terrible oath that he would pardon his slave, not for the love of God, but for the love of her.

Virginia immediately made a sign for the slave to advance toward her master, and then ran away, with Paul running after her.

They scrambled together up the steep declivity of the mountain, by which they had descended in the morning, and having arrived at its summit, they seated themselves under a tree, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and thirst.

They had travelled from the rising of the Sun, more than five leagues, without having tasted food : Paul addressed Virginia thus : ' Sister, it is past mid-day, you are hungry, you are thirsty ; we shall find no refreshment here, let us again descend the mountain, and request the master of the slave to give us something to eat.'

' Oh, no ! my friend,' replied Virginia, ' he has terrified me too much already. Do you not remember what mamma has often said ; the bread of the wicked fills the mouth with gravel ?'

' What shall we do then ?' said Paul, ' these trees produce only bad fruits : there is not so much as a tamarind, or a lemon to refresh you.'

"God will have pity on us" returned Virginia, "he hears the voice of the little birds which call to him for food." Scarcely had she pronounced these words when they heard the bubbling of a fountain which fell from a neighboring rock; they immediately ran to it, and after having quenched their thirst with water more clear than crystal, they gathered and eat a few of the cresses which grew upon its banks. As they were anxiously looking about from side to side, to see if they could not find some more substantial food, Virginia perceived among the trees of the forest a young palm-tree. The colewort which is inclosed in the leaves that grow on the top of this tree is very good to eat; but though its trunk was not thicker than a man's leg, it was more than sixty feet high. The wood of this tree indeed is only formed of a bundle of filaments, but its pith is so hard that it resists the edge of the keenest hatchet, and Paul had not so much as a knife. The idea occurred to him of setting fire to the palm-tree, but here again he was at a loss; he had no steel; and besides in this island, so covered with rock, I do not believe that a single flint stone is to be found. Necessity produces industry, and the most useful inventions are frequently to be ascribed to the most miserable of mankind.

Paul resolved to kindle a fire in the same manner that the blacks do. With the sharp point of a stone he bored a little hole in the branch of a tree that was very dry, which he mastered by pressing it under his feet; he then, with the edge of this stone, made a point to another branch equally dry, but of a different species of wood. Afterwards he applied this piece of pointed wood to the little hole of the branch which was under his feet, and spinning it round with great rapidity between his hands, as you trundle round the mill with which chocolate is frothed up, in a few moments he saw smoke and sparks issue from the point of contact. He then gathered together some dry herbage, and other branches of trees, and applied the fire to the root of the palm tree, which presently fell with

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planter that you had brought a fugitive slave back, to him, and that he pardoned her at your intercession.

‘But what a pardon! he showed her to me, fastened with a chain round her foot to a log of wood, and an iron collar with three rings round her neck. From thence, Fiddle following the scent, conducted me to the Mount of the Black River, where he again stopped, and barked as loud as he was able.

‘It was on the brink of a fountain near a palm-tree which had been levelled, and a fire not quite extinguished; at length he conducted me to this place. We are at the foot of the mountain of the Three Paps, and it is still four good leagues from our dwelling. Come on, eat and recruit your strength.’

He then presented to them a cake, some fruit, and a large gourd bottle filled with a liquor compounded of water, wine, lemon-juice, sugar, and nutmeg, which their mothers had prepared to strengthen and revive them.

Virginia sighed at the recollection of the poor slave, and at the distress of their mothers. She repeated several times, ‘Oh, how difficult it is to do good.’

While Paul and she were refreshing themselves, Domingo lighted a fire, and looking about among the rocks for a crooked billet, which we call round-wood, and which burns even in the sap, throwing out a very bright flame, he made a flambeau of it, and set it a burning; for it was now quite dark. But he had to encounter a much greater difficulty.

When all was ready for proceeding forward, Paul and Virginia were absolutely incapable of walking any farther; their feet being swelled and raw all over.

Domingo was completely puzzled; he could not determine whether it would be more advisable for him to ramble about in quest of assistance, or to prepare for passing the night with them where they were.

‘Whither has the time fled,’ said he to them, ‘when

I carried you both at once in my arms? But now you are increased in stature, and I am old.'

While he was reduced to this state of perplexity, a company of run-away negroes appeared, about twenty paces distant.

The leader of the troop, approaching Paul and Virginia, thus addressed them: 'Good little whites, be not afraid; we saw you this morning passing along in company with a negress of the Black River; you were going to solicit her pardon of a cruel master; out of gratitude we will carry you home upon our shoulders.'

Upon this he made a sign, and four of the stoutest black fellows immediately formed a litter with boughs of trees and lianes, placed Paul and Virginia upon it, hoisted them upon their shoulders, and, Domingo marching before them with his flambeau, they took the road amidst the joyful acclamations of the whole company, who loaded them with benedictions.

Virginia, quite overcome, whispered to Paul: 'Oh, my dear friend! God never permits a good action to go unrewarded.'

About midnight they arrived at the bottom of their own mountain, the ridges of which were illuminated with various fires.

Scarcely had they got to the top, when they heard voices calling aloud: 'Is it you, my children?' The blacks and they replied together, 'Yes, yes, here we are!' and presently they perceived their mothers and Mary coming to meet them with flaming torches.

'Unhappy children!' exclaimed Madame de la Tour 'Whence come you? Into what agonies have you thrown us!'

'We come,' replied Virginia, 'from the Black River whither we went this morning to implore the pardon of a poor fugitive negress, to whom I likewise gave the family breakfast, for she was just perishing with hunger; and here, the black run-aways have carried us home again.'

Madame de la Tour tenderly embraced her daughter, utterly deprived of the power of speech; and Virginia, who felt her own face moistened with her mother's tears, said to her: 'How you repay me for all that I have suffered!'

Margaret, transported with delight, locked Paul in her arms, saying: 'And thou too, my son, thou hast performed a good action!'

Being arrived at their cottage with the children, they gave a plentiful supper to the black guides, who returned to the woods expressing a thousand good wishes for their prosperity.

Every succeeding day was to these families a day of happiness and tranquillity. They were strangers to the torments of envy and of ambition. They coveted not, from abroad, that vain reputation which is purchased by intrigue, and which the breath of calumny destroys. It was sufficient for them to be in the place of witness and of judge to each other. In this island where, as in all the European Colonies, no curiosity is expressed except in hunting after malicious anecdotes, their virtues, nay their very names, were unknown. Only when a passenger happened to ask on the road to Pamplémousses, of one of the inhabitants of the plain: 'Who lives in yonder cottages on the top of the hill?' the answer returned, without pretending to any farther knowledge of them, was: 'They are good people.'

Thus the violets, from under the prickly shrubbery, ex-nale at a distance their fragrant perfume, though they remain unseen.

They had banished from their conversation the practice of evil-speaking, which under an appearance of justice, necessarily disposes the heart to hatred or to falsehood; for it is impossible to refrain from hating men if we believe them to be wicked; or to live with the wicked unless you conceal your hatred of them under false appearances of benevolence.

Evil-speaking, accordingly, lays us under the necessity of being upon bad terms with others, or with ourselves. But without sitting in judgment on men, in particular, they entertained one another only in devising the means of doing good to all in general; and though they possessed not the power, they had an invariable disposition this way, which animated them with a benevolence at all times ready to extend itself in an outward direction.

By living therefore in solitude, so far from degenerating into savages, they had become more humane. If the scandalous history of Society did not supply them with matter of conversation, that of nature replenished their hearts with transports of wonder and delight. They contemplated with rapture the power of that Providence which, by their hands, had diffused amidst these barren rocks abundance, gracefulness, pleasures pure, simple and perpetually renewing themselves.

Paul, at the age of twelve, more vigorous and more intelligent than Europeans in general are at fifteen, had embellished what the Negro Domingo only cultivated. He went with him to the adjoining woods, to take up by the roots the young plants of lemon and orange-trees, of the tamarinds, whose round head is of such a beautiful green, and of the attier, whose fruit is stored with a sugary cream which emits the perfume of the orange-flower.

He planted these trees, after they had attained a considerable stature, all around this enclosure. He had there sown the grains of such trees as, from the second year and upward, bear flowers or fruits, as the agpthis, from which depend circularly, like the crystal pendants of lustre, long clusters of white flowers; the Pernian lilach which raises straight into the air its gray flaxen girandoles; the papayer, whose branchless trunk, formed like a column, bristled all over with green mellons; carries aloft a chapter of broad leaves resembling those of the fig-tree.

He had likewise planted in it the kernels and the nuts of the badamier, of the mango, of the avocater, of the

very tall, lean man, of an olive complexion, with his eyes sunk in his head, his eye-brows black and meeting each other.

Virginia, quite petrified, holding Paul by the arm, approached the man, and entreated him for the love of God to pardon his slave, who was a few paces behind them.

The master, at first, did not pay much attention to these two children, who were but meanly clad : when however he had remarked the elegant form of Virginia, her beautiful flaxen hair, which appeared from under a blue hood, and when he had heard the sweet tones of her voice, which trembled as well as her body while she implored his forgiveness, he took the pipe from his mouth, and raising his ratan toward Heaven, declared with a terrible oath that he would pardon his slave, not for the love of God, but for the love of her.

Virginia immediately made a sign for the slave to advance toward her master, and then ran away, with Paul running after her.

They scrambled together up the steep declivity of the mountain, by which they had descended in the morning, and having arrived at its summit, they seated themselves under a tree, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and thirst.

They had travelled from the rising of the Sun, more than five leagues, without having tasted food : Paul addressed Virginia thus : ' Sister, it is past mid-day, you are hungry, you are thirsty ; we shall find no refreshment here, let us again descend the mountain, and request the master of the slave to give us something to eat.'

' Oh, no ! my friend,' replied Virginia, ' he has terrified me too much already. Do you not remember what mamma has often said ; the bread of the wicked fills the mouth with gravel ?'

' What shall we do then ?' said Paul, ' these trees produce only bad fruits : there is not so much as a tamarind, or a lemon to refresh you.'

"God will have pity on us" returned Virginia, "he hears the voice of the little birds which call to him for food." Scarcely had she pronounced these words when they heard the bubbling of a fountain which fell from a neighboring rock ; they immediately ran to it, and after having quenched their thirst with water more clear than crystal, they gathered and eat a few of the cresses which grew upon its banks. As they were anxiously looking about from side to side, to see if they could not find some more substantial food, Virginia perceived among the trees of the forest a young palm-tree. The colewort which is inclosed in the leaves that grow on the top of this tree is very good to eat ; but though its trunk was not thicker than a man's leg, it was more than sixty feet high. The wood of this tree indeed is only formed of a bundle of filaments, but its pith is so hard that it resists the edge of the keenest hatchet, and Paul had not so much as a knife. The idea occurred to him of setting fire to the palm-tree, but here again he was at a loss ; he had no steel ; and besides in this island, so covered with rock, I do not believe that a single flint stone is to be found. Necessity produces industry, and the most useful inventions are frequently to be ascribed to the most miserable of mankind.

Paul resolved to kindle a fire in the same manner that the blacks do. With the sharp point of a stone he bored a little hole in the branch of a tree that was very dry, which he mastered by pressing it under his feet ; he then, with the edge of this stone, made a point to another branch equally dry, but of a different species of wood. Afterwards he applied this piece of pointed wood to the little hole of the branch which was under his feet, and spinning it round with great rapidity between his hands, as you trundle round the mill with which chocolate is frothed up, in a few moments he saw smoke and sparks issue from the point of contact. He then gathered together some dry herbage, and other branches of trees, and applied the fire to the root of the palm tree, which presently fell with

a terrible crash. This fire likewise assisted him in peeling off from the colewort its long ligneous and prickly leaves.

Virginia and he ate a part of his canoeage raw, and the other part dressed upon the ashes, and found them equally savoury. They enjoyed this frugal repast with the highest satisfaction, from the recollection of the good action which they had performed in the morning; but their joy was greatly damped by the uneasiness which they had not a doubt their long absence must have occasioned to their parents. Virginia recurred frequently to this subject, while Paul, who now felt his strength restored, assured her that it would not be long before they got home to quiet the anxiety of their mothers. After dinner they found themselves much embarrassed, for they had no longer a guide to direct them homewards. Paul, who was disconcerted at nothing, said to Virginia, "Our cottage looks toward the noon-day sun, we must therefore pass as we did this morning, over that mountain which you see below with its three peaks. Come, let us walk on, my friend." This mountain is called the Three Paps,* because its three peaks have that form.

They descended then the gloomy declivity of the Black River toward the north, and arrived, after an hour's walking, at the banks of a considerable river which barred their progress. That large portion of the island, entirely covered, is so little known even at this day, that many of its rivers and mountains are still without a name. The river, upon the banks of which they were, flows impetuously over a bed of rocks. The noise of its waters terrified Virginia; she durst not venture to put her feet into it for the purpose of fording over. Paul upon this

* There are many mountains, the summits of which are rounded into the form of a woman's breast, and bear that name in all languages. They are indeed real paps, for from them issue multitudes of brooks and rivers, which diffuse abundance over the face of the earth. They are the source of the principal streams which water it, and furnish them with a constant supply, by continually attracting the clouds around the peak of the rock which overtops them at the centre, like a nipple.

took Virginia on his back; and thus laden passed over the slippery rocks of the river, in spite of the tumult of the waves. "Be not afraid," said he to her, "I feel my strength renewed, having the charge of you. If the planter of the Black River had refused to your entreaties the pardon of his slave, I should have fought with him. "How!" exclaimed Virginia, "with that man, so large, and so wicked? To what have I exposed you? My God! how difficult a thing it is to act properly! Evil alone is performed with facility!"

When Paul had arrived on the farther side he was desirous of continuing the journey, laden as he was with the weight of his sister, and he flattered himself that he should be able to ascend the mountain of the Three Paps, which he saw before him at the distance of a league and a half, under the same burden with which he had crossed the river; but his strength very soon failed, and he was obliged to set her on the ground, and repose himself by her side.

Virginia then said to him, "Brother, the day is declining fast, you have still some strength remaining, but mine entirely fails; suffer me to remain here, and do you return alone to our cottage to restore tranquillity to our mothers." "Oh, no!" said Paul, "I will never leave you. If the night should surprise us in these woods, I will light a fire, I will fell these palm trees, you shall eat the colewort, and I will make of its leaves an ajoupa to shelter you." Virginia however being a little revived, gathered from the trunk of an old tree which grew upon the edge of the river, long leaves of the scolopendra, which hung down from its boughs. She made of these a species of sandals, which she put upon her feet, for they were wounded to bleeding by the sharp stones which covered the road; in her eagerness to do good she had forgot to put on shoes.

Feeling herself relieved by the freshness of these leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and proceeded on her journey, resting one hand on this reed, and the other on

her brother. Thus they walked slowly on through the woods; but the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, soon made them lose sight of the Three Paps, to which they were directing their course, and even of the sun, which was near setting. After some time they strayed, without perceiving it, from the beaten path which they had hitherto pursued, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees, of lianes, and of rocks, which had no outlet. Paul made Virginia sit down, and ran about quite distracted, in quest of a road that might lead them out of this maze, but he fatigued himself in vain. He scrambled to the top of a large tree, with the hope of discovering at least the mountain of the Three Paps, but he could perceive nothing around him except the summits of trees, some of which were gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. In the mean time, the shadow of the mountains had already covered the forests in the valleys; the wind was hushed, as it usually is at the setting of the sun; a profound silence reigned in these solitudes, and no other sound was to be heard, but the braying of the deer, which came to seek a place of repose for the night in these wild retreats. Paul, in the hope that some huntsman might hear his voice, then called out with all his might; "Come, come to the relief of Virginia:" but the only answer he received was from the solitary echoes of the forest, which repeated at intervals, "Virginia! Virginia!"

Paul at length descended from the tree, oppressed with fatigue and vexation; he meditated on the means of passing the night in this place; but there was neither fountain nor palm-tree to be found in it; nor even so much as branches of dry wood proper to kindle a fire.

He then felt from experience the inefficiency of his resources, and began to weep.

Virginia said to him, "Do not distress yourself, my friend, if you would not wish to see me overwhelmed with grief. It is I who am the cause of all your sufferings, and of those which our mothers now endure. We ought to

do nothing without consulting our parents, no, not even what is right. Oh! I have been very imprudent!

Thus saying, she burst into tears. In the meantime she said to Paul, 'Let us pray to God, my brother, and he will take compassion on us.' Scarcely had they finished their prayer when they heard a dog bark.

'It is,' said Paul, 'the dog of some huntsman, who comes of an evening to kill the deer in their retreat.'

A short time after the barking of the dog redoubled.

'I have an idea,' said Virginia, 'that it is Fidèle, our cottage dog: yes, I recollect his voice: Is it possible that we should be so near our journey's end, and at the foot of our own mountain?'*

In truth, a moment afterwards, Fidèle was at their feet, barking, howling, groaning, and loading them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise, they perceived Domingo, who was running toward them.

At the sight of this worthy negro, who wept with joy, they also shed tears, without being able to say one word.

When Domingo had a little recovered himself: 'Oh, my young masters,' said he to them, 'what distress your mothers are in; how astonished they were at not finding you on their return from mass, whither I had accompanied them! Mary, who was at work in a corner of the plantation, could not tell whither you were gone: I wandered about the grounds, not knowing myself where to seek you: at length, I took the old clothes which you used to wear*; I made Fidèle smell to them; and as if the poor animal understood me, he immediately set off to trace your steps. He conducted me, always wagging his tail, to the Black River. There I was informed by a

* This trait of sagacity in the black Domingo, and his dog Fidèle, very much resembles that of the savage Tewanisse and his dog Oniha, mentioned by P. de Crèvecoeur, in his humane work, entitled, *Letters of American Farmer*.

planter that you had brought a fugitive slave back, to wish, and that he pardoned her at your intercession.

‘But what a pardon! he showed her to me, fastened with a chain round her foot to a log of wood, and an iron collar with three rings round her neck. From thence, Fiddle following the scent, conducted me to the Mount of the Black River, where he again stopped, and barked as loud as he was able.

‘It was on the brink of a fountain near a palm-tree which had been levelled, and a fire not quite extinguished; at length he conducted me to this place. We are at the foot of the mountain of the Three Paps, and it is still four good leagues from our dwelling. Come on, eat and recruit your strength.’

He then presented to them a cake, some fruit, and a large gourd bottle filled with a liquor compounded of water, wine, lemon-juice, sugar, and nutmeg, which their mothers had prepared to strengthen and revive them.

Virginia sighed at the recollection of the poor slave, and at the distress of their mothers. She repeated several times, ‘Oh, how difficult it is to do good.’

While Paul and she were refreshing themselves, Domingo lighted a fire, and looking about among the rocks for a crooked billet, which we call round-wood, and which burns even in the sap, throwing out a very bright flame, he made a flambeau of it, and set it a burning; for it was now quite dark. But he had to encounter a much greater difficulty.

When all was ready for proceeding forward, Paul and Virginia were absolutely incapable of walking any farther; their feet being swelled and raw all over.

Domingo was completely puzzled; he could not determine whether it would be more advisable for him to ramble about in quest of assistance, or to prepare for passing the night with them where they were.

‘Whither has the time fled,’ said he to them, ‘when

I carried you both at once in my arms? But now you are increased in stature, and I am old.'

While he was reduced to this state of perplexity, a company of run-away negroes appeared, about twenty paces distant.

The leader of the troop, approaching Paul and Virginia, thus addressed them: 'Good little whites, be not afraid; we saw you this morning passing along in company with a negress of the Black River; you were going to solicit her pardon of a cruel master; out of gratitude we will carry you home upon our shoulders.'

Upon this he made a sign, and four of the stoutest black fellows immediately formed a litter with boughs of trees and lianes, placed Paul and Virginia upon it, hoisted them upon their shoulders, and, Domingo marching before them with his flambeau, they took the road amidst the joyful acclamations of the whole company, who loaded them with benedictions.

Virginia, quite overcome, whispered to Paul: 'Oh, my dear friend! God never permits a good action to go unrewarded.'

About midnight they arrived at the bottom of their own mountain, the ridges of which were illuminated with various fires.

Scarcely had they got to the top, when they heard voices calling aloud: 'Is it you, my children?' The blacks and they replied together, 'Yes, yea, here we are!' and presently they perceived their mothers and Mary coming to meet them with flaming torches.

'Unhappy children!' exclaimed Madame de la Tour

Whence come you? Into what agonies have you thrown us?

'We come,' replied Virginia, 'from the Black River whither we went this morning to implore the pardon of a poor fugitive negress, to whom I likewise gave the family breakfast, for she was just perishing with hunger; and here, the black run-aways have carried us home again.'

Madame de la Tour tenderly embraced her daughter, utterly deprived of the power of speech ; and Virginia, who felt her own face moistened with her mother's tears, said to her : ' How you repay me for all that I have suffered !'

Margaret, transported with delight, locked Paul in her arms, saying : ' And thou too, my son, thou hast performed a good action !'

Being arrived at their cottage with the children, they gave a plentiful supper to the black guides, who returned to the woods expressing a thousand good wishes for their prosperity.

Every succeeding day was to these families a day of happiness and tranquillity. They were strangers to the torments of envy and of ambition. They coveted not, from abroad, that vain reputation which is purchased by intrigue, and which the breath of calumny destroys. It was sufficient for them to be in the place of witness and of judge to each other. In this island where, as in all the European Colonies, no curiosity is expressed except in hunting after malicious anecdotes, their virtues, nay their very names, were unknown. Only when a passenger happened to ask on the road to Pamplémousses, of one of the inhabitants of the plain : ' Who lives in yonder cottages on the top of the hill ?' the answer returned, without pretending to any farther knowledge of them, was : ' They are good people.'

Thus the violets, from under the prickly shrubbery, exhaled at a distance their fragrant perfume, though they remain unseen.

They had banished from their conversation the practice of evil-speaking, which under an appearance of justice, necessarily disposes the heart to hatred or to falsehood ; for it is impossible to refrain from hating men if we believe them to be wicked ; or to live with the wicked unless you conceal your hatred of them under false appearances of benevolence.

Evil-speaking, accordingly, lays us under the necessity of being upon bad terms with others, or with ourselves. But without sitting in judgment on men, in particular, they entertained one another only in devising the means of doing good to all in general; and though they possessed not the power, they had an invariable disposition this way, which animated them with a benevolence at all times ready to extend itself in an outward direction.

By living therefore in solitude, so far from degenerating into savages, they had become more humane. If the scandalous history of Society did not supply them with matter of conversation, that of nature replenished their hearts with transports of wonder and delight. They contemplated with rapture the power of that Providence which, by their hands, had diffused amidst these barren rocks abundance, gracefulness, pleasures pure, simple and perpetually renewing themselves.

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He planted these trees, after they had attained a considerable stature, all around this enclosure. He had there sown the grains of such trees as, from the second year and upward, bear flowers or fruits, as the agpthis, from which depend circularly, like the crystal pendants of lustre, long clusters of white flowers; the *Persea lilash* which raises straight into the air its gray flaxen girandoles; the papayer, whose branchless trunk, formed like a column, bristled all over with green mellons; carries aloft a chapter of broad leaves resembling those of the fig-tree.

He had likewise planted in it the kernels and the nuts of the badamier, of the mango, of the avocatier, of the

goyavier, of the jacap, and of the juncum. Most of these trees already yielded to their young master both shade and fruit.

His industrious hand had diffused fecundity even over the most sterile spot of the enclosure. Alms of various kinds, the impact, loaded with yellow flowers striped with red, the prickly tapers arose on the dusky summits of the rocks, and seemed desirous of mounting up to the lanes, garnished with blue or scarlet flowers, which hung down here and there along the precipices of the mountain.

He had disposed these vegetables in such a manner that you could enjoy the sight of them by a single glance of the eye. He had planted in the middle of the basin, the herbage, which grows to no great height; after that the shrubbery, then the trees of small stature, and last of all the great trees which garnished its circumference; so that this vast enclosure appeared, from its centre, like an amphitheatre of verdure, of fruits and flowers, containing pot-herbs, stripes of meadow-ground, and fields of rice and corn. But in subjecting thus the vegetable kingdom to his plan, he had not deviated from the plans of nature. Directed by the indications which she vouchsafes to give, he had placed in elevated situations the plants whose seeds are volatile, and by the side of the waters those whose grains are adapted to floating.

Thus each vegetable grew in its proper site, and each site received from its vegetable its natural dress. The streams, which descended from the summit of these rocks, formed below in the valley, here fountains, there broad and capacious mirrors, which reflected in the midst of the verdure, the trees in bloom, the rocks, and the azure of the Heavens.

Notwithstanding the great irregularity of the soil, these plantations were for the most part as accessible to the foot as to the eye. In truth, we all assisted him with our advice, and with our exertions, in order to accomplish his purpose.

He had traced a path which winded round the bason, and of which several ramifications converged from the circumference to meet at the centre. He had availed himself of the most rugged places of his domain, and united, by a harmony the most delicious, facility of walking with the asperity of the soil, and domestic, with forest trees.

Of that enormous quantity of rolling stones, which now obstruct these roads, as well as mar the greatest part of the surface of this island, he had formed in various places huge pyramids, in the layers of which he had mixed with earth, and the roots of rose trees, the poincillade and other shrubs which take pleasure in the rocks.

In a very short time, these gloomy and inanimate piles were covered with verdure, or with the dazzling lustre of the most beautiful flowers.

The cavities worn by the torrent in the sides of the mountain, bordered with aged trees inclined toward each other, formed arched subterraneans inaccessible to the heat, to which they retired for coolness during the sultry ardour of the meridian sun. A narrow path conducted into a thicket of wild trees, at the centre of which grew, sheltered from the winds, a household-tree loaded with fruit. There was a corn-field whitening to the harvest; here an orchard. Through this avenue you could see the houses; through that the inaccessible summits of the mountain. Under a tufted grove of tatamaques, interlaced with lianes, no one object was distinguishable even in the brightness of noon-day. On the point of that great rock adjoining, which juts out of the mountain, you could discern all those contained within the inclosure, with the sea at a distance, on which sometimes appeared a vessel arriving from Europe, or returning thither.

On this rock it was that the two families assembled of an evening, and enjoyed in silence the coolness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the bubbling of the fountains, and the last harmonies of light and shade.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the names imposed on the greatest part of the charming retreats of this labyrinth. The rock of which I have just now been speaking, from whence they could discern my approach at a considerable distance, was called Friendship's Discovery.

Paul and Virginia, in their sportiveness, had planted a bamboo upon it, on the summit of which they hoisted a small white handkerchief, as a signal of my arrival as soon as they perceived me; in imitation of the flag which is displayed on the neighboring mountain on seeing a vessel at sea. I took a fancy to engrave an inscription on the stem of this reed.

Whatever pleasure I may have enjoyed in the course of my travels, in contemplating a statue, or a monument of antiquity, I have enjoyed still more in perusing a well-conceived inscription.

It seems to me, in that case, as if a human voice issued out of the stone, made itself audible through the mighty void of ages, and addressing itself to man in the midst of deserts, told him that he was not alone; and that other men, in these very places, had felt, thought, and suffered like himself.

Should it happen to be the inscription of some ancient nation, which subsists no longer, it conveys our soul into the regions of infinity, and communicates to it the sentiment of its own immortality, by shewing that a thought has outlived the ruins even of an empire.

I inscribed then on the little mast which carried the flag of Paul and Virginia, these verses of Horace:

Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat Pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter lapygæ.*

* Thus imitated:

May Helen's brothers, stars so bright,
And Æolus guide your course aright,
That, safe from every ruder gale,
Zephyrs alone may swell the sail.

May the brothers of Helen, stars radiant like yourselves, and may the ruler of the winds direct your course; binding up every ruder blast, and filling your sails only with the breath of the Zephyr.'

I engraved the following line from Virgil, on the rind of a tantamaque, under the shade of which Paul sometimes sat down to contemplate from afar the agitated ocean:

Fortunatus & ille deos qui novit agrestes.

Happy too is he in knowing no deities but those who make the plains their care!

And that over the door of Madame de la Tour's cottage, which was the place of general rendezvous:

At securâ quies, & nescia fallera vita.

Peace undisturb'd, and hearts devoid of guile.

But Virginia did not approve of my Latin; she said that the inscription which I had placed below her weather-cock, was too long and too learned.

'I should have rather preferred this,' added she, 'always agitated, but ever constant.'

'That device,' replied I, 'is still better adapted to virtue.' My observation excited a blush in her cheek.

These happy families extended their benevolent dispositions to all that surrounded them. They bestowed the most tender appellations on objects apparently the most indifferent. To an inclosure of orange trees and bananas, planted in form of a circle round a portion of mossy ground, in the middle of which Paul and Virginia sometimes used to dance, they gave the name of 'The Concord.'

An ancient tree, under the shade of which Madame de la Tour and Margaret related to each other their misfortunes, was called 'the tears wiped away'

They gave the names of 'Brittany and Normandy,' to small spots of ground where they had planted corn, strawberries and pease.

Domingo and Mary, wishing, after the example of their mistresses, to call to remembrance the places of their birth in Africa, denominated two pieces of ground where that grass grew of which they made baskets, and where they had planted a great gourd, 'Angola and Foullepoincte.'

Thus by those productions of their own climates, these exiled families cherished fond ideas of their native country, and soothed their sorrows in a foreign land.

Alas! I have seen the trees, the fountains, the rocks, of this spot, now so changed, animated by a thousand charming appellations; but in their present state, like a Grecian plain, they only present to view ruins and heart-affecting inscriptions.

Of the whole inclosure however no spot was more agreeable than that which went by the name of 'Virginia's Rest.'

At the foot of the rock named 'The Discovery of Friendship,' is a hollow place whence issues a fountain, which forms from its source a little lake, in the middle of a meadow of fine grass.

When Margaret had brought Paul into the world, I made her a present of an Indian cocoa-nut which had been given me. She planted this fruit on the borders of the lake, intending that the tree which it should produce might serve one day as an epocha of her son's birth.

Madame de la Tour, after her example, planted another there likewise, with a similar intention as soon as she was delivered of Virginia.

From these nuts grew two cocoa-trees, which formed the whole archives of the two families; one was called the tree of Paul, the other that of Virginia.

They both grew in the same proportion as their young master and mistress, of a height rather unequal, but which surpassed at the end of twelve years that of the cottages. Already they interwove their branches, and dropped their young clusters of cocoas over the basin of the fountain.

This plantation excepted, they had left the cavity of the

rock just as nature had adorned it. On its brown and humid sides, radiated, in green and dusky stars, large plants of maiden hair, and tufts of the scolopendra, suspended like long ribands of greenish purple, waved at the pleasure of the winds.

Near to that grew long stripes of the periwinkle, the flowers of which nearly resemble those of the white gilly-flower, and pimentos, whose blood-colored husks are brighter than coral. Round about these the plants of balm, with their leaves resembling a heart, and basilicons, with a carnation smell exhaled the sweetest of perfumes.

From the summit of the rugged precipices of the mountain hung the lianes, like floating drapery, which formed on the sides of the rocks large festoons of verdure. The sea-birds, attracted by these peaceful retreats, flocked thither to pass the night.

At sun-set you might see the rook and the sea-lark fly along the shores of the sea; and high in air the black frigate and the white bird of the tropics, which abandon, together with the orb of day, the solitudes of the Indian Ocean.

Virginia delighted to repose herself on the borders of this fountain, decorated with a pomp at once magnificent and wild. Thither did she often resort to wash the linen of the family, under the shade of the cocoa-trees; and sometimes she led her goats to pasture there. While she prepared cheeses of their milk, she took delight to see them browse on the maiden hair which grew on the steep sides of the rock, and suspend themselves in the air on one of its cornices as on a pedestal.

Paul, perceiving this to be the favorite retreat of Virginia, brought thither from the neighboring forest the nests of all kinds of birds, the parents of these birds followed their young ones, and established themselves in this new colony. Virginia scattered among them from time to time grains of rice, of maize and of millet. As soon as

she appeared, the whistling black birds, the bengali whose warbling is so sweet, and the cardinal with his flame colored plumage, left the bushes; the paroquets, as green as the emerald, descended from the neighboring lataniers; the patridges ran nimbly along the grass; all hastened in variegated groups to her very feet, like little chickens, while Paul and she amused themselves with transport, at their playfulness, their appetites, and their loves.

Amiable children, thus did you pass your early days, in perfect innocence and employing yourselves in acts of virtue! How many times, in that spot, did your mothers, folding you in their arms, give thanks to Heaven for the consolation which you were preparing for their old age, and at seeing you enter into life under auspices so happy.

How many times under the shadow of these rocks, have I partaken with them your rural repast, by which no animal was deprived of life!

Gourds filled with milk, fresh eggs, cakes of rice served up on the leaves of the banana-tree, baskets filled with potatoes, mangoes, oranges, pomegranates, bananas, attés, and pine-apples, presented at once the most nourishing aliment, the gayest colors and the most agreeable juices. Their conversation was as sweet and as innocent as their repast. Paul frequently talked of the labors of the day past, and those of to-morrow; he was always meditating something which would be subservient to the general good: here the paths were not commodious; there they were indifferently seated, these young bowers did not give a sufficient shade; Virginia would be more comfortable in another place.

In the rainy season, in the day-time, they assembled all together in one of the cottages, masters and servants, and employed themselves in weaving mats of the herbage, and baskets of bamboo.

You saw displayed, in the most perfect order, along the boards of the wall, rakes, hatchets, spades, and close by these instruments of agriculture, the productions which

were the fruit of them, bags of rice, sheaves of corn, and rows of bananas. Delicacy was there ever blended with abundance.

Virginia, assisted by the instructions of Margaret and her mother, amused herself with preparing sherbets and cordials, with the juice of the sugar-cane, of citrons, and of cedrats.

When night arrived, they supped by the glimmering light of a lamp; after which Madame de la Tour or Margaret, related the histories of travellers who had lost their way by night, in the forests of Europe infested by robbers; or of the shipwreck of some vessel driven by the tempest on the rocks of a desert island. On hearing melancholy details of this kind the hearts of these sensible young folks caught fire.

They implored of Heaven the grace to put in practice, one day, the duties of hospitality to unhappy persons in such circumstances.

Afterwards the two families separated to enjoy the gift of sleep, but in the ardor of impatience to meet again next morning.

Sometimes they were lulled to rest by the noise of the rain rushing down in torrents, on the roof of their cottages; or by the roaring of the winds, conveying to their ears the distant murmuring of the billows which broke upon the shore.

They united in giving thanks to God for their personal security, the sentiment of which was heightened by the of danger remote.

Madame de la Tour from time to time read aloud to the company some interesting portion of the history of the Old or New Testament.

They reasoned sparingly on the subject of those sacred books; for their theology consisted wholly in sentiment like that of nature, and their morality, wholly in active benevolence, like that of the gospel.

They had no days destined some to mirth others to

melancholy. Every day was to them a season of festivity, and every thing that surrounded them a divine temple, in which they incessantly admired an intelligence infinite, omnipotent, and graciously disposed toward man.

This sentiment of confidence in the Power Supreme filled them with consolation respecting the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the time to come.

Thus it was that those females, constrained by calamity to fall back into nature, had unfolded in themselves, and in their children, those feelings which are the gift of nature, to prevent our sinking under the pressure of calamity.

But as there sometimes arise in the best regulated spirits clouds to disturb its serenity, when any member of this society had the appearance of pensiveness all the rest felt attracted toward that one, and dissipated the bitterness of thought rather by feelings than by reflections.

Each exerted, to this effect, their particular character: Margaret a lively gaiety; Madame de la Tour, a mild theology; Virginia, tender caresses; Paul, frankness and cordiality. Nay Mary and Domingo contributed their share of consolation.

When they beheld affliction they were afflicted, when they saw tears shed they wept.

Thus the feeble plants interlace their boughs, in order to resist the violence of the hurricane.

When the weather was fine they went every Sunday to mass to the church of Pamplémousses, the tower of which you see below in the plain.

The wealthy planters resorted thither in their palanquins; and made many efforts to form an acquaintance with these happily united families, and invited them to partake of their parties of pleasure. But they uniformly declined accepting such tenders, civilly and respectfully, under the conviction that persons of consequence court the obscure, only for the pleasure of having complaint hangers-on, and that it is impossible to be complaisant but

by flattering the passions of another, whether they be good or bad.

On the other hand they shunned, with no less circumspection, all intimacy with the lower settlers, who are for the most part jealous, back-biters, and vulgar. They passed, at first, with one of those sets, for timid, and with the other for haughty; but their reserved behavior was accompanied with marks of politeness so obliging, especially to persons in distress, that they imperceptibly acquired the respect of the rich, and the confidence of the poor.

When mass was over, they were frequently sought unto, for the interposition of some gracious office or another. It was a person in perplexity who applied to them for their kind advice; or a child importuning them to visit a sick mother in one of the adjoining hamlets.

They always carried about them some receipts adapted to the diseases incident to the inhabitants, and they administered their prescriptions with that good grace which communicates such a value to small services.

They succeeded particularly in curing the maladies of the mind, so oppressive in a state of solitude, and in an infirm state of body.

Madame de la Tour spoke with so much confidence of the Deity, that the sick person, listening to her discourse, felt the impression of his presence.

From these visits Virginia frequently returned with her eyes bathed in tears, but her heart overflowing with joy: for she had been blessed with an opportunity of doing good. She it was who prepared beforehand, the medicines necessary to the sick, and who presented them with a grace ineffable.

After those visits of humanity, they sometimes extended their walk by the valley of the long mountain, as far as my habitation, where I expected them to dinner, on the banks of the little river which flows in my neighborhood. I provided myself for such occasions with some bottles of

old wine, in order to enliven the gaiety of our Indian repasts by those pleasant and cordial productions of Europe.

At other times we had our rendezvous on the shore of the sea, at the mouth of some other rivers, which in this part of the world can hardly be called any thing more than a larger kind of brook. Thither we carried from the plantation various kinds of vegetable provision which we added to the abundant supplies furnished by the ocean. We fished along the shore for cabots, polypuses, lobsters, roaches, shrimps, crabs, urchins, oysters, and shell-fish of every kind.

Situations the most terrible, frequently procured us pleasures the most tranquillizing.

Sometimes seated on a rock under the shade of a velvet tree, we contemplated the billows from the main rolling on, and breaking under our feet with a tremendous roar.

Paul, who, besides his other qualities could swim like a fish, now and then advanced upon the shallows to meet the surge, then, as it approached, fled toward the shore, pursued by its vast, foaming and raging swell, a considerable way up the strand. But Virginia, as often as she saw this, screamed aloud, and declared that such kind of amusement terrified her exceedingly.

Our meals were followed up by the singing and dancing of these two young people.

Virginia chanted the felicity of a rural life, and the wretchedness of sea-faring men, whom avarice prompts to encounter a furious element, rather than to cultivate the earth, which confers so many benefits in peace and tranquillity.

Sometimes, after the manner of the negroes, Paul and she performed a pantomime. Pantomime is the first language of man; it is practised among all nations. It is so natural, and so expressive, that the children of the whites quickly learn it, from seeing those of the blacks thus amuse themselves.

Virginia, recollecting the histories which her mother

used to read, those especially which had affected her the most, exhibited the principal events of them with much natural expression: sometimes to the sound of Domingo's tam-tam, she made her appearance on the downy stage, bearing a pitcher on her head. She advanced with timidity to fill it with water at the source of a neighboring fountain.

Domingo and Mary, representing the shepherds of Midian, obstructing her passage, and feigned to repel her

Paul flew to her assistance, beat off the shepherds, filled the pitcher of Virginia, and placing it upon her head, at the same time bound around it a garland of the scarlet flowers of the periwinkle, which heightened the fairness of her complexion. Then taking a part in their innocent sports, I assumed the character of Raguel and bestowed Paul my daughter Zipporah in marriage

At another time, she represented the unfortunate Ruth, who returns to her lamented husband's country a widow, and in poverty, where she finds herself treated as a stranger, after a long absence. Domingo and Mary acted the part of the reapers. Virginia appeared, gleaning up and down after them, and picking up the ears of corn. Paul, imitating the gravity of a patriarch, interrogated her; she, trembling, replied to his questions. Moved with compassion, he immediately granted an asylum to innocence, and the rights of hospitality to misfortune. He filled Virginia's apron with provisions of every kind, and brought her before us, as before the elders of the city, declaring that he took her to wife, notwithstanding her extreme indigence.

At this scene, Madame de la Tour, calling to remembrance the state of desertion in which she had been left by her own relations, her widowhood, the kind reception which Margaret had given her, now succeeded by the hope of a happy union between their children, could not refrain from tears; and this blended recollection of good and evil, drew from the eyes of us all the tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were exhibited with such a truth of expression, that we actually imagined ourselves transported to the plains of Syria or of Palestine. There was no want of decorations, of illuminations, and of orchestras, suitable to this spectacle.

The place of the scene usually was at the cross-paths of a forest, the openings of which formed around us several arcades of foliage.

We were at their centre sheltered from the heat, all the day long : but when the sun had descended to the horizon, his rays, broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged into the shades of the forest in long luminous emanations, which produced the most majestic effect. Sometimes his complete disk appeared at the extremity of an avenue, and rendered it quite dazzling with a tide of light.

The foliage of the trees, illumined on the under side with his saffron-colored rays, sparkled with the fires of the topaz and of the emerald.

Their mossy and brown trunks seemed to be transformed into columns of antique bronze, and the birds, already retired in silence under the dark foliage for the night, surprised by the sight of a new Aurora, saluted all at once the luminary of day, by a thousand and a thousand songs.

The night very often surprised us regaling ourselves with these rural festivities ; but the purity of the air, and the mildness of the climate, permitted us to sleep under an ajoupa in the midst of the woods, free from all fear of thieves either at hand or at a distance.

Every one returned next morning to his own cottage, and found it in the same state in which it had been left.

There reigned at that time so much honesty and simplicity in this uncommercial island, that the doors of many houses did not fasten by a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many Creoles.

But there were certain days of the year celebrated by Paul and Virginia as seasons of peculiar rejoicing ; these were the birth days of their mothers.

Virginia never failed, the evening before, to bake and dress cakes of the flour of wheat, which she sent to the poor families of whites born in the island, who had never tasted the bread of Europe, and who, without any assistance from the blacks, reduced to live on maize in the midst of the woods, possessed, toward the support of poverty, neither the stupidity which is the concomitant of slavery, nor the courage which education inspires.

These cakes were the only presents which Virginia had it in her power to make, from the affluence of the plantation; but they were bestowed with a grace which greatly enhanced their value.

First, Paul himself was desired to undertake the charge of presenting them to those families, and they were invited on receiving them, to come on the morrow and pass the day at the habitation of Madame de la Tour and Margaret.

There arrived, accordingly, a mother with two or three miserable daughters, yellow, meagre, and so timid, that they durst not lift up their eyes.

Virginia presently set them all at their ease; she served them with a variety of refreshments, the goodness of which she heightened by some particular circumstances, which, according to her, increased its relish.

That liquor had been prepared by Margaret; this by her mother; her brother himself had gathered that fruit on the summit of the tree.

She prevailed on Paul to lead them out to dance. She never gave over till she saw them content and happy. It was her wish that they should become joyful in the joy of the family. 'No one,' said she, 'can find happiness for himself but in promoting the happiness of another.'

On taking their leave to return home, she pressed them to carry away any thing which seemed to have given them peculiar satisfaction, veiling the necessity of accepting her presents, under the pretext of their novelty, or of their singularity.

If she remarked their clothes to be excessively tattered, she, with the consent of her mother, selected some of her own, and charged Paul to go by stealth and deposit them at the door of their cottages. Thus she did good, after the manner of the Deity; concealing the benefactress and shewing the benefit.

You gentlemen of Europe, whose minds are tainted from your early infancy by so many prejudices incompatible with happiness, you are unable to conceive how nature can bestow so much illumination, and so many pleasures. Your souls, circumscribed within a small sphere of human knowledge, soon attain the term of their artificial enjoyments; but nature and the heart are inexhaustible.

Paul and Virginia had no time pieces, nor almanacks, nor books of chronology, of history or of philosophy; the periods of their lives were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hour of the day by the shadow of the trees; the seasons, by the times when they produce their flowers, or their fruits; and years by the number of their harvests. These delightful images diffused the greatest charms over their conversation.

'It is dinner time,' said Virginia to the family, 'the shadows of the bananas are at their feet;' or else, night approaches, for the tamarinds are closing their leaves.'

'When shall we see you?' said some of her companions of the vicinity to her; 'at the time of the sugar-canes,' replied Virginia. Your visit will be still sweeter and more agreeable at that time returned these young people.

When enquiries were made respecting her own age and that of Paul, 'my brother,' said she, 'is of the same age with the great cocoa-tree of the fountain, and I, with that of the small one. The mango-trees have yielded their fruit twelve times, and the orange trees have opened their blossoms twenty-four times, since I came into the world.'

Like Fauns and Dryads their lives seemed to be attached to those of the trees.

They knew no other historical epochs but the lives of their mothers; no other chronology but that of their orchards; and no other philosophy but universal benifcence, and resignation to the will of God.

After all, what occasion had these young creatures for such riches and knowledge as we have learnt to prize? Their ignorance and their wants were even a farther addition to their happiness.

Not a day passed in which they did not communicate to each other some assistance, or some information: I repeat it, information; and though it might be mingled with some error, yet man in a state of purity has no dangerous error to fear.

Thus did these two children of nature advance in life: hitherto no care had wrinkled their foreheads, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no unhappy passion had depraved their hearts; love, innocence, piety, were daily unfolding the beauties of their soul in graces ineffable, in their features, in their attitudes, and in their motions.

In the morning of life they had all the freshness of it: lika our first parents in the garden of Eden, when, proceeding from the hands of their Creator, they saw, approached, and conversed with each other, at first, like brother and sister.

Virginia, gentle, modest and confident like Eve; Paul like Adam, with the stature of a man, and all the simplicity of a child.

He has a thousand times told me, that sometimes being alone with her, on his return from labour, he had thus addressed her.

‘When I am weary, the sight of thee revives me; when from the mountain’s height I descry thee at the bottom of this valley, thou appearest like a rose-bud in the midst of our orchards, when thou walkest toward the dwelling of our mothers, the partridge which trips along to its young one’s, has a chest less beautiful, and a gait less nimble than thou hast. Although I lose sight of thee

through the trees, there is no occasion for thy presence in order to find thee again; something of thee, which I am unable to express, remains for me in the air through which thou hast passed, and on the grass upon which thou hast been seated.

‘When I approach thee all my senses are ravished; the azure of the Heavens is less radiant than the blue of thine eyes; the warbling of the bengali is less sweet than the tone of thy voice; if I touch thee only with the tip of my finger, my whole body thrills with pleasure.

‘Dost thou remember that day on which we passed across the pebbly bed of the river of the mountain of the Three Paps; when I arrived on its banks, I was very much fatigued, but as soon as I had taken thee on my back, it seemed as if I had gotten wings like a bird: tell me, by what charm thou hast been able thus to enchant me: is it by thy understanding? Our mothers have more than either of us: is it by their caresses?

‘Our mothers embrace me still oftener than thou dost: I believe it is by thy benevolence; I shall never forget that thou walkedst bare-foot as far as the Black River, to solicit the pardon of a wretched fugitive slave.

‘Receive, my much loved Virginia, receive this flowery branch of the lemon-tree, which I have gathered for thee in the forest: place it at night by thy pillow: eat this morsel of honey-comb, which I took for thee from the top of a rock. First however repose thyself upon my bosom, and I shall be again revived.’

Virginia replied, ‘Oh, my brother! the rays of the rising sun on the summits of these rocks afford me less delight than thy presence: I love my own mother dearly; I love thine; but when they call thee son, I love them still more. The caresses which they bestow on thee are felt more sensibly by me than those which I myself receive from them.

‘Thou askest me, why thou lovest me? But those that are reared together always love each other: behold our

birds, brought up in the same nest, they love like us, like us they are always together: hearken how they call and reply to each other from bush to bush: in like manner, when the echoes bring to my ear the airs which thou playest on thy flute from the mountain-top, I repeat the words of them at the bottom of this valley: thou art most dear to me, but above all, since that day on which thou wert determined to fight the master of the slave for my sake: since that period I have said to myself a thousand times: ah! my brother has an excellent heart: but for him I should have died with terror.

‘I daily implore the blessing of the Almighty on my own mother, and on thine, on thyself, and on our poor domestics: but when I pronounce thy name my devotion seems to glow, I so earnestly intreat the Almighty that no evil may befall thee.

‘Why dost thou go so far off, and climb to such heights, to find me fruits and flowers? Have we not enough in the garden? How fatigued, and in what a heat thou art just now?’

Then with her little white handkerchief she wiped his forehead and his cheeks, and gave him a thousand kisses.

Nevertheless for some time past Virginia had felt herself disturbed with an unknown malady. Her fine blue eyes were tinged with black, her colour faded, and an universal languor weakened her body. Serenity no longer sat upon her forehead, nor smiles upon her lips: all at once might be seen in her, gaiety without joy, and sadness without sorrow.

She withdrew herself from her innocent amusements, from her sweet occupations, and from the society of her much-loved family. She wandered here and there in the most solitary places of the plantation, seeking rest and finding none.

Sometimes, at the sight of Paul, she ran up to him in a playful manner; when all of a sudden, as she was on the point of coming in contact with him, an unaccountable

embarrassment seized her; a lively red coloured her pale cheeks, and her eyes no longer dared to fix themselves on his.

Paul thus addressed her: 'There rocks are covered with verdure, the birds warble when they see thee: all is gay around thee, and thou alone art sad.'

Then, with embraces, did he endeavour to reanimate her; but she, turning away her head, flew trembling to her mother. The unhappy girl felt herself discomposed by the caresses of her brother.

Paul was quite ignorant of the cause of caprices so new and so strange.

Misfortunes seldom come singly. One of those summers which desolate from time to time the lands situated between the tropics, happened to extend its ravages here also.

It was toward the end of December, when the Sun, in Capricorn, scorches with his vertical fires the whole Isk. of France, for three weeks together: the south-east wind, which reigns there almost all the year round, now blew no longer.

Huge whirlwinds of dust raised themselves from the highways, and hung suspended in the air. The earth was cleft asunder in all parts, and the grass entirely burnt up; ardent exhalations issued from the sides of the mountains, and most of the rivulets were dried up. No cloud arose out of the sea; during the day-time, only red vapours ascended above its surface, and appeared at sun-set like the flames of a great conflagration. Even the night season diffused no coolness over the burning atmosphere.

The bloody disk of the moon, rose of an enormous size, in the hazy horizon; the languid flocks, on the sides of the mountains, with their necks stretched out toward Heaven, and drawing in the air with difficulty, made the valleys resound with their mournful cries: even the cafre who con-

ducted them lay along the ground, endeavouring to cool himself in that position.

Every where the soil was scorching hot, and the stifling air resounded with the buzzing of insects, which sought to quench their thirst with the blood of men and of animals.

One of those parching nights Virginia felt all the symptoms of her malady redouble. She got up, she sat down, she returned to bed, but in no attitude could she find either sleep or repose.

She rambled by the light of the moon toward the fountain; she perceived its source, which, in defiance of the drought, still flowed in silver fillets over the dusky sides of the rock.

Without hesitation she plunged herself into its bason; at first the freshness re-animated her; and a thousand agreeable recollections presented themselves to her mind. She remembered how, in the days of infancy, her mother and Margaret amused themselves with bathing Paul and her in that very stream, and how Paul afterwards, appropriating this bath solely to her use, had deepened its bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sowed aromatic herbs around its brink.

On her naked arms, and on her bosom, she perceived the reflexes of the two palm-trees, which had been planted at the birth of her brother and at her own, and which now interwove their green boughs, and their young cocoas, over her head. She called to remembrance the friendship of Paul, sweeter than perfumes, purer than the water of the fountain, stronger than united palm trees, and she heaved a sigh.

She then reflected that it was the night season, and that she was in solitude; a consuming fire enflamed her breast.

Immediately she hastened in dismay, from these dangerous shades, and from waters more ardent than the suns

of the Torrid Zone: she hurried to her mother to seek refuge from herself.

A thousand times, wishing to disclose her anguish, she pressed the maternal hands between her own: a thousand times she was on the point of pronouncing the name of Paul, but her heart was so full as to deprive her tongue of utterance, and reclining her head on the bosom of her mother, she bedewed it with a shower of tears.

Madame de la Tour plainly perceived the cause of her daughter's disorder, but even she herself had not the courage to speak to her about.

'My child,' said she to her, 'address yourself to the Almighty, who dispenses health and life according to his good pleasure. He makes trial of your virtue to-day, only in order to recompense you to-morrow; consider that the chief end of our being placed on the earth is to practise virtue.'

In the mean time, those excessive heats raised out of the bosom of the ocean an assemblage of vapours, which like, a vast parasol, covered the face of the island.

The summits of the mountains collected these around them, and long furrows of flame from time to time issued out of their cloud-capt peaks.

Presently after tremendous thunder-claps made the woods, the plains, and the valleys, reverberate the noise of their explosions.

The rain in cataracts gushed down from the Heavens. Foaming torrents precipitated themselves down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of the basin was transformed into a sea; the platform on which the cottages were raised into a little island; and the entrance into the valley had become a sluice, out of which rushed, with awful impetuosity, by the force of the roaring waters, the earth, the trees, and the rocks.

The whole family, seized with trembling, addressed their prayer to God in Madame de la Tour's cottage, the

roof of which cracked dreadfully by the fury of the tempest.

— Though the door and the outside window-shutters were closely barred, every object was clearly distinguishable within through the joining of the boards, so bright and so frequent were the flashes of lightning.

The intrepid Paul, attended by Domingo, went from the one cottage to the other, notwithstanding the raging of the elements, here securing a wall by a cross-beam, and there by driving in a stake; he went in only now and then, to comfort the family with the hope of a speedy return of fine weather.

In reality, towards evening the rain ceased; the trade-wind from the south-east resumed its usual current; the stormy clouds were driven to the north-west, and the setting sun appeared in the horizon.

The first wish which Virginia expressed, was to revisit the place of her repose: Paul approached her with a timid air, and offered her his arm to assist her in walking thither.

She accepted it with a smile, and they set out together from the cottage; the air was cool and sonorous: clouds of white smoke arose on the ridges of the mountains, furrowed here and there by the foam of the torrents, which were now drying up on every side.

As for the garden, it was entirely destroyed by deep gutters; most of the fruit trees were torn up by the roots; immense heaps of sand covered the stripes of meadow-ground and completely choked up Virginia's bath: the two cocoa-trees however were still standing, and in full verdure: the bowers and the grassy turfs were no more, and the ear was no longer charmed with the warbling of the birds, except a few bengalis on the summit of the neighbouring rocks, which deplored with plaintive notes the loss of their young.

At sight of this desolation, Virginia said to Paul, ' You brought the birds hither, and the hurricane has

destroyed them; you planted this garden, and it is now no more; every thing on earth perishes; Heaven alone is unchangeable.'

Paul replied, 'Oh! then, that it were in my power to bestow some gift of Heaven upon you! but alas! I possess nothing now, even on the earth.'

Virginia with a blush, returned: 'You have certainly the portrait of St. Paul, that you can call your own.'

Scarcely had she pronounced these words, than Paul flew to his mother's cottage to seek for it.

The portrait was a small miniature, representing Paul the hermit.

Margaret regarded it with singular devotion: while a girl she continually wore it round her own neck; but when she became a mother, she suspended it round the neck of her child.

It happened that when pregnant of him, and abandoned by all the world, from merely contemplating the image of this blessed recluse, the fruit of her womb contracted a strong resemblance to it: this determined her to bestow the same name on him; and likewise to give him for a patron, a Saint who had passed his life far from man, by whom he had been first abused and then deserted.

Virginia on receiving this small portrait from the hands of Paul, said, with much emotion: 'My brother, while I live this shall never be taken from me, and I shall always remember that you gave me the only possession you had in the world.'

On hearing those tones of cordiality, on this unexpected return of familiarity and tenderness, Paul was going to clasp her in his arms; but as nimbly as a bird she sprang away, leaving him quite confounded, and totally unable to account for a conduct so extraordinary.

Meanwhile Margaret said to Madame de la Tour, 'Why should we not marry our children? Their passion for each other is extreme; my son, indeed, is not yet sen-

sible of it; but when nature shall have begun to speak to him, to no purpose will we employ all our vigilance over them; every thing is to be feared.'

Madame de la Tour, returned: 'They are too young, and too poor: what anxiety would it cost us should Virginia bring into the world unhappy children, whom perhaps she would not have strength to rear.'

'Domingo is very much broken; Mary is infirm; I myself, my dear friend, for these last fourteen years feel my health very much impaired.'

'A person soon grows old in these hot countries, especially when that period is so greatly accelerated by sorrow. Paul is our only hope; let us wait till age has strengthened his constitution, and till he is able to support us by the labour of his hands. At present you well know we have hardly any thing more than a scanty supply from day to day.'

'But if we send Paul to India for a short space of time, commerce will supply him with the means of purchasing some slaves. On his return hither we will marry him to Virginia; for I am well assured that no one can make my beloved daughter so happy as your son Paul.'

Let us mention the matter to our neighbour.'

'These ladies accordingly consulted me, and I approved of their plan.'

'The seas of India are delightful,' said I to them; 'if we chuse a favourable season for going from hence to that country, the voyage outward is but six weeks at most, and as long to return; we will make up a small assortment of goods for Paul; for I have some neighbours who are very fond of him; were we but to provide him with a parcel of raw cotton, of which we can here make no use for want of mills to dress it; some ebony wood which is so common here that we use it for fuel; and several sorts of rosin, which go to waste in these woods; all of those commodities will find a market in India, though they are of no value at all here.'

I took upon myself the charge of M. de la Bourdonaye permission for this embarkation; but I thought it necessary, before-hand, to open the business to Paul.

How was I astonished however when that young man said to me, with a good sense far above his years: 'Why would you have me quit my family for a visionary project of fortune? Can there be a more advantageous commerce in the world than the cultivation of a field, which sometimes yields fifty and a hundred fold?

'If we wish to engage in trade, can we not do so by carrying our superfluities from hence to the city, without the necessity of my rambling to the Indies? Our parents tell me that Domingo is old and worn out; but I am young, and daily acquiring fresh vigour. What if any accident should befall them during my absence, more especially to Virginia, who even now suffers very severely? Ah! no! no! I can never bring myself to the resolution of quitting them.'

His answer greatly embarrassed me; for Madame de la Tour had not concealed from me Virginia's condition, and the desire which she herself had of deferring their union till they were of a more mature age, by separating them from each other.

I durst not as much as hint to Paul that such were her motives.

Whilst these transactions were going on, a vessel newly arrived from France brought a letter to Madame de la Tour from her aunt.

The fear of death, without which obdurate hearts would never soften, had appalled her.

She had just recovered from a dangerous disorder, which produced a deep melancholy, and which age rendered incurable.

She requested her niece to return to France: or if the state of her health were such as to prevent her taking so long a voyage, she enjoined her to send Virginia thither, on whom she intended to bestow a good education, a place

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at court, and a bequest of all her possessions; the return of her favour, she added, depended entirely on compliance with these injunctions.

No sooner had this letter been read than it spread universal consternation in the family; Domingo and Mary began to weep; Paul, motionless with astonishment, seemed ready to burst with rage; Virginia, her eyes stedfastly fixed on her mother, dared not to utter a syllable. "Can you bring yourself to the resolution of quitting us?" said Margaret to Madame de la Tour. "No, my friend, no, my children," replied Madame de la Tour; "I will never leave you; with you I have lived, and with you I mean to die; I never knew what happiness was till I experienced your friendship; if my health is impaired, ancient sorrows are the cause; my heart has been pierced by the harshness of my relations, and by the loss of my beloved husband: but since that period I have enjoyed more consolation and felicity with you, in these poor cottages, than ever the riches of my family gave me reason to expect, even in my native country." At these words tears of joy bedewed the cheeks of the whole household. Paul, folding Madame de la Tour in his arms, exclaimed, "And I will never, never quit you, nor go from hence to the Indies; you shall experience no want, my dear mother, as long as we are able to work for you."

Of all the society, however, the person who testified the least joy, and who nevertheless felt it the most, was Virginia. A gentle cheerfulness appeared in her the remainder of the day, and the return of her tranquillity redoubled the general satisfaction. Next morning, at sunrise, as they were offering up their accustomed matin prayer which preceded breakfast, Domingo informed them that a gentleman on horseback was approaching the plantation, followed by two slaves. It was M. de la Bourdonaye. He entered the cottage where the whole family were at table; Virginia was serving up, according to the custom of the country, coffee and boiled rice; there were

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

likewise hot potatoes and fresh bananas; the only dishes which they had were the halves of a gourd, and all their table linen consisted of the leaves of the plaintain.

The governor at first expressed some surprise at the meanness of their dwelling; then, addressing himself to Madame de la Tour, he said, that his public situation sometimes prevented him from paying attention to individuals, but that she, however, had a title to claim his more immediate regard. "You have, madam," added he, "an aunt at Paris, a lady of quality, and very rich, who designs to bestow her fortune upon you, but at the same time expects that you will attend her." Madame de la Tour replied, that her unsettled state of health would not permit her to undertake so long a voyage. "Surely then," cried M. de la Bourdonaye, "you cannot, without injustice, deprive your young and beautiful daughter of so great an inheritance; I will not conceal from you that your aunt has employed authority to secure your daughter's compliance with her wish. The minister has written to me on the subject, authorizing me, if necessary, to exercise the hand of power; but my only aim in employing that, is to promote the happiness of the inhabitants of this colony; I expect therefore that you will with cheerfulness submit to the sacrifice of a few years, on which depend the establishment of your daughter, and your own welfare for the remainder of life. For what purpose do people resort to these islands? Is it not in the view of making a fortune? Surely, however, it is far more agreeable to return and obtain one in our native country."

As he said these words, he placed upon the table a large bag of piastres, which one of his slaves had brought. "This," added he, "is what your aunt has remitted to make the necessary preparations for the voyage of the young lady your daughter." He then concluded with gently reproaching Madame de la Tour for not having applied to him in her necessities, at the same time applauding the noble firmness which she had displayed.

Paul upon this broke silence, and thus addressed the governor: "Sir, my mother did apply to you, and your reception was unkind to the last degree." "Have you then another child?" said M. de la Bourdonaye to Madame de la Tour. "No, sir," replied she, "this is the son of my friend, but he and Virginia are our common property, and equally beloved by both." "Young man," said the Governor, addressing himself to Paul, "when you shall have acquired experience of the world, you will learn to what distresses people in place are exposed; you will discover how easy it is to prejudice them, and how often intriguing vice obtains from them what, in justice, should be bestowed on concealed merit." M. de la Bourdonaye, on the invitation of Madame de la Tour, seated himself by her at the table; he breakfasted, as the Creoles do, upon coffee mixed with boiled rice: he was charmed with the order and neatness of the little cottage, with the union of the two happy families, and even with the zeal of their old domestics. "Here," said he, "is no furniture but what the woods supply, but I see countenances serene, and hearts of gold."

Paul, delighted with the familiarity of the new governor, said to him, "I desire your friendship, for you are an honest man." M. de la Bourdonaye received this mark of insular cordiality with pleasure; he embraced Paul, and pressing him by the hand, assured him that he might rely upon his friendship. After breakfast he took Madame de la Tour apart, and informed her that a favourable opportunity offered of sending her daughter into France, by means of a vessel on the point of sailing, and that he would recommend her to the care of a lady, a relation of his own, who was going passenger in it; representing, at the same time, that it would be very wrong to sacrifice the prospect of an immense fortune to the pleasure of her daughter's company for a few years. "Your aunt" added he, as he was departing, "cannot hold out more than two years longer; her friends have assured me of it con-

sider the matter therefore seriously, I pray you, consult your own mind; surely every person of common sense must be of my opinion." Madame de la Tour replied; "As I desire nothing henceforward but the welfare of my daughter, the voyage to France shall be left entirely to her own disposal." Madame de la Tour was not sorry at finding an opportunity of separating Paul and Virginia for a short time, but it was only in the view of securing their mutual happiness at a future period. She accordingly took her daughter aside, and said to her: "My dear child, our domestics are growing old; Paul is still very young; age is stealing upon Margaret, and I myself am already infirm: should I happen to die, what will become of you in the midst of these deserts? You will be left entirely alone with no person to assist you, and you will be obliged to procure yourself a livelihood by labouring incessantly in the ground, like a hireling; such an idea overwhelms me with grief." Virginia thus replied: "God has doomed us to labour; you have taught me how to work, and to offer up daily thanksgiving to him; hitherto he has not abandoned us, nor will he abandon us now; his providence watches with peculiar care over the unhappy, you have told me so a thousand times, my dear mother! Oh, I shall never have resolution to quit you." Madame de la Tour, much affected, returned; "I have no other intention than that of rendering you happy, and of uniting you one day to Paul, who is not your brother; consider likewise that his fortune now depends entirely on you."

A young girl in love thinks that every one is ignorant of it; she spreads the same veil over her eyes which she wears on her heart; but when it is removed by the hand of a beloved friend, immediately the secret torments of her love transpire, as through an open barrier, and the gentle expansions of confidence succeed to the mysterious reserve in which she had enveloped herself.

Virginia, sensibly alive to the new testimonies of her mother's kindness, freely related the many struggles which

she had experienced within herself, and of which God alone had been the witness; that she perceived the hand of his providence in the consolation administered by a tender mother, who approved of her inclination, and who would direct her by wholesome counsel; and that now, resting entirely on her support, every thing operated as an inducement to remain where she was, without uneasiness for the present, or anxiety for the future.

Madame de la Tour, perceiving that her confidence had produced an effect entirely different from what she had expected, said to her, "My dear child, I have no wish to constrain your inclinations; consider the matter at your leisure; but conceal your love from Paul: when the heart of a young woman is gained, her lover has nothing more to ask of her."

Toward the evening, while she was alone with Virginia, a tall man dressed in a blue cassock came in. He was an ecclesiastic missionary of the island, and confessor to Madame de la Tour and Virginia, and had been sent thither by the governor.

"My children" said he, as he entered, "there is wealth in store for you, now, thanks to heaven! You have at length the means of gratifying your benevolent feelings, by administering assistance to the wretched. I well know what the governor has said to you, and also your reply. My good madam, the state of your health obliges you to remain here; but as for you, young lady, you have no excuse. We must obey the will of providence, in respect of our aged relations, however unjust they have been to us. It is a sacrifice, I grant, but it is the command of the Almighty. He devoted himself, for us, and it is our duty to devote ourselves for the welfare of our kindred. Your voyage into France will finally come to a happy issue: can you possibly, my dear child, have any objection to go thither?"

Virginia, with her eyes cast down, and trembling as she spake, replied: "If it is the command of God that I should

go I have nothing to say against it; the will of God be done,' said she, bursting into tears.

The missionary took his departure, and gave the governor an account of the success of his embassy. Madame de la Tour however sent a message to me by Domingo, intreating me to come over, and consult about Virginia's departure. It was my firm opinion that she ought not to be permitted to go. I maintain, as infallible principles of happiness, that the advantages of nature ought always to be preferred before those of fortune; and that we should never seek from abroad those blessings which we can find at home. I extend these maxims to all cases, without a single exception.

But of what avail could my moderate counsels prove, against the illusions of an immense fortune, and my natural reason against the prejudices of the world, and against an authority held sacred by Madame de la Tour.

This lady consulted me only out of politeness, for she no longer deliberated in her own mind after the decision of her confessor. Even Margaret, who, in spite of the advantages which she thought her son might derive from Virginia's fortune, had warmly opposed her departure, no longer made any objections.

As for Paul, entirely ignorant of the resolutions which might be formed, and alarmed at the secret conversations of Madame de la Tour and her daughter, he abandoned himself to a gloomy sadness: 'surely,' said he, 'they are contriving some mischief against me, from the mysteriousness of their conduct toward me.'

A report meanwhile being soon circulated in the island, that fortune had visited these solitudes, merchants of every description might be seen scrambling up hither: they displayed, amidst these poor cottages, the richest stuffs of India; the superfine dimities of Goudelour; the handkerchiefs of Poulicat and Mazulipatam, the muslins of Decca, plains, striped, embroidered, and transparent as the day; the baftas of Surat, so beautifully white, also chintzes of

all colors, and of the rarest sort, with a sable ground and green sprigs. They unrolled the magnificent silks of China; lampas pinked into transparency; satiny-white damasks, some of a meadow-green, others of a dazzling red; rose-colored taffetas, satins in whole bales, pekins soft as wool, white and yellow nankeens, and even the stuffs of Madagascar.

Madame de la Tour gave her daughter permission to purchase whatever pleased her, carefully examining however the quality of the goods and their prices, lest the merchants should impose upon her.

Virginia made choice of what she thought would be agreeable to her mother, to Margaret, and to Paul. 'This,' said she, 'will be useful for furniture, that for Domingo and Mary.' In short, the bag of piastres was expended before she thought of her own wants. It became necessary to cull her portion out of the presents which she had distributed among the household.

Paul, overwhelmed with sorrow at the sight of these gifts of fortune, which presaged the departure of Virginia, came to my house a few days afterwards; he said to me with a melancholy air: 'my sister is going to leave us; preparations are already made for her departure. Come over to our habitation I entreat you, and make use of your influence on the minds of her mother and of mine.'

I accordingly yielded to his importunity, though well assured that my representations would be ineffectual.

If Virginia had appeared beautiful to me in her dress of blue Bengal cloth, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, how was she improved when I saw her habited like the ladies of this country! She was dressed in white muslin, lined with rose-colored taffeta: her stays displayed her elegant and majestic shape to great advantage; and her beautiful flaxen hair, in long double tresses, adorned her virgin head; her fine blue eyes had assumed a cast of melancholy, and the agitation which her heart endured, by struggling with a smothered passion, gave a glowing

tint to her complexion, and tones full of emotion to her voice. The very contrast of her elegant dress, which she seemed to wear against her will, rendered her languor still more affecting. No one could see or hear her without being moved.

Paul's sadness was increased by it. Margaret, afflicted at her son's situation, took him apart, and thus addressed him.

'Why, my son, do you feed yourself with false hopes, which only serve to render the disappointment of them more bitter? It is now time to disclose to you the secret of your life, and of my own.

'Mademoiselle de la Tour is related by her mother's side to a person of immense wealth, and of high rank. As to yourself, you are only the son of a poor low-born woman; and, what is still worse, you are a bastard.'

The word bastard greatly surprized Paul; he had never heard it made use of before, and he asked his mother the meaning of it: she replied, 'you had no legitimate father when I was a girl, love betrayed me into a folly, of which you are the fruit. My frailty deprived you of the family of your father, and my repentance that of your mother. Unfortunate boy! I am the only relation you have in the world.' She concluded by bursting into a flood of tears. Paul, folding her in his arms, exclaimed: 'alas, my mother, since I have no other relation but you, I will love you still the more: but what a secret have you just divulged to me! I now plainly perceive the reason why Mademoiselle de la Tour has for these two months shunned me, and which has at length determined her to take her departure. Alas! without doubt she despises me!'

However, the hour of supper came; each of the guests took a place at table, agitated with different passions; they ate little, and did not utter a single syllable.

Virginia retired first, and came and seated herself on the spot where we now are. Paul soon followed, and placed himself by her side: a profound silence ensued for some time.

It was one of those delightful nights, so common between the tropics, and whose beauty baffles all description. The moon appeared in the middle of the firmament, enveloped with a cloudy curtain, which was gradually dissipated by her rays. Her light insensibly diffused itself over the mountains of the island, and over their peaks, which glittered with a silvery verdure. Not a breath of wind was to be heard.

In the woods at the bottom of the valley, and at the top of these rocks, the soft warblings and gentle murmurings of the birds, which were caressing each other in their nests, delighted with the beauty of the night, and the tranquillity of the air, stole on the ear. All, even to the very insects, were humming along the grass; the stars, twinkling in the heavens, reflected their trembling images on the surface of the ocean.

As Virginia was surveying with wandering eyes, the vast and gloomy horizon, distinguishable from the shores of the island by the red fires of the fishermen, she perceived at the entrance of the port, a light fixed to a large dark body; it was the lanthorn on the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe, and which, ready to set sail, only lay at anchor till the breeze should spring up. At this sight she was so deeply affected that she turned her head aside, lest Paul should perceive her tears.

Madame de la Tour, Margaret and I, were seated a few paces from them, under the shade of the banana trees; and, owing to the stillness of the night, we distinctly heard their conversation, which I shall never forget.

Paul said to her: 'I understand, madam, that you are to take your departure hence in three days: have you no apprehension at the thought of exposing yourself to the dangers of the sea; the sea at which you used to be so terrified?'

'It is my duty you know,' replied Virginia, 'to obey the commands of my relations.'

'You are going then,' said Paul, 'to quit our society for

a female relation who lives far from hence, and whom you have never seen !'

'Alas!' returned Virginia, 'had I been permitted to follow my own inclination I should have remained here all the days of my life; but my mother is of a contrary opinion, and my confessor said it is the will of God that I should depart; that life is a state of probation: Alas! how severe that probation is.'

'How,' replied Paul, 'so many reasons to determine thee to leave us, and not one to induce thee to remain! Ah! of the former there is still one which you have not mentioned: the attractions which wealth holds out are powerful. You will soon find, in a world entirely new to you, another person on whom to bestow the name of brother, by which you now no longer address me: you will find this brother among your equals, and such as have riches and high birth, which I can never offer you. But whither can you go to be more happy than where you are? On what land can you set your foot dearer to you than that which gave you being? Where can you find a society more amiable than that one of which you are entirely beloved? How can you exist without the carcases of your mother, to whom you have been so long accustomed? What will become of your mother herself, already far advanced in life, when she no longer sees you by her side, at table, in the house, and in her walks, where you used to be her support? To what a state will my parent be reduced, who is as fondly attached to you as your own? What can I say to give them consolation, when I see them mourning your absence? Cruel girl! I say nothing of myself; but, what shall become of me, when in the morning I no longer enjoy your company, and when night comes on, without bringing us together again, and when I shall behold these palm-trees, planted at our birth, and which so long have been the witnesses of our mutual affection. Ah! since a new destiny attracts you; since you will seek other countries far from the spot where you was

born, and other possessions than those which the labor of my hands has procured for you, allow me to accompany you in your voyage; I will encourage you during those tempests which caused such apprehensions in you while on shore. Thy head shall repose upon my bosom; I will clasp thee to my breast; and in France, whither thou art going in quest of fortune and of greatness, I will follow thee as thy slave; in the palaces where I shall behold thee served and adored, I will rejoice at thy happiness, even then I shall be rich enough to offer thee the greatest of sacrifices, by dying at thy feet.'

His voice was entirely stifled with sobbing; we presently heard that of Virginia, who addressed him in these words, frequently interrupted by sighs.

'It is for thy sake that I go away—for thee, whom I have daily seen bowed down to the ground, laboring to support two infirm families. If I have embraced this opportunity of acquiring wealth, it is only to return a thousand fold the good which thou hast done to us all. Can there be a fortune worthy of thy friendship? Why mention thy birth to me? Ah! were it even possible that another brother should be offered to me, could I choose any but thee? Oh! Paul! Paul! thou art far dearer to me than a brother. What a struggle hath it cost me to keep thee at a distance! I even wished thee to assist me in separating me from myself, till Heaven could bless our union. But now, I remain! I depart! I live! I die! Do what thou wilt with me; Oh, irresolute girl that I am! I had fortitude to repel thy caresses, but thy sorrow quite overpowers me.'

At these words Paul took her in his arms, and holding her closely embraced, exclaimed with a terrible voice: 'I am resolved to go with her, nor can any thing shake my resolution.'

We immediately flew toward him, and Madame de la Tour addressed him in these words:—

'My son, should you go away what is to become of us?'

He repeated these words shuddering: 'my son, my son!—

λ 'Dost thou,' cried he, 'act the part of a mother, thou, who separatest brother and sister? We both were nourished by thy milk: we both were nursed upon thy knees; from thee too we learnt to love each other; we have said so to each other a thousand times; yet now you are going to remove her from me; you are not only sending her to Europe, that barbarous country which denied yourself shelter, but even to those cruel relations who abandoned you. You may say to me, you have no authority over her, she is not your sister: yes, she is every thing to me, my riches, my family, my birth, my all; I know no other blessing; we were brought up under the same roof, we reposed in the same cradle, and the same grave shall contain us. If she goes, I am resolved to follow. The Governor will prevent me! Can he prevent me from throwing myself into the sea? I will swim after her; the sea cannot be more fatal to me than the dry land. As I cannot live near her, I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying before her eyes, far, far from thee. Barbarous mother! pitiless woman! Oh, may that ocean, to the perils of which thou art going to expose her, never give her back to thy arms! May these billows bear my body back to thee, and casting it, together with her's, on this rocky shore, cause an eternal melancholy to settle on thee, by presenting to thy view the unhappy fate of thy two children.'

While he spake I seized him in my arms, for I perceived that despair had overpowered his reason: his eyes sparkled; large drops of sweat ran down his inflamed countenance; his knees trembled, and I felt his heart beat with redoubled violence in his burning bosom.

Virginia, terrified, said to him: 'Oh, my friend, I swear by the pleasures of our early age, by thy misfortunes and my own, and by all that ever could unite two unfortunate wretches, that if I remain here I will only live for

thee; and if I depart I will one day return to be thine. I call you to witness all ye who have watched over my infant steps; you who have the disposal of my life, any who now behold the tears which I shed: I swear it, by high Heaven, which now hears me; by that ocean which I am going to brave: by the air which I breathe, and which hitherto I have never polluted with a falsehood.'

As the heat of the sun dissolves and precipitates an icy rock from the summit of the Apennines, so did the impetuous rage of this young man subside at the voice of the beloved object. His lofty head drooped down, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes. His mother, mingling her own tears with his, held him locked in her arms, without the power of utterance. Madame de la Tour, quite distracted, said to me: 'I can contain myself no longer: my soul is torn with contending passions. This unfortunate voyage shall not take place. Do, my dear neighbour, endeavour to persuade my son to accompany you homewards: eight days have elapsed since any of us have enjoyed a single moment of sleep.'

I accordingly said to Paul: 'My good friend, your sister shall remain with us; to-morrow we will mention the matter to the Governor; meanwhile leave your family to repose, and come and pass the night at my habitation.'

It is late, it is midnight: the cross of the south is directly over the horizon.'

He allowed me to conduct him in silence. After a very restless night he rose at day-break, and returned to his own home.

But wherefore should I continue the recital of this melancholy story to you any longer? There is only one agreeable side to contemplate in human life. Like the globe on which we revolve, our rapid career is only that of a day, and part of that day cannot receive illumination till the other be involved with darkness.

'Father,' said I to him, 'I must entreat you to finish

the account of what you have begun in a manner so affecting.'

Images of happiness delight the fancy, but the recital of misfortunes conveys instruction to the mind. I am anxious to learn what become of the unfortunate Paul.

The first object which struck Paul, on his return to the plantation, was the negress Mary, who, mounted on a rock, had her eyes stedfastly fixed on the main ocean.

The moment that Paul perceived her, he exclaimed, 'Where is Virginia?'

Mary turned her head toward her young master, and burst into tears.

Paul, in delirium, turned round, and flew to the port.

He there learned that Virginia had embarked at day-break, that the vessel had set sail immediately, and was now no longer in sight.

He directed his steps back to his place of habitation, and walked up and down in profound silence.

Although this enclosure of rocks appears almost perpendicular behind us, those green flats which sub-divide their heights, are so many stages, by which you arrive, by means of some intricate paths, at the foot of that inclining and inaccessible cone of rocks, which is called the Thumb.

At the bottom of this rock is an esplanade, covered with great trees, but so lofty and so steep, that they appear like a large forest in the air, surrounded with fearful precipices.

The clouds which the summit of the 'Thumb' attracts continually around it, incessantly feed several cascades of water, which are precipitated to such a depth into the bottom of the valley, which is situate at the back of this mountain, that when you are at its top you no longer hear the noise of their fall.

From this place a great part of the island is perceptible, as well as the peaks of several of its mountains; among others, those of Piterboth, and of the Three Paps,

and their valleys covered with forests; then the open sea, and the Island of Bourbon, which is forty leagues to the westward.

From this elevation Paul perceived the vessel which bore away Virginia.

He described it at more than ten leagues distance, like a black speck in the middle of the vast ocean.

He spent a considerable part of the day in contemplating it, and though it had actually disappeared from his sight, he still imagined that he perceived it; and when he had entirely lost it in the thick vapour of the horizon, he seated himself in this desolate spot, which is always agitated by the winds which blow incessantly on the tops of the palm-trees, and of the tatamaques.

Their loud and hollow murmurs resemble the deep tones of an organ, and inspire a profound melancholy.

There I found Paul, his head leaning against the rock, and his eyes rivetted to the ground. I had been seeking him since sun-rise, and it was with much difficulty that I could prevail on him to descend, and re-visit his family.

At length, however, I brought him back to his habitation; but the moment he cast his eyes on Madame de la Tour, he began to reproach her bitterly for having so cruelly deceived him.

She informed us, that a breeze having sprung up about three in the morning, and the vessel being in full trim to depart, the Governor, attended by his principal officers and the missionary, came with a palanquin to carry off Virginia; and in spite of her expostulations, her tears, and those of Margaret, all of them exclaiming that it was for their interest they had hurried away her daughter, who was almost expiring.

‘Alas!’ exclaimed Paul, ‘if I had only enjoyed the satisfaction of bidding her farewell, I should now have been happy.’

‘I would have said to her; Virginia, if during the time that we have lived together, I have made use of any one

word which may have given you offence, tell me that I have your forgiveness, before we part for ever.

‘I would have said; since fate has decreed an eternal separation, adieu my dear Virginia, adieu; may you live, far from hence, contented and happy.’

Perceiving Madam de la Tour and his mother weeping: ‘Go,’ said he to them, ‘go, and seek some other hand than mine to wipe away your tears.’

He then hastened from them, sighing deeply, and wandered up and down through the plantation.

He went over all those places which had been the most favourite retreats of Virginia.

He said to her goats, and to the kids, which followed him bleating; ‘What do you ask of me? Alas! you will never more see in my company the person whose hand used to feed you.’

He then wandered to Virginia’s Rest, and at sight of the birds which fluttered around him, he exclaimed: ‘Unhappy songsters! No longer will you fly to meet her from whom you received your nourishment.’

Perceiving Fiddle following the scent up and down, and ranging round, he sighed, and said to him, ‘Alas thou wilt never find her more!’

At length he went and seated himself on the rock where he had spoken to her the evening before; and at sight of the sea where he had perceived the vessel disappear, he wept bitterly.

We followed him however step by step, fearing lest the agitation of his mind should take some fatal turn.

His mother and Madame de la Tour entreated him, by the most tender appellations, not to aggravate their affliction by his despair.

At length the latter calmed him in some degree, by lavishing upon him the names which were most calculated to revive his hopes.

She called him her son, her dear son, her son-in-law

the only person on whom she intended to bestow her daughter.

She at length persuaded him to return to the house and take some nourishment.

He seated himself at the table with us, near the spot where the companion of his infancy used to place herself; and as if she had still occupied it, he addressed himself to her, and tendered that food which he knew was most agreeable to her; but, perceiving his error, he burst into tears.

For some days following he collected every thing which she was accustomed to keep for her particular use; the last nosegay which she had worn, and a cup made of the cocoa-nut out of which she usually drank: and as if these reliques of his friend had been the most precious treasures in the world, he kissed them, and put them in his bosom.

The ambergris does not shed so sweet a perfume as those things which have been touched by a beloved object.

But Paul at length perceiving that his dejection only augmented that of his mother, and of Madame de la Tour, and likewise observing that the necessities of the family called for continual labour, he began with Domingo's help to repair the garden.

In a short time this young man, before as indifferent as a Creole about what was passing in the world, entreated me to teach him to read and write, that he might be able to keep up a correspondence with Virginia.

He afterwards seemed eager to be instructed in geography, in order to form an idea of the country whither she was steering; and in history, that he might learn what were the manners of the people among whom she was going to live.

Thus did he attain to perfection in agriculture, and in the art of disposing in order the most irregular spot of ground, merely by the sentiment of love.

Doubtless, it is to the delights of this ardent and rest-

less passion, that men must ascribe the origin of the generality of arts and sciences; and it is from its privations, that the philosophy derives its birth, which teaches us to console ourselves for every loss. Thus nature, having made love the bond of union to all created beings, has rendered it the grand moving principle of society, and the principal source of our illuminations and of our pleasures.

Paul did not greatly relish the study of geography, which, instead of unfolding the nature of each country, only presents its political divisions.

History, and especially modern history, did not interest him much more. It only presented to his mind general and periodical misfortunes, the reason of which it was impossible for him to penetrate; wars without a cause, and with no object in view; contemptible intrigues; nations destitute of character, and sovereigns without a principle of humanity.

He even preferred to such reading, that of romance, which having only in view the feelings and the interests of man, sometimes displayed situations similar to his own.

Accordingly, no book delighted him so much as *Telmachus*, from the pictures which it delineates of a country life, and of the passions which are natural to the human heart.

He read to his mother, and to Madame de la Tour, those passages which affected him the most: at times mournful recollections striking his mind, he lost the power of utterance, and tears gushed from his eyes.

He thought he could trace the dignity and the wisdom of Antiope, together with the misfortunes and the tenderness of Eucharis in his beloved Virginia.

On the other hand, he was quite shocked at reading our fashionable romances, so full of licentious maxims and manners; and when he understood that these romances displayed a real picture of European nations, he feared,

and not without reason, that Virginia might be there corrupted, and cast him from her remembrance.

In truth near two years had elapsed before Madame de Tour heard any intelligence of her aunt, or of her daughter. she had only been informed by the report of a stranger that the latter had arrived safely in France.

At length however she received, by a vessel on her way to India, a packet, together with a letter in Virginia's own hand writing; and, notwithstanding the circumstance of her amiable and gentle daughter, she apprehended her to be very unhappy.

This letter so well depicted her situation and her character, that I have retained it in my memory almost word for word:

' My dear and much-loved Mother,

' I have already written to you several letters, in my own hand; but as I have received no answer, I must suspect that they have never reached you. I hope this will be more fortunate, both from the precaution which I have taken to send you news of myself, and to receive your's in return.

' Many tears have I shed since our separation, I who scarcely ever before wept, except at the misfortunes of another.

' On my arrival, my grand-aunt was much surprised when on questioning me concerning my attainments, I informed her that I could neither read nor write.

' She asked me what I had been doing then since I came into the world; and when I told her that my whole study had been the care of a family, and obedience to you, she replied, that I had received the education of a menial servant.

' The day following, she placed me as a boarder in a large convent near Paris, where I had masters of every description; among other things, they instructed me in

history, in geography, in grammar, in mathematics, and in horsemanship; but my inclination for all these sciences was so faint, that I profited very little by the lessons of the gentlemen who taught them.

‘ I feel that I am a poor creature, and of little spirit, as they interpret the word here.

‘ My aunt’s kindness, however, does not diminish: she is continually giving me new dresses, according to the season: I have two women to attend me, who are habited as elegantly as ladies of quality.

‘ She has likewise made me assume the title of Countess, but has obliged me to relinquish the name of La Tour, which was as dear to me as to yourself, from the troubles which you have told me my poor father underwent, to obtain you in marriage.

‘ She has substituted your family name in its place, which I likewise esteem, because it was your’s when a girl.

‘ As she has raised me to a situation so exalted, I entreated her to send you some supply: How can I repeat her answer?

‘ You, however, have always commanded me to speak the truth; this then was her reply; that a small matter would be of no use to you, and that, in the simple style of life which you lead, a great deal would only embarrass you.

‘ At first I attempted to communicate to you tidings of my situation, by the hand of another, as I was incapable of writing myself; but not being able to find, since my arrival here, a single person on whose fidelity I could rely, I applied myself night and day to the means of learning how to read and write; and by the assistance of Heaven, I accomplished this in a very little time.

‘ I entrusted the ladies who attend me with the dispatch of my former letters, but I have reason to suspect that they delivered them to my grand-aunt.

‘ On the present occasion, I have had recourse to one

of my friends, who is a fellow-boarder; and under her address, which I have subjoined, I must beg you to convey an answer.

‘ My grand-aunt has prohibited all foreign correspondence, which might, as she alleges, oppose insurmountable obstacles to the splendid views which she entertains with regard to me. The only person, beside herself, who visits me at the grate, is an old nobleman of her acquaintance, who she informs me has taken a great liking to my person. To say truth, I have not the least for him, even were it possible I should conceive a partiality for any one whatever.

I live in the midst of gaudy wealth, and have not the disposal of a single farthing.

‘ They tell me that if I had the command of money, it might lead to dangerous consequences. My very gowns are the property of my waiting-women, who are disputing which shall have them even before I have left them off myself.

‘ In the very bosom of riches, I am much poorer than when I was with you, for I have nothing to give away.

‘ When I found that the many magnificent accomplishments which I was destined to acquire, were not to procure me the power of doing the smallest good, I had recourse to my needle, in the use of which, by good fortune, you had instructed me. I accordingly send you some pairs of stockings, of my own manufacture, for yourself, and my mamma Margaret; a cap for Domingo, and one of my red handkerchiefs for Mary: I enclose you, likewise, in this paquet, the kernels of the fruits of which our deserts are composed, together with the seeds of all kinds of trees, which I gathered during my hours of recreation in the garden of the convent. To these I also add the seeds of the violet, the daisy, the butter-flower, the poppy, the blue bottle, and the scabious, which I have picked up in the fields.

‘ In the meadows of this country, the flowers are far

more beautiful than in ours, but no one pays any regard to them. I am very well assured, that you and my mamma Margaret will be much better pleased with this bag of seeds, than with the bag of piastres which was the cause of our separation, and of the tears which I have since shed.

‘ I shall feel the greatest pleasure, if one day you have the satisfaction of seeing apple-trees growing beside our bananas, and beech-trees mixing their foliage with that of the cocoas: you will fancy yourself in Normandy again, which you still love so much.

‘ You enjoin me to communicate to you my joy and my sorrows; joy I can never experience when at a distance from you; and as for my sorrows, I soothe them by reflecting that I am in a situation where you thought proper to place me, in obedience to the will of Heaven.

‘ My most cruel mortification is, that not a single person here mentions your name to me, and that I am not allowed to talk of you to any one.

‘ My waiting-women, or rather those of my grand-aunt, for they are her’s more than mine, tell me, when I attempt to converse about those objects which are so dear to me: Madam, remember that you are now a Frenchwoman, and that you must forget the country of savages.

‘ Ah! I shall sooner forget myself than forget the place where I was born, and where you still live! It is the country where I am, which to me is the country of savages, for I live alone, without a single person to whom I can communicate that love for you which I shall carry with me to the grave.

Dear and much-loved mother, I remain your obedient and affectionate daughter,

‘ VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR.

‘ I recommend to your kindest regards Mary and Domingo, who took such care of my infancy: stroke Fidèle for me, who found me again when I was lost in the woods.’

Paul was much surprized that Virginia had not made the least mention of him; she who had not even forgot the house-dog: he was entirely ignorant that he the letter of a female as long as it may, the fondest idea always comes in last.

In a postscript Virginia particularly recommended to Paul two kinds of seeds, those of the violet and of the scabious.

She gave him some information respecting the characters of these plants, and about the places in which it was most proper to sow them.

The violet, she told him, produced a small flower of a deep purple hue, which delights to hide itself under the bushes, but is soon discovered by its delicious perfume. She desired him to plant it on the brink of the fountain, at the foot of her cocoa-tree. 'The scabious,' added she, 'bears a pretty flower of a pale blue, and its bottom is black, interspersed with white spots. One would think it to be in mourning; it is likewise for this very reason called the widow's flower. It flourishes best in places rugged and agitated by the winds.' She requested him to sow it on the rock where she had talked with him by night, for the last time, and to give that rock, for her sake, the name of 'Rock Farewel.'

She had inclosed these seeds in a little purse, the embroidery of which was very simple, but which appeared inestimable to Paul, when he perceived a P and a V interwoven in it, and formed of hair, which he knew from its beauty to be that of Virginia.

The letter of this sensible and virtuous young lady drew tears from the whole family.

Her mother replied in the name of the rest, desiring her either to remain or return as she thought best, but assuring her that they had all lost the greatest portion of their happiness since her departure, and that for herself in particular she was quite inconsolable.

Paul wrote her a very long letter, in which he assured

her that he would render the garden worthy to receive her; and in like manner as she had interwoven their names in her purse, so would he mingle the plants of Europe with those of Africa.

He sent her some of the fruit of the cocoa-trees of her fountain, which had now arrived to perfect maturity. He added, that he would not send her any of the other seeds of the island, that the desire of seeing its productions once more might determine her to return thither immediately. He importuned her to do this without delay, and thus gratify the ardent wishes of their family, and his own more particularly, as henceforward he could taste no joy at a distance from her.

Paul planted with the greatest care those European grains, and above all, those of the violet and of the scabious, the flowers of which seemed to have some analogy with the character and the situation of Virginia, who had so particularly recommended them to him: but whether they had been corrupted on their passage, or whether, which is more probable, the climate of that part of Africa was not favorable to them, only a very small number of them sprung, and even these never attained a state of perfection.

Envy meanwhile, which frequently even outruns the happiness of man, especially in the French Colonies, soon circulated reports all over the island which gave Paul the greatest uneasiness.

The people belonging to the vessel which had brought Virginia's letter asserted, that she was on the point of marriage. They went so far as to name the nobleman who was to obtain her hand. Nay some even declared that the affair was over, and that they had been witnesses of it.

Paul at first despised these rumours, conveyed by a trading-vessel which often brings false reports from the places at which it touches on its passage; but as many of the inhabitants of the island, from a perfidious pity, officiously interposed to condole with him on this event he

began to give some credit to it. Besides in some of the romances which he had read he saw treachery treated with pleasantry, and as he knew that these books exhibited a faithful picture of the manners of Europe, he was apprehensive that the daughter of Madame de la Tour might have become corrupted, and have forgotten her earlier engagements.

The light which he had acquired made him anticipate misery, and what gave a finish to his suspicions was, that several European vessels had arrived within the year, without bringing any news whatever of Virginia.

That unfortunate young man, abandoned to all the agitations of a heart in love, came frequently to see me, in order to confirm or to dissipate his uneasiness, by my experience in the world.

I live, as I have told you, about a league and a half from hence, on the bank of a small river which flows by Long Mountain. There I pass my life in solitude, without a wife, without children, and without slaves.

Next to the rare felicity of finding a female partner perfectly suited to a man, the least unhappy situation is that of living alone.

Every one who has had much reason to complain of mankind seeks for solitude. Nay it is very remarkable, that all nations rendered miserable by their opinions, their manners, or by their governments, have produced numerous classes of citizens entirely devoted to solitude and to celibacy.

Such were the Egyptians in their decline, and the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and such are in our days the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and the greatest part of the eastern and southern nations of Europe.

Solitude in some degree, brings man back to his natural state of happiness, by removing the misfortunes of social life.

+ In the midst of our societies, torn asunder by so many

prejudices, the soul is in a state of perpetual agitation ; it is continually revolving within itself a thousand turbulent and contradictory opinions, by which the members of an ambitious and miserable society are aiming at mutual subjection ; but in solitude it lays aside those extraneous illusions which disturb it, and resumes the simple sentiment of itself, of nature, and of its author. X

Thus the muddy water of a torrent, which lays waste the country, spreading itself into some little bason remote from its current, sinks the miry particles to the bottom of its bed, recovers its former limpidness, and having again become transparent, reflects, together with its own banks the verdure of the earth and the light of the heavens.

Solitude restores the harmony of the body as well as that of the soul.

It is among solitary classes of people that we find persons who live to the greatest age, as amongst the Bramius of India.

In short, I believe it so necessary to happiness, even in the commerce of the world, that I conceive it impossible to taste a durable pleasure in it, be the sentiment what it may, or to regulate our conduct by an established principle, unless we form an internal solitude, from which our own opinion seldom takes its departure, and into which that of another never enters.

X I do not however mean to assert that it is the duty of man to live entirely alone, for by his necessities he is united to the whole human race ; he for that reason owes his labors to mankind, but he owes himself likewise to the rest of nature. X

As God has given to each of us organs exactly suited to the elements of the globe on which we live, feet to the soil, lungs to the air, eyes to the light, without the power of interchanging the use of these senses.

He, who is the author of life, has reserved for himself alone the heart, which is its principal organ.

I pass my days then remote from men, whom I have

wished to serve, and who have repaid me with persecution.

After having travelled over a great part of Europe, and several regions of America and of Africa, I am now settled in this island, poorly inhabited as it is, seduced by the mildness of the air, and by its enchanting solitudes.

A cottage, which I have built in the forest at the foot of a tree, a little field cleared for cultivation by my own hands, and a river which flows before my door, are fully adequate to all my wants, and all my pleasures.

I add to these enjoyments a few good books, which teach me to become better: they even make the world, which I have quitted, still contribute to my happiness, by presenting me with pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants so miserable; and by the comparison which I make between their condition and my own, they procure for me a negative felicity.

Like a man saved from shipwreck, seated on a rock I contemplate in my solitude, the storms which are raging in the rest of the world; nay my tranquillity is increased by the fury of the distant tempest. Since men stand no longer in my way, and as I am no longer in theirs, I have ceased to hate, and now I pity them.

If I meet with any unfortunate wretch, I try to assist him by my counsels: as one passing along the brink of a torrent stretches out his hand to an unhappy creature drowning in it.

I however have found innocence alone attentive to my voice.

Nature to no purpose allures to herself the rest of mankind; each one forms in his mind an image of her, which he invests with his own passions. He pursues through the whole of life, the vain phantom which still misleads him; and he then complains to heaven of the illusion which he had practised upon himself.

Amongst a great number of unfortunate wretches whom I have endeavoured to bring back to nature, I have not

found a single one who was not intoxicated with his own miseries. They listened to me at first with attention, in hopes that I was going to assist them in acquiring either glory or fortune, but perceiving that I only meant to teach them to do without such things, they looked upon me myself as a miserable wretch, because I did not pursue their wretched felicity : they condemned the solitary style of life which I led, pretended that they alone were useful to mankind, and endeavored to draw me into their vortex. But though my heart is open to all the world, my opinions are biassed by no one. I frequently find enough within my own breast to make me serve as a lesson to myself.

In my present calm I make a second passage through the agitations of my own past life, which I once prized so highly : the protections, the fortune, the reputation, the pleasures, and the opinions, which maintain a constant conflict all the world over.

I compare those successive tribes of men, whom I have seen contending with so much fury about mere chimeras, and who are now no more, to the little waves of my rivulet, which dash themselves foaming against the rocks of its bed, and then disappear never more to return.

For my own part, I quietly commit myself to the river of time, to be borne down toward the ocean of futurity, which is circumscribed with no shores, and by contemplating the actual harmonies of nature I raise myself toward its author, and thus console myself with the expectation of a destiny more happy in the world to come.

Although the multiplicity of objects which from this elevation now strike our view, are not perceptible from my hermitage, which is situated in the centre of a forest, still the harmonies of that spot are very interesting, especially to a man who like me prefers retiring unto himself to ranging abroad.

The river which flows before my door passes in a straight line across the woods, so that my eye is struck with a long canal, overshadowed with trees of variegated foliage ; ta-

tamaques, the ebony-tree, and what is here called apple-wood, olive-wood, and the cinnamon; groves and palm trees here and there raise their long and naked columns more than a hundred feet high; on their tops clusters of palms grow, while they appear like one forest piled above another.

There are likewise lianes of different colored leaves, and which, shooting their branches from one tree to another, form here arcades of flowers, and there long festoons of verdure. Aromatic odours issue from most of these trees and their perfumes attach themselves so strongly to the very clothes, that the smell adheres to a person who has crossed the forest for several hours afterwards.

In the season, when their flowers are in full bloom, you would think them half covered with snow.

At the end of summer several kinds of foreign birds come, by an unaccountable instinct, from unknown regions beyond the boundless ocean, to pick up the seeds of the vegetables which this island produces, and oppose the brilliancy of their colors to the verdure of the trees, embrowned by the sun. Among others, different kinds of parroquets, and blue pigeons, which are here called the pigeons of Holland.

Monkeys, the domesticated inhabitants of these forests, amuse themselves among the dusky branches from which they detach themselves by their grey and greenish hair, with their faces entirely black; some suspend themselves by the tail, balancing themselves in the air; others leap from branch to branch, carrying their young ones in their arms.

Never has the murderous fusil scared these peaceful children of nature. Here nothing is heard but sounds of joy, the unknown warblings and the chirping of some southern birds, which repeat the echoes of these forests from afar.

The river which flows bubbling over a rocky bed through the trees, reflects here and there in its limpid

stream, their venerable masses of verdure and of shade, as well as the gambols of the happy inhabitants: about a thousand paces from hence, it precipitates itself down different stories of the rock, and forms in its fall a smooth sheet of water as clear as crystal, which rolling down, breaks itself amidst billows of foam.

A thousand confused noises proceed from these tumultuous waters, and when dispersed by the winds of the forest, they sometimes fly to a distance, and sometimes they rush on the ear all at once, and produce a stunning sound like that of the bells of a cathedral.

The air, continually refreshed by the motion of this stream, keeps up upon the banks of the river, notwithstanding the burning heats of summer, a verdure and a coolness, which are seldom found in this island even on the mountain tops.

At some distance from thence there is a rock, remote enough from the cascade to prevent your being deafened with the noise of its waters, and yet sufficiently near for you to enjoy the sight of their fall, their freshness, and their murmuring.

During the excessive heats, Madame de la Tour, Margaret, Virginia, Paul, and I, sometimes dined under the shade of this rock.

As Virginia always employed her minutest actions for the benefit of others, she never ate a fruit in the country without planting its seed or its kernel in the earth.

'Trees,' said she, 'will spring from these, which may one day give their fruits to some traveller, or at least to some bird.'

Accordingly, once, when she had been eating part of a papaya at the foot of this rock, she planted the seeds of the fruit; there soon afterwards several papayas grew up, among which was a female plant, that is one that bears fruit. This tree, at Virginia's departure, was not so high as her knee, but as its growth is very rapid, it attained three years after to the height of twenty feet, and the

higher part of its trunk was surrounded with several rows of ripe fruit.

Paul having by chance wandered to this place, was greatly delighted at beholding such a large tree, grown from a seed which he had seen planted by the hand of his friend, but at the same time he sunk into a profound melancholy, on observing this testimony of her long absence.

By objects which we habitually behold, we are unable to perceive with what rapidity our life passes away; they as well as ourselves grow old, with an imperceptible decay; but those which we suddenly see again after several years absence, admonish us of the swiftness with which the stream of our days flows on.

Paul was as much surprised, and as sorrowful, at the sight of this large papaya, loaded with fruit, as a traveller is, who on his return to his native country after a long absence, finds those who were his contemporaries to be no more, and sees their children, whom he had left at the breast, themselves become fathers of families.

Sometimes he was going to cut it down, as it made him so sensible of the length of time which had elapsed since Virginia's departure; at other times, considering it as a monument of her beneficence, he kissed its trunk, and addressed to it these words, dictated by love and regret:

'O tree, whose prosperity still exists in our woods, I view thee with more concern and veneration than the triumphal arches of the Romans! May nature, which is daily destroying the monuments of the ambition of kings, multiply, in these forests, those of the beneficence of a young and unfortunate girl.'

It was at the foot of this papaya-tree that I was certain of seeing Paul whenever he came to my habitation.

I one day found him there plunged in melancholy, and I held a conversation with him, which I will repeat to you, unless I tire you by my long digressions; they however

are pardonable in a person of my age, and more so as they have a reference to my late friendship.

I will relate it in form of a dialogue, that you may judge of the excellent natural sense of this young man, and it will be easy for you to discover who is the speaker, by the meaning of his questions and by my answers.

He said to me: 'I am very low spirited. Mademoiselle de la Tour has been gone these three years and a half; and for a year and a half past she has sent us no tidings of herself. She is rich, and I am poor: she has certainly forgotten me. My inclination prompts me strongly to embark for France; I will enter into the service of the king; I will make a fortune, and the grand-aunt of Mademoiselle de la Tour will give me her niece in marriage when I shall have become a great lord.'

OLD MAN.—'My good friend, have you not told me that your birth is ignoble.'

PAUL.—'So my mother has told me; for my own part, I do not so much as know the meaning of the word Birth. I never discovered that I was more deficient there than another, or that any other person possessed it more than I do.'

OLD MAN.—'Deficiency in point of birth will, in France, effectually exclude you from any distinguished employment: what is more, no corps of any distinction will admit me.'

PAUL.—'You have often informed me that one of the chief causes of the present greatness of France was, that the lowest subject might obtain the highest posts; and you have given me many instances of celebrated men, who, rising from a low condition, had done honour to their country. Do you mean to damp my courage?'

OLD MAN.—'My son, nothing is farther from my intention: I told you the truth, but it related to times past.'

'The face of affairs in France is at present greatly altered; every thing there is now become venal; all is the hereditary property of a small number of families, or is di

vided among incorporated associations. The king is a luminary surrounded by the nobility, and by different corps, as by so many clouds, and it is hardly possible that one of his rays should fall upon you. Formerly, in an administration less complicated, such phenomena were to be seen. Then talents and merit were disclosed on every side, as the fresh grounds, which have just been cleared, are productive with all their rich juices. But great kings who know mankind, and how to make choice among them, are very rare. Kings in general allow themselves to be biased by the grandees, and by the associations that surround them.'

PAUL.—' But probably I shall find one of those great men, who will take me under his protection.'

OLD MAN.—' The protection of the great is to be obtained only by serving either their ambition or their pleasure. You can never succeed with them, for your birth is mean, and your probity is untainted.'

PAUL.—' But I will perform actions so daring, I will keep my promises so inviolate, I will so punctually fulfil the duties of my situation, I will be so zealous and so constant in my friendships, as to merit adoption from some of them which I have observed to be the case in those ancient histories which you gave me to read.'

OLD MAN.—' Ah, my good friend! among the Greeks and Romans, even in their decline, the higher orders of men always paid respect to virtue; we have indeed a great number of celebrated personages of all descriptions starting up from among the common people, but I do not know of a single one who has been adopted into a family of rank. Were it not for our kings, virtue would in France be condemned to an eternal plebeianism. As I have often told you, they sometimes honor virtue when they perceive it; but in the present day, the distinction which in justice it ought to obtain, is to be purchased only with money.'

PAUL.—' In case then I do not procure support from

the great, I will endeavour to render myself useful to some corps. I will adopt its spirit and its opinions entirely; I will make myself to be beloved.'

OLD MAN.—'You will act then like other men! you will sacrifice your integrity to purchase fortune.'

PAUL.—'Oh, no! the search of truth shall be my only aim.'

OLD MAN.—'Instead of making yourself to be beloved, you will most probably expose yourself to hatred. Beside, incorporated associations interest themselves very little in the discovery of truth. To the ambitious, every opinion is indifferent, provided they domineer.'

PAUL.—'How unfortunate am I! I am discouraged on every side. I am doomed to pass my life in labour and obscurity, far from Virginia.' And he heaved a deep sigh.

OLD MAN.—'Let the Almighty be your only patron, and the human race your corps; be firmly attached both to the one and to the other. Families, associations, nations and kings, have their prejudices and their passions, and vice must often be committed in order to serve them as they desire. But to serve God and the human race, we have occasion to exercise virtue alone.'

'But why do you wish to be distinguished from the rest of mankind? It is an unnatural sentiment, for if it were universal, every man would be at war with his neighbour.'

'Satisfy yourself with fulfilling the duties of that station in which providence has placed you: rejoice in your destiny, which allows you to maintain your integrity pure, and does not oblige you, in imitation of the great, to place your happiness in the opinion of the lower ranks; nor, in imitation of the lower, to cringe to superiors, in order to procure the means of subsistence.'

'You are in a country, and in a situation, where you can find a living without any occasion to deceive, to flatter, or to debase yourself as the generality of those are

obliged to do who pursue fortune in Europe; in a situation, where your condition does not prohibit your exercising any virtue; where you can with impunity be good, faithful, sincere, intelligent, patient, temperate, chaste, indulgent, pious; and where no malignant sneer will interpose to blast your wisdom, which is still only in the bud. Heaven has bestowed on you liberty, health, a good conscience, and friends: kings, whose favour you are so ambitious of obtaining, are not near so happy.'

PAUL.—'Alas! Virginia is still wanting to me: without her I have nothing; with her I should possess every thing. She alone is my birth, my glory, and my fortune: but her aunt must, no doubt, have bestowed her in marriage on a man of high reputation! By means of books and study, however, men may become learned and celebrated: I will acquire knowledge, by dint of intense application: I will render an useful service to my country by my superior illumination, and will neither offend any one, nor be dependent on him; my fame will be illustrious, and the glory which I may obtain will be entirely my own.'

OLD MAN.—'My son, talents are still more rare than either birth or riches; and doubtless they are the most invaluable possessions, because nothing can deprive us of them, and because they universally conciliate public esteem. But they cost a man dear; they are to be obtained only by privations of every kind; by an exquisite sensibility, which renders us unhappy, both at home and abroad, from the persecution of our contemporaries.

'In France, the lawyer does not envy the glory of the soldier, nor the soldier that of the sailor, but every body will thwart you there, because every body piques himself on his understanding.

'You will serve mankind you say. But the person who produces them a single sheaf of corn from the ground, does them a far more profitable service than he who gives them a book.'

PAUL.—‘ Oh! she who planted this papaya, has given the inhabitants of these forests a much more useful and delightful present, than if she had given them a library.’

And as he spake, he took the tree in his arms, and kissed it with transport.

OLD MAN.—‘ The best book that ever was written, which inculcates only the doctrines of friendship, equality, humanity and concord, namely, the gospel, has served, for many ages past, as a pretext for the ravages of European cruelty.

‘ How many public and private tyrannies are daily practised on the Earth in its name! After that who can flatter himself with the hope of being useful to mankind by a book?

‘ Call to mind what has been the fate of most of those philosophers who preached up wisdom to man.

‘ Homer, who clothed it in verses so beautiful, was reduced to beg his bread all his life long.

‘ Socrates, who gave to the Athenians such excellent lessons of it, both by his discourses, and by his manners, was condemned to swallow poison, by the sentence of a court of justice.

‘ His sublime disciple, Plato, was doomed to slavery by order of the very Prince who protected him; and before their time Pythagoras, who extended his humanity even to the brute creation, was burnt alive by the Crotonians.

‘ What do I say?

The greatest part of these illustrious names have descended to us disfigured by some traits of satire which characterise them; for human ingratitude delights to lay hold on these; if however, among the crowd, the glory of any one hath reached our ears, pure and untainted, it must have been such as have lived far from the society of their contemporaries; like those statues which are extracted entire out of the fields of Greece and Italy, and which, by being buried in the bosom of the earth, have escaped the fury of barbarians.

‘ You are, then, that to acquire the tempestuous glory of literary fame, it is necessary to exercise much virtue, and to be ready to sacrifice life itself,

‘ Besides, do you imagine that this glory interests wealthy people in France? they greatly caress literary men, whose learning does not raise them to any dignity in their country, nor to any situation under government, nor procure them admission at court. Persecution is little practised in this age, so indifferent as it is to every thing except fortune and pleasure; but knowledge and virtue seldom raise a person there to a distinguished rank, because every thing in the state is to be procured with money.

‘ Formerly these qualities were sure of meeting a recompense, by places either in the church, in the magistracy, or in the administration; but at present they are only good for making books.

‘ This fruit, however, so little prized by the men of the world, is ever worthy of its celestial origin. It is to these very books that the honour is reserved of bestowing lustre on obscure virtue, of consoling the unfortunate, of enlightening nations, and of declaring the truth even to kings.

‘ It is undoubtedly the most sacred office with which heaven can invest a mortal on this earth.

‘ Where is the man who has it not in his power to console himself for the injustice, or the contempt of those who have the disposal of fortune, when he reflects that his work will be handed down from age to age, from nation to nation, and will serve as a barrier against error and tyranny; and that, from the bosom of the obscurity in which he has lived, a glory may issue which shall eclipse that of the greatest part of kings, whose monuments sink into oblivion, in spite of the flatterers who rear-ed, and who extol them?’

PAUL.—‘ Ah! I should covet this glory, only to diffuse its lustre over Virginia, and to render her dear to all the world.

‘ But you, who have so much experience, tell me what

then we shall ever marry. I wish to be a scholar, at least to know what I am to expect in future.'

OLD MAN.—'Who would wish to live, my son, if he knew what was to befall him hereafter?'

'A single foreseen calamity occasions a thousand vain anxieties: the certain prospect of a heavy affliction would embitter all the days which might precede it. Indeed, it is not proper to enquire too deeply even into surrounding objects; heaven, which bestows reflection upon us, that we may foresee our necessities, has also given us necessities to set bounds to our reflection.'

PAUL.—'You tell me that in Europe, dignities and honours are to be purchased with money. I will go and acquire wealth in Bengal, and then direct my course toward Paris, and espouse Virginia. I will go and embark immediately.'

OLD MAN.—'How! will you leave her mother and your own?'

PAUL.—'Why you yourself advised my going to India.'

OLD MAN.—'When I gave you that advice, Virginia was here, but at present you are the only support of your mothers.'

PAUL.—'Virginia will send them the means of subsistence from the bounty of her rich relation.'

X OLD MAN.—'Rich people assist those only who pay homage to them in the world. They have relations much more to be pitied than Madame de la Tour, and who for want of support from them, sacrifice their liberty for the sake of bread, and pass their lives shut up in a convent.'

PAUL.—'What a dreadful country Europe is! Oh! Virginia must return hither. What occasion has she for a rich relation? How happy she once was under these lowly roofs; how beautiful and how charming, when her head was adorned with a red handkerchief or a wreath of flowers!'

'O, Virginia! return, leave thy palaces and thy great-

ness ; return to these rocks, to the shade of these woods, and to our cocoa-trees.

‘ Alas ! perhaps at this very moment thou art miserable.

Saying this, he burst into tears.

‘ Father,’ cried he, ‘ conceal nothing from me ; if you are unable to tell me whether I shall ever marry Virginia, inform me at least whether she still loves me, though surrounded by great men who talk to the king, and who visit her.’

OLD MAN.—‘ Yes, my friend, I am convinced by many reasons that she loves you, but principally by this, that she is virtuous.’

At these words he clasped me round the neck, transported with joy.

PAUL.—‘ But do you believe European women to be so inconstant as they are represented on the stage and in those books which you have lent me ?’

OLD MAN.—‘ In those countries where men tyrannize, the women are always inconstant. Violence ever produces deceit.’

PAUL.—‘ How is it possible for a man to exercise tyranny over a woman ?’

OLD MAN.—‘ By forcing women into a marriage without any regard to their own inclinations ; a young girl to an old man, a woman of feeling to a man of insensibility.

PAUL.—‘ Why do they not rather unite those together who are more suitable to each other ; the young with the young, and lovers with those on whom their affections are fixed ?’

OLD MAN.—‘ The reason is, that in France the generality of young men have not sufficient fortune to enable them to marry, and that they seldom acquire a competency till they are advanced in years. In youth they seduce the wives of their neighbors, and when old they are unable to secure the affections of their own wives. When young they deceived others, and when old, are in their turn themselves deceived.

'It is one of the re-actions of that universal justice which governs the world: one excess always balances another.

Thus most Europeans pass their lives in a two-fold disorder, and this disorder is increased in a society proportionably as riches are accumulated on a smaller number of individuals.

'The state resembles a garden, in which small trees are unable to arrive at perfection if others too great overshadow them; but there is this manifest difference, that the beauty of a garden may result from a small number of large trees, but the prosperity of a state ever depends on the multitude and equality of the subjects, and not on a small number who monopolizes its wealth.'

PAUL.—'But why is want of money a hinderance to marriage?

OLD MAN.—'Because after a man has entered into that state, he wishes to pass his days in abundance, without the necessity of laboring.'

PAUL.—'And why not labor? I myself work very hard.'

OLD MAN.—'The reason is, that in Europe manual labor is deemed dishonorable. It is there called mechanical labor: nay that of cultivating the ground is esteemed the most despicable of all. There the artisan holds a far higher rank than the peasant.

PAUL.—'How! the art which supplies man with food despised in Europe! I do not understand you.'

OLD MAN.—'Oh! it is impossible for a man educated in a state of nature, to comprehend the depravity of a state of society. Though such a one is able to form in his own mind an exact idea of order, he cannot form one of disorder.

Beauty, virtue and happiness have proportions; deformity, vice and misery have none.'

PAUL.—'The rich then are very happy; no obstacle lies in their way; and on the objects of their love they can bestow pleasures without end.'

OLD MAN.—‘They are for the most part insensible to any pleasure because the attainment of it costs them no trouble.

‘Does not experience teach you that the enjoyment of repose is purchased by fatigue ; that of eating, by hunger ; that of drinking by thirst ? In like manner that of loving, and of being beloved, is only to be obtained by a multitude of privations and sacrifices.

‘Their wealth deprives rich people of all these pleasures, by outrunning their necessities.

Add, besides, to the disgust which always follows satiety, that pride which springs from their opulence, and which the least privation wounds, even when the greatest enjoyments have ceased to flatter it.

‘The perfume of a thousand roses only pleases for a single moment, but the pain inflicted by one of their thorns lasts a long time after the wound is received.

‘To the rich one misfortune in the midst of many enjoyments is a thorn surrounded by flowers ; but, on the contrary, to the poor, one pleasure in the middle of many calamities, is a flower surrounded on every side by thorns. They find a poignant relish in their enjoyments.

‘Every effect is heightened by its contrast ; nature has balanced all things equally.

‘Every thing considered then, which state do you conceive to be preferable, that of having almost nothing to hope for and all to fear, or that of having nothing to fear and every thing to hope ? The first of these states is that of the rich ; the second that of the poor.

‘These extremes however are equally difficult to be supported by man, whose happiness consists in mediocrity and virtue.’

PAUL.—‘What do you understand by the word virtue ?’

OLD MAN.—‘My son, you who support your parents by the labor of your hands have no occasion for a definition of it. Virtue is an effort made upon ourselves, for the good of others, in the view of pleasing God only

PAUL.—‘O, how virtuous then is Virginia! Virtue was her aim when she wished to become rich, that she might exercise beneficence; virtue made her leave this island, and virtue will restore her to us.’

The idea of her speedy return kindling the young man’s imagination, all his disquietude vanished in a instant.

Virginia had not written because she was on the point of returning: so little time was necessary to sail from Europe, with a fair wind.

He enumerated instances of vessels which had made this voyage of more than four thousand five hundred leagues in less than three months.

The vessel in which she had embarked would not take more than two.

The builders of the present day were so skilful, and the mariners so alert

He talked of the arrangements which he would make for her reception; of the new habitation which he intended to build; and of the pleasures and the agreeable surprise which he would contrive for her every day, when she became his wife; his wife—the idea ravished his senses.

‘As for you father,’ said he to me, ‘you in future shall do nothing but enjoy yourself.’

‘Virginia possesses wealth, and we can purchase plenty of negroes, who will work for you. You shall be with us always, and nothing shall employ your mind but amusement and pleasure.’

Immediately he flew like one distracted, to communicate to his family the joy with which he himself was intoxicated.

Excessive fears soon succeeded the most sanguine hopes.

Violent passions always plunge the soul into contrary extremes. Frequently on succeeding morning Paul came to see me, overwhelmed with grief. He said to me, ‘Virginia has not written to me: had she left Europe, she would certainly have informed us of it.’

‘Ah! the reports which have been circulated concern-

ing her, are but too well founded: her aunt has certainly married her to some nobleman

‘The love of wealth has corrupted her, as is the case with so many others.

‘In those books which so well describe the character of the female sex, virtue is merely a subject for romance.

‘Had Virginia really possessed virtue, she would not have quitted her own mother and me.

‘While I pass my life with my thoughts entirely fixed on her, she has cast me from her remembrance. I am tormenting myself, and she is lost in dissipation. Ah! that thought plunges me into despair. All labour disgusts me, and society becomes a burthen. Would to God that war would break out in India, I would hasten thither, and throw myself into the jaws of death.’

‘My son,’ replied I, ‘that courage which makes us rush on to meet death, is the courage of only a single moment. It is often excited by the vain applause of man.

‘There is a species of courage more rare, and still more necessary, which enables us daily to support the misfortunes of life, without a witness, and without praise; what I mean is patience. It rests not on the opinion of another, nor on the impulse of our own passions, but on the will of God. Patience is the courage of virtue.’

‘Ah then,’ cried he, ‘I have no virtue! every thing overwhelms me, and sinks me into despair.’

‘Virtue,’ replied I, ‘always equal, constant, and invulnerable, is not the portion of mankind. In the conflict of so many passions by which we are agitated, our reason is troubled and obscured; but there are pharoses by which we can rekindle the flame; I mean Letters.

‘Letters, my son, are an assistance sent to us from heaven. They are rays of that wisdom which governs the Universe, and which man, inspired by a celestial art, has learned to establish upon this earth. Like the rays of the sun, they enlighten, they comfort, they warm: it is a flame altogether divine.

‘ Like fire, they direct all nature to our use. By means of them, we unite around us, men and things, times and places.

‘ By them we feel ourselves recalled to the rules of human life.

‘ They calm the passions; they repress vice; they rouse virtue by the sacred example of those great men whom they celebrate, and whose honoured images they habitually present to us crowned with respect.

‘ They are the daughters of heaven, who descend to earth to soothe the misfortunes of the human race. The great writers whom they inspire, have always appeared in times the most difficult for human society to subsist, the times of barbarism and of depravity. My dear son, letters have afforded consolation to an infinite number of men, far more miserable than you are; Xenophon, banished from his own country after having brought back to it ten thousand Greeks; Scipio Africanus, exhausted with the relentless calumny of the Roman people; Lucullus, sickened with their cabals; and Catinat, stung with the ingratitude of a French court.

‘ The ingenious Greeks assigned the several governments of our various intellectual powers to the several muses, who preside over letters: we ought therefore to resign to them the government of our passions, that they may direct and curb them.

‘ They ought, with regard to the faculties of the soul, to perform the same functions, with the hours, which yoked and guided the horses of the sun.

‘ Apply yourself, then, my son, to the study of books. Those wise men who have written before us, are travellers who have preceded us in the paths of calamity, who stretch out the hand toward us, and invite us to join their society, when every body else has abandoned us.

A good book is a good friend.’

‘ Ah!’ cried Paul, ‘ I had no occasion to know how to read when Virginia was here: she had studied no more

than I had done, but when she looked upon me, calling me her friend, it was impossible for me to know what sorrow meant.'

'Doubtless,' said I to him, 'there can be no friend so agreeable as a mistress who loves reciprocally.'

'There is besides in woman a lively gaiety, which dissipates the pensiveness of man. Her graces make the dark phantoms of reflection to fly away. On her countenance are depicted the gentle attraction of confidence.'

'What joy is not heightened by her joy? What forehead is not smoothed when she smiles? What wrath can repel her tears?'

'Virginia will return with more philosophy than you possess; she will be greatly surprised at not finding the garden entirely restored; she, whose thoughts are fixed on embellishing it, in spite of the persecutions of her relation, while far from her mother, and far from you.'

"The idea of the approaching return of Virginia renovated the courage of Paul, and brought him back to his rural occupations. Happy in the midst of his perturbation, he proposing to his exertions an end congenial to his predominant passion.

"One morning at day-break, it was the 24th of December, 1752, Paul on rising perceived a white flag hung out on Mount Discovery. This flag was the signal that a vessel was descried at sea.

"He immediately flew to the city, to learn if it brought any intelligence of Virginia.

"He remained there till the return of the pilot of the port, who, according to custom, had got out to reconnoitre her.

"This man did not come back till the Evening. He reported to the governor, that the vessel which they had hailed was the *Saint Gerard*, of about seven hundred tons burthen, commanded by a captain named M. Aubin; that she was four leagues distant at most, and that she could not come to her moorings off Port Louis, till the next day

in the afternoon, if the wind was fair. It was then a dead calm.

"The pilot then delivered to the governor the letters which the vessel had brought from France. Among others there was one in Virginia's hand-writing for Madame de la Tour.

"Paul seized it immediately, and having kissed it with transport, put it in his bosom, and flew to the plantation.

"As soon as he could perceive the family from afar, who were waiting his return on Rock Farewell, he raised the letter into the air, without the power of uttering a syllable: immediately the whole family assembled round Madame de la Tour to hear it read.

"Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced very harsh treatment from her grand-aunt, who had attempted to force her into marriage, had afterwards disinherited her, and then turned her away, at a time which would not permit her to arrive at the Isle of France till the hurricane season: that she had to no purpose endeavoured to soften her, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to the connections of her early life; that she had been treated by her as a girl whose head was turned by reading romances; that at present her only wish was once more to see and embrace her dear family, and that she would have gratified this ardent wish that very day, if the captain would have allowed her to embark in the pilot-boat, but that he had opposed her departure, on account of the distance of the shore, and of a heavy swell at sea in the offing, notwithstanding the stillness of the wind.

"No sooner was this letter read, than the whole family transported with joy, cried out: 'Virginia is arrived.'

"Masters and servants embraced each other by turns.

"Madame de la Tour said to Paul: 'My son, go and inform our neighbour of Virginia's arrival.'

"Doningo immediately lighted a flambeau of roundwood and then in company with Paul directed his course toward my habitation.

"It might be about ten o'clock at night: I had just extinguished my lamp, and had lain down to sleep, when I perceived through the pallisades of my cottage a light in the woods.

"Soon after I heard the voice of Paul calling me by name.

"I immediately arose, and was scarcely dressed when Paul, almost distracted and breathless, clasped me round the neck, saying: 'Come, come along, Virginia is arrived.

'Let us hasten to the port, the vessel will anchor there by day-break.'

"We immediately bent our course thitherward. As we were crossing the woods of the Long Mountain, and already on the road which leads from Pamplémousses to the port, I heard the sound of some one walking behind us. It was a negro hurrying on with his utmost speed.

"As soon as he had overtaken us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition.

"He replied: I come from that quarter of the island which is called Gold Dust, and am dispatched to inform the governor, that a vessel from France has just cast anchor under Amber Island. She is firing guns in token of distress, for the sea is very boisterous.'

"The man having thus spoken immediately hastened forwards.

"I then said to Paul: 'Let us go toward Gold Dust, to meet Virginia; it is only three leagues from hence.'

"We accordingly directed our steps toward the northern part of the island.

"The heat was stifling: the moon had just arisen; three black circles surrounded her.

"A frightful darkness overspread the whole face of heaven.

"By the frequent flashes of lightning we discovered long streamers of thick clouds, gloomy and lowering at no great height, piled one above another toward the middle of the island, which rushed from the sea with an

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

amazing rapidity, although on land not the least breath of wind was stirring.

"Hastening onwards, we thought we heard the roaring of thunder, but on listening more attentively we discovered it to be the report of cannon, reverberated by the echoes.

"The noise of the distant firing, joined to the tempestuous appearance of the heavens, made me shudder.

"I had no doubt that it was a signal of distress from some vessel on the point of foundering. About half an hour afterwards the first ceased, and this silence struck me as much more awful than the mournful sounds which had preceded it.

"We quickened our pace without saying a word, not daring to communicate our uneasiness to each other.

"Toward midnight we arrived in a violent heat on the sea-shore, at the quarter called Gold Dust. The waves dashed themselves against it with a fearful noise.

"The foam of a dazzling whiteness, and sparkling like fire, covered the rocks and shores. Notwithstanding the darkness, we could distinguish, by these phosphoric lights, the canoes of the fishermen, which they had long before drawn a great way up on the strand.

"At some distance from thence, at the entrance of the wood, we descried a fire, round which several of the planters were assembled.

"We went thither to rest ourselves, and to wait for the return of day.

"Whilst we sat by the fire, one of the planters told us, that the preceding afternoon he had seen a vessel at sea, borne toward the island by the currents; that the shades of night had concealed her from his view, and that two hours after sun-set he had heard the firing of cannon, as a signal calling for assistance, but that the sea ran so high, no one could send out a boat to her relief: that soon after, he could perceive their lanterns lighted up, and in that case he was afraid the vessel having come so near the shore, might have passed between the main land and the little Is-

of Amber, mistaking the latter for Mire Point, near which the vessels arriving at Port Louis are accustomed to pass ; that if it were so, which however he could not absolutely affirm, the vessel must be in the greatest danger.

Another planter then spake, and told us that he had several times passed through the channel which separates the Isle of Amber from the coast ; that he had sounded it, and found that the mooring and anchoring ground were excellent ; and that the vessel would be as safe there as in the most secure harbour. ‘ I would risk my whole fortune in her,’ added he, ‘ and could sleep as soundly as if I were on dry land.’

A third person asserted that it was impossible for a vessel of that size to enter the channel, as even boats could with difficulty navigate.

He said that he had seen her anchor beyond the Isle of Amber, so that if the breeze sprung up in the morning, she would have it in her power either to put to sea again, or to gain the harbour. Other planters delivered various opinions.

Whilst they were disputing among themselves, as is very customary with idle Creoles, Paul and I kept a profound silence.

We remained there till peep of dawn, but then there was too little light in the heavens to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, which besides was covered with a thick fog ; we could only descry to windward a dusky cloud, which they told us was the Isle of Amber, situated at a quarter of a league distance from the coast.

We perceived no object by this gloomy light but the point of land where we were, and the peaks of some of the mountains of the interior of the island, appearing from time to time in the midst of the clouds which floated around them.

About seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods ; it was the governor, M. de la Bourdonaye, who came on horseback, attended by a detach-

ment of soldiers armed with muskets, and by a great number of planters and negroes.

He drew up the soldiers on the beach, and ordered them to fire a volley.

Scarcely had they done so, when we perceived on the sea a flash of light, almost immediately succeeded by the report of a cannon.

We concluded that the vessel was at no great distance from us, and we all flew to that quarter where we had seen her signal.

We then discerned through the mist the hull and sails of a large vessel.

We were so close to her that notwithstanding the roaring of the sea, we distinctly heard the boatswain's whistle, and the voices of the sailors, who gave three cheers of *Long live the King*: for this is the exclamation of Frenchmen, when in extreme danger, as well as amidst their greatest rejoicings; as if they meant to call their Prince to their assistance in perilous seasons, or as if they intended even then to declare, that they were ready to meet death for his sake.

From the moment that the *Saint Gerard* perceived we were within reach of giving her assistance, she went on firing a gun every three minutes.

M. de la Bourdonaye ordered large fires to be kindled here and there along the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in quest of provisions, planks, cables, and empty casks.

A multitude soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provision and cordage, who came from the plantations of *Gold Dust*, the quarter of the *Marsh*, and from *Rampart River*.

One of the oldest of those planters approached the governor, and thus addressed him: 'Sir, deep sounds have all night long been heard in the mountain. In the woods the leaves are violently agitated, though there is not a breath of wind stirring. The sea-birds are flocking in

crowds to take refuge on the land; surely all these signs announce the approach of a hurricane.'

Well, my friend,' replied the governor, 'we are well prepared for it, and surely the vessel is so likewise.'

In truth the whole appearance of nature presaged an approaching tempest.

The clouds distinguishable in the zenith, were at their centre awfully black, and their edges of a copper color.

The air resounded with the screams of the pailleur, the frigate, the water-cutter, and a multitude of other fowls, which notwithstanding the gloom of the atmosphere flocked from all points of the horizon to seek a shelter in the island.

Toward nine o'clock in the morning, fearful noises were heard from the sea, as if torrents of water mingled with the roaring thunder, were rushing from the mountain-tops.

The whole company exclaimed: 'There's the hurricane!' and at the same moment, an awful whirlwind carried off the fog which overspread the Isle of Amber and its channel.

The Saint Gerard was then plainly descried, her deck crowded with people, her yards and round-tops lowered, her flag hoisted, four cables on her fore-castle, and one to keep her fast a-stern. She had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the main land, within the shelvy enclosure which surrounds the Isle of France, and which she had weathered through a channel that no vessel had ever passed before.

She presented her bows to the billows, which rolled on from the main ocean; and at every surge which forced it's way into the channel, her prow was elevated to such a height, that her keel was perceptible in the air; but by this motion, her stern plunging downward, disappeared from view to its very carved work, as if it had been entirely swallowed up. In this situation, in which the winds and the waves were driving her toward the shore, it was

equally impossible to return through the track by which she had entered, or by cutting her cables, to run a-ground upon the shore, from which she was separated by a deep bottom, sown thick with shelving rocks.

Every billow which broke against the coast, rushed on roaring to the very bottom of the bay, and tossed the pebbles more than fifty feet up the shore; then retiring backwards discovered a great part of its bed, the stones of which were dashed backwards and forward with a rough and horrible noise.

The sea, swelled by the winds, increased every moment, and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber, appeared to be an immense sheet of white foam, hollowed into deep and dusky waves.

This foam collected itself at the bottom of the creeks to the height of more than six feet, and the winds, which brushed along its surface, carried it beyond the steep cliffs of the shore more than half a league into the island.

At sight of these innumerable white flakes, which were driven in a horizontal direction to the very foot of the mountains, you would have thought that hills of snow were rushing from the sea.

The horizon presented every symptom of a lengthened tempest: the heavens and the sea seemed to be confounded in it with each other.

There were incessantly detached from it clouds of a fearful appearance, which flew along the zenith with the velocity of birds; whilst others appeared in it immoveable like enormous rocks.

Not a single spot of azure was perceptible in the whole firmament; a pale and olive-coloured glare was all that illuminated the objects on the earth, on the sea, and in the heavens.

By the violent straining of the vessel, what we feared at length took place.

The cables on her bows snapped; and as she then rode by a single hawser, she was dashed upon the rocks half a

cable's length from the shore. One scream of grief burst from every breast.

Paul was hastening to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. 'My son,' said I to him, 'are you determined to destroy yourself?'

'Oh! let me go to her assistance,' cried he, 'or let me die!'

As despair had overpowered his reason, Domingo and I, to prevent his destruction, tied round his middle a long cord, one of the extremities of which we held fast.

Paul then advanced toward the Saint Gerard, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the shallows.

Sometimes he had the hope of getting on board, for the sea, in these irregular movements, left the vessel nearly dry, so that you might almost walk round and round her: but presently returning with renovated fury, it covered her with enormous arches of water, which carried away the whole fore-part of her bottom, and dashed the unhappy Paul a great way up the shore, his legs bleeding, his chest bruised, and himself half-drowned.

Scarcely had this young man recovered the use of his senses, when he got up again, and returned with redoubled ardour toward the ship, which the sea, meanwhile, had torn asunder with unremitting attacks.

Upon this, the whole crew despairing of safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea; some on masts, on planks, on hen-coops, on tables, and on casks.

Then appeared an object worthy of eternal regret; a young lady was seen on the stern-gallery of the Saint Gerard, stretching out her arms toward him who was making so many fruitless efforts to join her.

It was Virginia. She soon discovered her lover by his intrepidity.

At sight of this amiable girl, exposed to perils so dreadful, we were overwhelmed with sorrow and despair.

As for Virginia, with a noble and dignified air, she

waved her hand toward us, as if to bid us an eternal farewell.

The sailors had all thrown themselves into the ocean. One alone remained on the deck, who was entirely naked, and strong as Hercules.

He approached Virginia respectfully: we saw him throw himself at her knees, and even endeavour to persuade her to pull off her clothes; but she, repelling him with dignity, turned her face the other way. The air resounded with these redoubled cries of the spectators: 'Save her! oh, save her! do not, do not, quit her!'

But at the same moment, a mountain of water of an enormous size, engulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced roaring toward the vessel, which it menaced with its dusky sides and foaming summits.

At this awful spectacle, the sailor flung himself alone into the sea, and Virginia perceiving death inevitable, placed one hand on her clothes, and the other on her heart; then raising her placid eyes toward heaven, she seemed an angel going to take flight toward the celestial regions.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! all was swallowed up. The surge dashed far up the shore a part of the spectators, whom an emotion of humanity had prompted to advance toward Virginia, as well as the sailor who had attempted to preserve her by swimming.

This man, escaped from almost certain death, knelt down upon the strand, saying: 'Oh, my God, thou hast preserved my life; but I would have sacrificed it willingly to save that of the excellent young lady, who, with all my persuasion, would not be prevailed on to undress herself as I did.'

Domingo and I drew out from the waves the unfortunate Paul, entirely deprived of recollection, whilst the blood gushed from his mouth and ears. The governor put him under the care of surgeons, while he traversed the

sea-shore to see whether the billows had not borne the body of Virginia thither; but the wind having suddenly changed, as is very customary in the case of hurricanes, we had the mortification of reflecting that we should not have it in our power to render this unfortunate young woman even the rites of sepulture.

We hastened from the spot overwhelmed with sorrow, our minds entirely engrossed with the loss of one person, in a shipwreck, where so many had perished; the greater part doubting, from an end so disastrous befalling a young woman of such exalted virtue, whether a providence existed at all; for there are calamities so dreadful, and so unmerited, that the confidence even of the wisest is frequently staggered.

Meanwhile they had placed Paul, who now began to recover the use of his senses, in an adjoining house, till his situation permitted him to be carried to his own home.

As for me, I was returning with Domingo, in order to prepare Virginia's mother, and her friend, for this calamitous event, when, on our arrival at the entrance of the valley of the river of the Lataniers, some negroes informed us, that the sea was driving a great deal of the wreck of the vessel up the opposite bay.

We descended thither, and one of the first objects which we descried upon the shore, was the body of Virginia.

It was half covered with sand, and in the very attitude in which we had seen her perish.

There was no sensible alteration in her features. Her eyes were closed, but serenity sat upon her forehead; only the pale violet of death blended itself upon her cheeks with the rose of modesty.

One of her hands lay upon her clothes; the other which clung to her breast, was firmly closed and stiff. I disengaged from it, with much difficulty, a little casket; but how was I astonished when I perceived in it the portrait

which Paul had given her, and which she had promised never to part with while she lived.

At this last token of the constancy and the love of this unhappy maid, I wept bitterly.

Domingo, beating his breast, pierced the air with his mournful cries.

We then carried the body to a fisherman's hut, where we gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women, who washed it carefully.

Whilst they were performing this sad office, we ascended trembling toward the plantation.

We there found Madame de la Tour and Margaret at prayer, in expectation of news concerning the vessel.

As soon as the former perceived me, she exclaimed, 'Where is my daughter? my beloved Virginia? my child?'

As my silence and my tears but too well informed her of the calamity which had happened, she was suddenly seized with a suffocation and agonizing spasms; her voice could be distinguished only in sighs and sobbing.

Margaret exclaimed: 'Where is my son? I do not see my son;' and fainted away.

We hastened to her, and having brought her to herself, I assured her that Paul was alive, and that the governor had taken proper care of him. She recovered the use of her senses, only to devote her attention to the assistance of her friend, who from time to time fell into long fainting fits.

Madame de la Tour passed the night in these cruel paroxysms, and by the length of their duration, I have judged that nothing equals the sorrow of a mother.

When she recovered her reason, she fixed her mournful eyes stedfastly toward heaven.

In vain did Margaret and I press her hands between ours; in vain did we address her by the most tender appellations; to all these testimonies of our ancient affec-

tion, she appeared totally insensible, and nothing but deep groans proceeded from her oppressed bosom.

The next morning they brought Paul home, stretched along in a palanquin.

Reason had resumed its empire, but his voice was entirely lost. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which at first I had been apprehensive of, produced a better effect than all the care which I had hitherto taken. A ray of comfort beamed on the countenances of these unhappy mothers. They both approached him, clasped him in their arms, kissed him; and those tears which had been till then restrained through excess of sorrow, now began to flow.

Paul soon mingled his with theirs. Nature being thus disburdened in these three unhappy beings, a languid oppression succeeded to the convulsions of their grief, and procured for them a lethargic repose, which bore in truth a strong resemblance to death.

Meanwhile M. de la Bourdonaye sent a messenger to me privately, informing me that the body of Virginia had by his order been conveyed to the city, and that from thence he meant to have it carried to the church of Pamplémousses.

I immediately went down to Port Louis, where I found the inhabitants assembled from all parts to assist at the funeral, as if the island had lost the most precious treasure which it contained.

In the port, the ships had their sail-yards laid across, their flags half hoisted up, and they were firing minute guns.

The grenadier company opened the funeral procession. They carried their arms inverted, their drums, covered with long pieces of crape, emitted only sounds of woe: grief sat strongly depicted on the countenances of those warriors, who had a thousand times braved death in the field with undaunted courage.

Eight young ladies of the most considerable rank in the

island, clothed in white, and holding palm-boughs in their hands, bore the body of their virtuous companion, strewed over with flowers. A choir of little children followed it, chanting hymns; then after them the officers of higher rank, and the principal inhabitants of the island, and last of all the governor himself, followed by a crowd of the common people.

Thus far had government, interposed, in ordering that some honours might be rendered to the virtues of Virginia.

But when the body had arrived at the foot of this mountain, at the sight of those very huts the happiness of which she had so long constituted, and which her death had filled with sorrow, the whole funeral ceremony was deranged; the hymns and the chanting ceased; nothing was now to be heard in the plain but sighs and sobs.

Crowds of young girls, belonging to the neighbouring plantations, hastened to spread over the coffin of Virginia handkerchiefs, chaplets, and wreaths of flowers, invoking her as if she had been a saint. Mothers prayed heaven to bestow on them daughters like her; the young men mistresses as constant; the poor a friend as affectionate, and the slaves a mistress as kind.

When they had arrived at the place destined for her interment, the negresses of Madagascar, and the Cafres of Mosambique, placed baskets of fruit around her body, and suspended pieces of stuff on the neighbouring trees, according to the custom of their country.

The Indians of Bengal, and those of the coast of Malabar, brought cages of birds, which they set at liberty over her corpse; to such a degree does the loss of a beloved object interest all nations, and such a power does unfortunate virtue possess, seeing it attracts and unites all religions around its tomb.

It was necessary to place a guard near her grave, to keep back some of the daughters of the poor inhabitants, who were rushing to throw themselves into it, declaring

that in this world their sorrow would admit of no consolation, and that nothing now remained for them but to die with her who had been their only benefactress.

She was interred near the church of Pamplémousses, on its western side, at the foot of a tuft of bamboos, where in going to mass with her mother and Margaret, she delighted to repose, seated by the side of him whom she then used to call brother. On returning from the funeral ceremony M. de la Bourdonaye ascended this mountain, followed by a part of his numerous retinue. He tendered to Madame de la Tour and her friend all the assistance in his power; he expressed himself in few words but with great indignation against her unnatural relation; approaching Paul, he said every thing which he thought could have a tendency to console him: "I was anxious to contribute to your happiness, and that of your family," said he, "heaven is witness of my sincerity. My friend, you must go to France; I will procure you employment there; during your absence I will take as much care of your mother as if she were my own." At the same time he held out his hand to him, but Paul drew back his and turned his head aside that he might not see him. As for myself, I remained in the dwelling of my unfortunate friends, administering to them, as well as to Paul, all the assistance I could.

At the end of three weeks he was able to walk, but mental depression seemed to increase in proportion as his body grew stronger: he was insensible to every thing; his looks were languid, and he did not answer a syllable to all the questions which were put to him. Madame de la Tour, who was in a dying condition, frequently said to him, "My son, so long as I see you, I think I behold my dear Virginia." At the name of Virginia he started up and hastened from her, in spite of the entreaties of his mother, who called him back to her friend. He wandered alone to the garden, and seated himself at the foot of Virginia's cocoa-tree, with his eyes stedfastly fixed on her fountain. The governor's surgeon who had taken the

greatest care of him and of the ladies, told us, that in order to remove the gloomy melancholy which had settled on his mind, we ought to allow him to do every thing that he pleased, without contradicting him in any respect, for this was the only means of vanquishing that silence which he so obstinately preserved. I resolved to follow his advice. As soon as Paul felt his strength in some degree restored, the first use he made of it was to retire from the plantation. As I did not wish to lose sight of him, I walked behind, and desired Domingo to bring some provisions, and to accompany us; in proportion as the young man descended from this mountain, his joy and his strength seemed to revive; he at first bent his course towards Pamplemousses, and when he had arrived at the church, in the bamboo-alley, he went directly to the spot where he saw the earth had been newly dug up, there he kneeled down, and raising his eyes to heaven offered up a long prayer. This action appeared to me a happy presage of returning reason, as this mark of confidence in the Supreme Being was a proof that his soul began to resume its natural functions. Domingo and I fell down on our knees after his example, and prayed with him; at length he arose and walked to the northern part of the island, without paying much attention to us.

As I knew that he was entirely ignorant, not only where the body of Virginia was deposited but also whether or not it had been saved from the sea, I asked him why he had been praying to God at the foot of the bamboos: he replied, "We have been there together so often!" He continued his journey to the entrance of the forest, where night overtook us; there I persuaded him by my example to take some nourishment; we then reposed ourselves upon the grass at the foot of a tree.

The next day I was in expectation that he would direct his steps homewards again; in truth, he fixed his eyes for some time from the plain, on the church of Pamplemousses, with its long rows of bamboos, and made some movements

to return thither, but he suddenly buried himself in the forest, always directing his course toward the north. I penetrated his intention, and in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it. We arrived about mid-day at Gold Dust; he hastily descended to the sea-shore, exactly opposite to the place where the Saint Gerard had perished; at sight of the Isle of Amber and its channel, then as smooth as a mirror, he exclaimed "Virginia! oh, my beloved Virginia!" and then fell down in a swoon. Domingo and I carried him to the interior of the forest, where we with much difficulty brought him to himself. When he had recovered his senses, he was preparing to return to the sea-shore, but I entreated him not to renew his own grief and ours by such cruel recollections, and he took another road. In short, for eight days together he rambled to all those places which he was accustomed to frequent with the companion of his infancy; he wandered along the path through which she had gone to ask pardon for the slave of the Black River, he then visited the borders of the river of the Three Paps, where she sat down when unable to walk any farther, and that part of the wood in which she had been lost. Every place that recalled to his mind the inquietudes, the sports, the repasts, and the beneficence of his much-loved Virginia; the river of the Long-Mountain, my little habitation, the neighbouring cascade, the papaya which she had planted, the mossy ground where she delighted to run, and the cross-paths of the forest where she loved to sing, each by turn caused his tears to flow; the very echoes which had so often repeated the sounds of their mutual joy, now resounded with nothing but these mournful cries, "Virginia! Oh, my beloved Virginia!"

In this wild and wandering way of life, his eyes grew hollow, his colour faded, and his health gradually but perceptibly declined.

Being firmly persuaded that the sentiment of our misfortunes is redoubled by the remembrance of the pleasures which we once enjoyed, and that solitude only gives an edge

to the passions, I resolved to remove my unfortunate friend from the places which excited the recollection of his loss, and to convey him to some part of the island where there were objects to dissipate his melancholy.

For this purpose I conducted him to the inhabited heights of William's quarter, where he had never been before. Agriculture and commerce then spread much bustle and variety over this island; there were many companies of carpenters who squared the trees into logs, and others who were sawing them into planks; carriages came and went along the roads; large flocks of oxen and horses fed in the extensive pastures, and the fields were filled with habitations. The depth of the soil in several places admitted of the cultivation of many kinds of European vegetables. You might see here and there harvests of corn in the plain, beds of strawberries in the openings of the woods, and hedges of rose-trees along the highway. The coldness of the air, by giving tension to the nerves, was even favourable to the health of the whites.

From these heights, situated in the middle of the island, and surrounded with thick woods, you can discover neither the sea, nor Port Louis, nor the Pamplemousses, nor any thing which could recal to Paul's mind the remembrance of Virginia; the very mountains, which present different branches on the side of Port Louis, offer nothing to view on the side of William's Plain but a long promontory, in a straight and perpendicular line, out of which many lofty pyramids of rocks elevate themselves, and collect the clouds around their peaks.

It was to these plains accordingly that I conducted Paul. I kept him continually in action, walking with him in sunshine and in rain, by day and by night, leading him into the woods and over the fresh-ploughed ground and the fields, in order to amuse his mind by the fatigue of his body, and to deceive his reflections by ignorance of the place where we were and of the road which we had left. But the mind of a lover finds every where traces of the

beloved object. The night and the day, the calm of solitude and the noise of habitation, nay time itself, which erases so many recollections, brought no relief to his mind; like the needle, touched by the magnet, which is to no purpose agitated, for as soon as it recovers a state of rest, it points to the pole which attracts it; so when I asked Paul, as we wandered about in William's Plain, "Whither shall we go now?" he turned toward the north, and said "These are our mountains, let us return thither."

I clearly perceived, that all the methods by which I had endeavoured to divert his mind were ineffectual, and that the only resource now left was to attack the passion in itself, by employing to this purpose the whole strength of my feeble reason: I accordingly replied, "Yes, these are the mountains where your beloved Virginia once lived, and there is the portrait which you gave her, and which in death she pressed to her heart, the last emotions of which were devoted to thee." I then presented to Paul the little portrait which he had given Virginia on the banks of the fountain of the cocoa-trees. At sight of this a gloomy joy overspread his countenance; he eagerly seized the portrait with his feeble hands, and pressed it to his lips; immediately his breast became oppressed, and to his blood-shot eyes the tears started but were unable to flow. I said to him, "My son, attend to the words of one who is your friend, who was so to Virginia, and who, in the ardour of your expectations, has frequently endeavoured to fortify your reason against the unforeseen calamities of human life. What is it you deplore with so much bitterness of soul? Is it the misfortunes which has befallen yourself? Is it that which has befallen Virginia? The misfortune that has befallen yourself—yes, I grant you it has been very severe. You have lost the most amiable of young women, who would have made the most virtuous of wives, she had sacrificed her own interests to your's, and preferred you to fortune, as the only recompence worthy of her virtue. But how do you know whether the object

from whom you expected happiness so pure, might not have proved to you the source of sorrows innumerable? She was dowerless and disinherited: you would have nothing in future to share with her but what the labour of your hands produced. Rendered more delicate by her education, and more courageous by her very misfortunes, you would have seen her daily sinking under the weight of the fatigues which she exerted herself to divide with you; in the event of bringing you children, her troubles and your own would have been greatly increased by the difficulty of supporting with you alone, your aged parents, and a growing family. You may say, 'the governor would have assisted us,' but how do you know whether, in a colony which so often changes its rulers, you would have always found such men as M. de la Bourdonaye? Whether some governor might not have been sent hither, unpolished and unprincipled? Or whether your wife, to obtain some miserable pittance, might not have been obliged to cringe to such a man? Either she would have become frail, and you would have been an object of pity, or she would have maintained her honor, and you must have remained under the pressure of poverty; happy if, on account of her beauty and virtue, you had not been persecuted by those very persons from whom you solicited protection. You may say, I might have enjoyed happiness independent of fortune, by protecting the beloved object who was attached to me, in proportion to her very weakness; by consoling her with my inquietudes, by making her rejoice even in my dejection, and thus causing our love to increase by our mutual sorrows. Doubtless virtue and love do delight in these bitter pleasures. But she is now no more; there still remains to you, however, what next to yourself she loved most, namely, her own mother and your's, whom by your inconsolable affliction you are bringing down to the grave. Make it your happiness to succour them as it was her's.

"My son, beneficence is the happiness of virtue; there is none greater or more certain on the earth. Projects of

pleasures, of repose, of enjoyments, of abundance, and of glory, are not made for feeble man who is only a traveller and a passenger through this world. Behold how a single step toward fortune has precipitated us from one abyss into another! You opposed it I grant, but who of us did not believe that the voyage of Virginia would terminate in her own happiness and in your's? The invitations of a rich and old relation, the advice of a sensible governor, the approbation of a whole colony, the exhortations and the authority of an ecclesiastic, have all concurred in deciding the fate of Virginia.

"Thus we rush on to our own destruction, deceived by the very prudence of those who govern us. It would doubtless have been better had we not believed them, nor trusted to the opinions and the expectations of a deceitful world, but, after all, of so many men whom we see thus busily employed in these plains, of so many others who go in quest of fortune to the Indies, or who, without leaving their own homes, enjoy at their ease in Europe the fruit of the labours of the people here, there is not so much as one but who is destined to lose some day that which he holds most dear—greatness, fortune, wife, children, friends. Most of them have superadded to their loss, the reflection of their own imprudence. ; but as for you, when you retire within yourself, you find nothing to reproach yourself with ; you have maintained unshaken fidelity ; in the flower of youth you have possessed the prudence of a sage in not departing from the sentiment of nature : your views alone were perfectly legitimate, because they were pure, simple and disinterested, and because you had sacred rights over Virginia, which no fortune could compensate. You have lost her, but it is not your imprudence, nor your avarice, nor your false wisdom, which occasioned that loss, it is God himself, who has employed the passions of another to deprive you of the object of your love ; that God from whom you receive every thing, who sees what is proper for you, and whose wisdom has not left you in any place

for the repentance and despair which ever follow in the train of those evils which we have brought upon ourselves. This is what you can say to yourself under the pressure of your affliction—I have not merited it. Is it then the misfortune which hath befallen Virginia, her end, her present condition, that you deplore? She has submitted to the decision reserved for birth, for beauty, and even for empires themselves. The life of man, with all its projects, rears itself like a little tower, to which death applies the finishing stroke: the moment she was born she was condemned to die; happy in having resigned her life before her mother, before your's, and before yourself, that is, in not having suffered many deaths before the final one. Death, my son, is a blessing to all mankind; it is the evening of that restless day which we call life; it is in the sleep of death that the diseases, the griefs, the vexations and the fears which incessantly agitate unhappy mortals repose for ever.

Examine those men who appear the most happy, and you will find that they have purchased their pretended enjoyments very dearly: public respectability by domestic distresses; fortune by the loss of health; the real pleasure of being beloved by continual sacrifices; and often at the close of a life devoted to the interests of another, they see nothing around them but false friends and ungrateful relations. But Virginia was happy to the last moment of her's; she was so whilst among us by those blessings which nature bestows; at a distance from us by those of virtue; even in that dreadful moment when we saw her perish, she was still happy, for whether she cast her eyes on a colony in which she was going to cause universal desolation, or upon you who rushed with such intrepidity to her assistance, she clearly perceived how dear she was to us all. She was prepared to meet the future, by reflecting on the innocence of her past life, and she then received the reward which heaven reserves for virtue, a courage superior to danger. She encountered death with a serene

countenance. My son, the Almighty has decreed to virtue the power of supporting all the events of human life, to let us see that it alone can make the proper use of them, and find in them felicity and glory. When he reserves for it an illustrious reputation, he elevates it on a great theatre, and sets it a conflicting with death; then its courage serves as an example, and the remembrance of its misfortunes receives a tribute of tears from posterity which lasts for ever; this is the immortal monument reserved for it, upon a globe where every thing passes away, and where even the memory of the generality of kings is speedily buried in everlasting oblivion. But, Virginia exists still: observe, my son, how every thing on the earth changes, and yet that nothing is lost; no human skill can annihilate the smallest particle of matter, and could that which was rational, sensible, susceptible of love, virtuous, religious, have perished, when the elements with which it was invested are not liable to destruction. Ah, if Virginia enjoyed happiness once in our society, how much more does she enjoy now! There is a God, my son; all nature announces it; there is no occasion to prove it to you; nothing but the wickedness of men could make them deny a justice which they contemplate with terror. A sentiment of him is in your heart, just as his works are before your eyes; can you believe then that he will leave Virginia without a recompence? Can you believe that the same power which clothed a soul so noble in a form so beautiful, in which such divine skill was clearly perceptible, was not able to have saved her from the waves? that he who has arranged the actual happiness of man by laws of which you are entirely ignorant, could not prepare another for Virginia by laws equally unknown to you? Before we were created, if we had possessed the faculty of thinking, could we have formed any idea of our future being! and now that we are in this dark and fugitive existence, can we foresee what is beyond death, through which we must make our transition from it? Has the Almighty occasion, like man, for this little

globe of earth, to serve as the theatre of his wisdom and goodness, and is he capable of propagating human life only in the plains of death? There is not a single drop of water in the ocean but what is filled with living creatures, which have all a reference to us, and does nothing exist for us among all those stars which revolve over our heads! What, is there no supreme intelligence and divine goodness in any spot but precisely that where we are; and in those radiant and innumerable globes, in those vast plains of light which surround them, and which are never obscured by darkness or tempest, do you believe there is nothing but empty space and an eternal non-existence!

If we, who could give nothing to ourselves, durst set bounds to that power from whom we have received every thing, we might believe ourselves to be stationed here upon the limits of his empire, where life is ever struggling with death, and innocence without tyranny.

Without doubt there is somewhere a place in which virtue receives its reward. Virginia now is happy. Ah! if from the abode of angels she could communicate to you her thoughts she would say, as she did in her last farewell, "Oh, Paul, life is only a state of probation; I have been found faithful to the laws of nature, of love, and of virtue. I crossed the seas in obedience to my relations; I renounced riches to preserve my fidelity; and I have preferred death to the violation of modesty. Heaven has decreed that the career of my earthly existence has been sufficiently filled up; I have for ever made escape from poverty, from calumny, from tempests, and from the painful spectacle of the woes of others. None of those ills which terrify mankind can ever in future affect me; and yet you pity me! I am pure and unsusceptible of change as a particle of light, and you wish to recal me to the gloomy night of life! Oh, Paul, Oh my friend, call to mind those days of happiness when in the morning we enjoyed the beauty of the heavens, rising with the sun on the peaks of these rocks, and diffusing

itself with its radiations over the bosom of our forests. We experienced a felicity the cause of which we were unable to comprehend; in our innocent desires we wished to be all eye, in order to enjoy the rich colours of Aurora; all smell, to inhale the perfume of our flowers; all ear, to listen to the warbling of our birds; all gratitude, to acknowledge these blessings. Now at the source of beauty, whence flows all that is delightful on the earth, my soul immediately tastes, hears, touches, what it could then perceive only through feeble organs. Ah! what language is capable of describing these regions of an eternal morning which I inhabit for ever. Every thing that omnipotence and celestial goodness could create in order to administer consolation to an unfortunate being, all the harmony which the friendship of an infinite number of beings partaking of the same felicity mingles in our common transports I now experience without alloy; support thyself then in thy state of probation that thou mayest increase the happiness of thy Virginia by a love which knows no bounds, and by a marriage the torches of which can never be extinguished: there I will calm thy sorrows, there I will wipe away thy tears. Oh! my friend! my young husband! elevate thy soul toward infinity, in order to support the miseries of a moment."

My own emotion entirely stifled my voice: as for Paul, regarding me stedfastly, he exclaimed, "She is no more! she is no more!" A long languid oppression succeeded these mournful words; then, returning to himself, he said, "Since death is a blessing, and Virginia is happy, I will die also that I may again be united to her." Thus the consolation which I endeavoured to administer only served to aggravate his despair; I was like a person who wishes to save his friend when sinking to the bottom of a river, without his making any effort to swim; sorrow had entirely overwhelmed him. Alas! the misfortunes of our early age prepare man for entering into life, and Paul had never experienced them.

I conducted him back to his habitation, and I there

found his mother and Madame de la Tour in a very languishing state, which had greatly increased since I left them; Margaret was the most broken down; lively characters, over whom slight troubles slide easily away, are the least able to withstand heavy calamities; she said to me: "Oh, my kind neighbour! I dreamt to-night that I saw Virginia, clothed in white, in the midst of bowers and delicious gardens; she said to me, 'I enjoy a felicity greatly to be envied;' then she approached Paul with a joyful air, and carried him away with her. As I was endeavouring to retain my son, I felt as if I was quitting the earth myself, and that I followed him with a pleasure inexpressible; upon that I wished to bid farewell to my friend but I perceived her coming after us, accompanied by Mary and Domingo; but what is still more singular, Madame de la Tour has had this very night a dream attended with exactly similar circumstances." I replied, "My friend, I believe that nothing happens in the world without the permission of God; dreams sometimes announce truth."

Madame de la Tour related to me a dream entirely resembling this, which she had that same night: I never observed that these two ladies were in the least inclined to superstition; I was therefore struck with the coincidence of their dreams, and I had not the least doubt in my own mind that they would soon be realized. The opinion that truth is sometimes conveyed to us in sleep is universally propagated over all the nations of the earth; the greatest men of antiquity have adopted it, among others, Alexander, Cæsar, the Scipios, the two Catos, and Brutus, who were none of them men of weak minds. The Old and New Testament have furnished us with many instances of dreams which were verified; for my own part, I have no occasion for any higher proof on the subject than my own experience, and I have found, oftener than once, that dreams are sometimes warnings, which give us information very interesting to ourselves, but if any person shall pretend to attack or defend by argument things which transcend the powers of

human understanding he undertakes an impossibility ; however, if the reason of man is only an image of that of the Almighty, since man is capable of conveying his thoughts to the extremities of the world by secret and concealed means, why should not that intelligence which governs the world employ similar methods of accomplishing the same purpose ? One friend consoles another by a letter, which travels through a multitude of kingdoms, which circulates amidst the hatred of nations and communicates joy and hope to one single individual ; why then may not the sovereign protector of innocence come, by some secret means, to the relief of a virtuous soul which reposes confidence in him alone ? Has he occasion to employ any exterior sign to execute his will, he who acts continually in all his works by an internal impulse ? Wherefore doubt of the intimations given in dreams ?—life, filled with so many vain and transitory projects, what is it but a dream ! However that may be, those of my unfortunate friends were soon realized : Paul died two months after his beloved Virginia, whose name he incessantly repeated. Margaret expired eight days after her son, with a joy which it is bestowed only on virtue to taste ; she took the most tender farewell of Madame de la Tour, “ in the hope ” said she “ of a sweet and eternal re-union.” “ Death is the greatest of blessings,” added she, “ it is highly desirable ; if life be a punishment we ought to wish for its termination, if it be a state of probation we ought to wish it shortened,”

Government took care of Domingo and Mary, who were no longer in a condition for service, and who did not long survive their mistress ; as for poor Fidèle, he drooped to death nearly about the same time with his master.

I conducted Madame de la Tour to my habitation ; she supported herself in the midst of losses so terrible with a greatness of soul altogether incredible ; she administered consolation to Paul and Margaret to the very last moment, as if she had no distress but theirs to support ; when they were no more, she spake to me of them every day, as if

they had been beloved friends still in the neighbourhood, she survived them however only a month.

With regard to her aunt, far from reproaching her with these misfortunes, she prayed God to forgive her, and to appease the dreadful horrors of mind with which we heard she had been seized immediately after she had dismissed Virginia with so much barbarity. This unnatural relation soon met with the punishment due to her cruelty; I heard, by the successive arrival of several vessels, that she was tormented by the vapours, which rendered life and death equally insupportable: sometimes she reproached herself with the premature death of her grand-niece and that of her mother which soon followed it; at other times she applauded herself for having discarded two unhappy wretches who had disgraced her family by the meanness of their inclinations; frequently flying into a passion at sight of the great number of miserable people with which Paris is filled, she exclaimed "Why do they not send these idle wretches to perish in our colonies?" She added, that the ideas of virtue, of humanity, and of religion, adopted by all nations, were nothing but the political inventions of their princes; then suddenly plunging into the opposite extreme, she abandoned herself to superstitious terrors, which filled her with mortal apprehensions. She ran about, carrying with her vast sums, which she bestowed on the rich monks who were her ghostly directors, and entreated them to appease the Deity by the sacrifice of her fortune, as if that wealth which she had denied to the miserable could be acceptable to the father of mankind! Her imagination was frequently haunted by deluges of fire, burning mountains, or hideous spectres wandering before her and calling her by name, with horrid screams. She threw herself at the feet of her directors, and formed in her own mind the tortures and punishments which were preparing for her, for heaven, just heaven, sends fearful visions to harrow up the souls of the unmerciful. Thus she passed several years, by turns an atheist and a devotee, equally in horror of life and death,

but what terminated an existence so deplorable was the very thing to which she had sacrificed the sentiments of nature ; she had the mortification to reflect that her riches would, after her death, descend to relations whom she hated ; in order to prevent this she endeavoured to alienate the greatest part of her fortune, but they, availing themselves of the frequent paroxysms of spleen to which she was subject, had her shut up as a lunatic, and her estates were put in trust for her heirs ; thus her very riches put the finishing stroke to her destruction, and as they had hardened the heart of her who possessed them, so they, in like manner, extinguished natural affection in the breasts of those who coveted them : she accordingly died, and what filled up the measure of her woe, with so much use of her reason left as to know that she had been plundered and despised by those very persons whose opinion had directed her all her life long.

By the side of Virginia, and at the foot of the same bamboo, her friend Paul was laid ; around them their tender mothers and their faithful servants ;—no marble raises itself over their humble graves, no engraved inscriptions recording their virtues, but their memory will never be effaced from the hearts of those whom they had laid under obligations to them. Their shades have no need of that lustre which they shunned all their life-time, but if they still interest themselves in what is passing on the earth, they doubtless take delight in wandering under the straw-covered roofs, where industrious virtue resides, in consoling poverty discontented with its lot, in encouraging in youthful lovers a lasting flame, a relish for the blessings of nature, a love of labour, and a dread of riches.

The voice of the people, which is silent respecting the monuments reared to the glory of kings, has bestowed on several parts of this island names which still eternalize the loss of Virginia : you may see, near the Isle of Amber, in the middle of the shelves, a place called "The Saint Gerard's Pass," from the name of the vessel which perished there in returning from Europe. The extremity of that

long point of land which you see about three leagues from hence, half covered with the waves of the sea, which the Saint Gerard could not double the evening of the hurricane, in order to make the harbour, is named "Cape Misfortune;" there, just before you, at the bottom of this valley, is "Tomb Bay," where the body of Virginia was found buried in the sand, as if the sea had intended to bear her back to her family, and to render the last duties to her modesty upon the same shores which she had honoured with her innocence.

Young people so tenderly united! Unfortunate mothers! Dearly beloved family! These woods which gave you shade, these fountains which flowed for you, those rocks upon which you reposed together, still lament your loss. No one after you has dared to cultivate this desolate spot, nor rear again these humble cottages; your goats have become wild, your orchards are destroyed, your birds have flown away; nothing is now to be heard but the cries of the hawk flying around the top of this basin of rocks. For my part, since I behold you no longer, I am like a friend stripped of his friends, like a father who has lost his children, like a traveller wandering through the earth, where I remain in gloomy solitude."

As he uttered these words, the good old man walked away, melting into tears, and mine had flowed more than once during this melancholy relation.



INTRODUCTION.

THE following short Indian tale contains more truths than many histories. I originally intended it to form part of a Narrative of a voyage to the Isle of France, published in 1773. As I there treat of the Indians in that island, I was desirous of subjoining a picture of their manners in their native land, composed from very interesting notes which I had procured. I therefore found an episode which I connected with an historical anecdote by which it is introduced. The subject is taken from a company of English literati, sent, thirty years ago, to different parts of the world, to collect information relative to various scientific subjects. I give an account of one of them who went to India, to contribute towards the promotion of truth; but as this episode was rather too long for my work, I thought fit to publish it separately.

I here protest that I had no intention of reflecting on academies, though I have great reason to complain of them, not on my own individual account, but for the sake of the interests of truth, which they frequently persecute, when it is contrary to their system.* I am besides, under too

* Science, that republic of human intellects has its aristocracies; these are academies. The conduct of one of their principal members, relative to my Theory of Tides, will enable the reader to form some opinion on this subject.

He first took every opportunity of decrying it in private circles; he prevented the journals, over which the academies possessed an influence, that is, those which had the most extensive circulation, from taking notice of it, and I have been told that he even amused himself in his private parties, with turning into ridicule my christian

great obligations to several English literati, who, without knowing me, and instigated only by the love of the sciences,

names prefixed to my *Studies of Nature*, because I had not the honor to annex, like him, to my family name, a long list of academical titles. As, under the former government, his name was in every periodical work, and his person in all the antichambers of the great, it was easy for him to act as he pleased towards a recluse, engaged only in the study of Nature: but conceiving, since the revolution, that all his interest might be of no avail, and finding that my works gradually gained estimation, in spite of all the obstacles which he threw in their way, he altered his conduct towards me. He came last summer to see me in the country, where I spent a few days. Previous to this he circulated a report in the neighborhood, that I was one of his best and oldest friends. The truth is, I had never spoken to him in my life, nor do I ever remember to have seen him before, notwithstanding his celebrity. He came to the house where I was, and we had a private conversation, of which I shall introduce only such part as relates to my Theory of Tides, the secret object of his visit.

After some preliminary compliments he said to me: "It is a pity, Sir, that you asserted in your *Studies of Nature*, that the melting of the polar ices is the cause of the tides. The opinion is not tenable, and is contrary to that of all the academies in Europe."—"Sir," said I, "you ought to have refuted it."—"How is it possible to refute it when you have adduced no proofs in support of your Theory?"—"There are twice as many as in that of the astronomers: I could make several quarto volumes were I only to collect those that are to be found in the narratives of voyages. Imperfect as it is, my theory has obtained some approbation."—"Oh! the opinions of the writers of certain journals, who know nothing of the matter, are not worthy of notice."—"I imagined that he alluded to the extracts from the English papers, inserted in the *Moniteur*. "Had there been in my theory," said I, "no other than the geometrical objection which I have made against the academicians, who have suffered themselves to be misled by Newton, in concluding, from the magnitude of the degrees towards the poles, that the earth was flattened in that part, you ought to have answered it."—"What do you mean by a degree?" he rejoined with warmth.—"What all geometers understand by the term, the 360th part of a circle."—"You have fallen into the same error as M. de la Hire did 130 years ago. A degree is not measured by the arc of a circle but by its perpendicular." At the same time to give me a demonstration of this, he took a white crayon out of his pocket, and began to draw on the door, a circle, two radii, a chord, sinuser, &c. I interrupted him, saying: "You are flying from the question; it is not the measure of the perpendicular of the degree of Torneo that is given by the academicians, but that of the portion of the celestial curve comprized between two radii which measure a celestial degree of the meridian. They found that, at the polar circle, this portion of the circumference of the earth, which, like me, they denominate a degree, contains 57,422 fathoms, which exceeds by 674 fathoms the degree measured in Peru, near the equator, the arc of which contains no more than 56,748 fathoms. Hence they concluded, that the degrees, or portions of the circumference of the earth, corresponding to the degrees of the celestial meridian, gradually increased towards the poles, and that consequently the

ave honored my Studies of Nature with the most glorious suffrages, which they have not been afraid to publish.

circumference of the earth was flattened there. Now, if you can bring this curve, constructed on the diameter of the sphere, and formed of degrees larger than those of the sphere, into the sphere itself, I am wrong."

Being at a loss for a reply, he changed the conversation.

"You have advanced," said he, "that the tides are of twelve hours continuation in the South Sea, but that is not the fact."—"I have not said so," replied I, "though I am disposed to believe that such is the case with regard to the whole hemisphere: but I have not had sufficient proofs to affirm it. I have mentioned only five or six places of the South Sea, where the tides are of twelve hours. I have since found several others of equal duration in the Indian Seas, and even in our hemisphere, among others those of Tonquin, mentioned by Dampier. I likewise shewed him testimonies which I had extracted from Carteret, Byron, Cooke and Clerke, relative to the tides of twelve hours in the South Sea. After he had read them, he asked: "Do you understand English?" This put me in mind of the question of the *Médecin malgré lui*: Do you understand Latin? I replied in the negative, and thought he was going to speak to me in English. "You ought never to quote from translations," said he. "I have all these voyages in the original, and in no part of them is mention made of tides of twelve hours. I am perfectly sure of it, for I have written a treatise on the tides of the whole world, without having quoted translations;" but this point was not worth answering. "What!" said I, "can you suppose translators so intelligent and accurate as those I have mentioned, could have made mistakes on points of such importance to navigation and astronomy, and that they could have affirmed that the tides were of twelve hours' continuance in various parts of the South Sea, when the voyagers whom they translated positively declared that they were of no more than six? That is impossible."

I then put an end to the conversation by saying: "Attack my theory publicly, and I will answer you." He replied that he had no such intention, but that he was come to set me right. Such was the substance of our conversation, and it is for the public to judge on whose side were good sense and candor.

I have refuted the error of the academicians with proofs simple and intelligible to every capacity: why have they not employed similar proofs with respect to me, if I am myself in error.

The question relates entirely to an elementary truth of geometry. It is certain that the semi circumference of the earth contains 180 degrees: and that its degrees being for the most part larger than the 180 degrees of the half sphere constructed on the same diameter, the former cannot be contained in the latter.

An officer of engineers wrote to me two years ago, for Mézières, that by this simple argument he had obliged a professor of mathematics, not to hold his tongue (for what professor was ever produced to that?) but to give an absurd answer. "I told him," writes he, "that the terrestrial curve being larger than the spherical arc, it could not be comprehended in the latter, unless it be supposed to recede instead of projecting, and that the poles of the earth are scooped out in form of a funnel. Would you believe," adds he that he answered: I would rather suppose that the poles of the

'The character which I have given of their colleagues is an unequivocal proof of my esteem for them. Most assuredly I cannot but consider their endeavours to import knowledge from foreign countries as deserving of the utmost gratitude of their nation, just in the same manner as I look upon their exportation of it to savage regions by the voyages of Cook and Banks, as worthy of the gratitude of the whole human race. The first has since been imitated by Denmark, and the second by France, but by both very unsuccessfully, for out of twelve Danish men of science

earth are scooped out in the form of a funnel, than believe that Newton is wrong."

Several Newtonians are disposed to adopt my theory of the tides by the effusion of the polar ices, this is already a great point gained; out they are desirous that I should admit the flattening of the poles, with the elevation of the seas under the equator, by the centrifugal power; and this is contrary to experience. I could write volumes in favour of my theory; but how is it possible to destroy an error consecrated by the name of Newton, and professed by all the geometers of Europe? How can I contend singly against a coalition of academies, who shut their eyes to my evidence, and close their journals against my proofs? Notwithstanding their indifference, I venture to predict, that this truth which they reject will one day become the basis of the study of Nature. O men of my age! nothing but tales are capable of exciting your interest!

I was mistaken in accusing the astronomers of inconsistency, as I have candidly avowed in a note to the introduction of my first volume. I was not aware that they supposed the degrees of the meridian of the earth to be, for the most part, smaller than those of the sphere, especially near the equator. I cannot admit their theory, and it will not be difficult to refute it, at some future time, by facts geographical and physical.

I have many other objections to make against it. If the centrifugal power raises the sea under the equator five leagues and a half higher than the poles, it must give a still greater elevation to the atmosphere, which is a fluid much more moveable than the ocean. The barometer, charged with this vast volume of air, ought, in consequence to rise considerably under the line, but this does not take place. It is impossible to reply to these objections, but by sophisms.

On the other hand, my theory of the alternate fusion of the polar ices explains an infinite number of problems inexplicable by the system of philosophers. For example, why is the winter milder, and the summer cooler on the coasts of the Atlantic than in the corresponding parts of continents? It is because in winter the current of the Atlantic Ocean proceeds from the torrid zone, and in summer it descends from the frigid zone. The same theory explains the reason why the islands of Asia are hotter than those of America, situated under the same latitudes, and likewise many other physical effects, which I cannot here enumerate.

who went abroad, only one returned to his native country and no intelligence has ever been received of the two French ships of war employed in this mission of humanity, and commanded by the unfortunate La Perouse. It is not therefore science itself that I censure; but I wished to shew that learned bodies, by their ambition, their jealousy, and their prejudices, frequently serve only to throw obstacles in its way.

I proposed to myself a still more useful object, namely, to alleviate the miseries which afflict humanity in the regions of India. My motto is to succour the unhappy, and this sentiment I extend to all mankind. If philosophy formerly came from India to Europe, why should it not now return from civilized Europe to the Indians, who have become barbarous in their turn? A society of English literati has been formed at Calcutta, which will, perhaps, one day destroy the prejudices of India, and thus make amends for the evils introduced by the wars and the commerce of Europeans. As for me, who possess no kind of influence, in order to give a more agreeable form and more graces to my arguments, I have endeavored to clothe them in the dress of a tale. It is by means of tales that men are every where rendered attentive to truth.

It has been observed, with more wit than reason, that fable was born in the despotic regions of the east, and that truth was there veiled, in order that she might be able to approach tyrants. But let me ask; would not a sultan be more highly offended to see himself depicted under the emblematic figure of an owl or leopard, than from Nature?—and, would not indirect truths be at least as galling to him as direct ones? Thomas Roe, ambassador from England to Selim Shah, the Mogul emperor, relates that this despotic prince having caused the boxes sent from England to be opened before him, that he might take the presents intended for him, was much surprized to find a picture representing a Satyr, whom Venus was leading by the nose. He imagined that this picture was

painted in derision of the people of Asia, that they were represented by the dusky and horned satyr, as they were of the same complexion, and that Venus leading the Satyr by the nose, was allegorical of the great influence which the women of that country possess over the men.

Roe, to whom this picture was addressed, had the utmost difficulty to erase this impression from the mind of the Mogul, and to give him an idea of our fables. He takes this opportunity of earnestly recommending to the directors of the English East-India Company, not to send in future any allegorical pictures to India, because the princes of that country are exceedingly suspicious. Such, in fact, is the character of all despots. I think, therefore, that fables were not invented for them, unless for the purposes of flattery.

A love of fables is generally diffused all over the world, but it is much more prevalent in free than in despotic countries. The savage nations ground their traditions on fables; they were never more common in any country than in Greece, where all the objects of Nature, of politics, and of religion, were merely the results of certain metamorphoses. There were few illustrious families but what had some animal in the number of their ancestors, or reckoned among their cousins, bulls, swans, nightingales, doves, crows, and magpies. It may be observed, that the English, in their literature, manifest a particular fondness for allegory, though the truth may be told among them with the utmost freedom. The Asiatics were in the same condition at the time of Esop and Lokman; but at the present day we find no fabulists among them, though their country is filled with sultans.

'Tis those nations that have approached the nearest to Nature, and consequently, such as are the most free, that display the strongest disposition to adorn truth with fables: this proceeds from the love of truth itself, which is the sentiment of the laws of Nature. Truth is the light of the soul, as physical light is the truth of bodies. Both together

impart the knowledge of what exists; the latter enables us to distinguish objects, the former manifests their adaptations; and as, in principle, all light derives its origin from the sun, so all truth emanates from God, of whom that luminary is the most admirable image. Few men can bear the pure light of the sun. 'Tis on account of the weakness of our eyes that Nature has given us eye-lids, for the purpose of covering them to a suitable degree; that she has planted the earth with forests, whose verdant foliage affords us soft and transparent shades, and that she veils the heavens with vapors and with clouds, to weaken the too intense rays of the orb of day. In like manner, few are capable of comprehending truths purely metaphysical. 'Tis on account of the weakness of our understanding that Nature has given us ignorance, to serve as an eye-lid to the mind; by means of this the soul opens by degrees to truth, admits only so much as she can bear, and surrounds herself with fables, which are like groves, in whose shade she may contemplate it, and when she is desirous of soaring to the Deity himself, she veils him with allegories and mysteries that she may be able to endure his splendence.

We should not see the light of the sun, were not his rays reflected by bodies, or at least by the clouds. It escapes our view beyond our own atmosphere, and dazzles us at its source. The same is the case with truth: we should not seize it, were it not to fix itself upon perceptible events, or at least on metaphors and comparisons, by which it is reflected. It requires a body to transmit it to us. Our understanding has no hold upon truths purely metaphysical; it is dazzled by those that emanate from the Deity, and it cannot seize such as do not repose upon his works. For this last reason the language of civilized nations depicts nothing, because it is replete with vague and abstract ideas; and that of nations in a state of simplicity and of nature is highly expressive because it is full of similes and metaphors. The first are habituated to

conceal their sentiments; the second to extend them. But as very often the clouds, dispersed in a thousand fantastic forms, decompose the rays of the sun into much richer and more varied tints than those which color the regular works of nature; so fables reflect the truth to a greater extent than real events; they transport it into every kingdom; they appropriate it to animals, to trees, to the elements, and produce from it a thousand reflexions. In like manner, the rays of the sun play, without being extinguished, in the depth of waters, in which they reflect objects on the earth and in the heavens, and redouble their beauties by means of consonances.

Ignorance, therefore, is as necessary to truth, as shade to light, since the harmonies of our understanding are formed from the first, as those of our sight are composed with the second.

Moralists, as I have already observed in my Studies, have almost always confounded ignorance with error. Ignorance, considered individually and distinctly from truth, with which it has such pleasing harmonies, is the repose of the understanding; it causes us to forget past sufferings, disguises present sorrows, and conceals future misfortunes; in a word, it is a blessing, because we receive it from Nature. Error, on the contrary, is the work of man; it is invariably an evil: it is a false light, which shines to mislead us. I cannot better compare it than to the flames of a conflagration, which consume the habitation which it illumines. It is remarkable, that not a single moral or physical evil exists, but what has an error for its principle. Tyranny, slavery, war, are founded on political, and even on sacred errors; for tyrants who circulated them in order to establish their power, have always derived them from the Deity, or from some virtue, that they might command the respect of mankind.

It is, however, extremely easy to distinguish error from truth. Truth is a natural light which shines of itself all over the earth, because it emanates from God. Error is

an artificial light, which requires to be continually fed and can never become universal, because it is the work of men alone. Truth is useful to all mankind; error is profitable only to a few, and prejudicial to all, because private interest is hostile to the general interest when it separates itself from the latter.

Great care must be taken not to confound fable with error. Fable is the veil of truth, and error is its shadow. It was to dissipate this that fable was invented; yet, however innocent it may be in its principle, it becomes dangerous when it assumes the chief character of error, that is, when it is converted to the private advantage of certain individuals. For example, it was of little consequence that the moon, under the name of Diana, was made a virgin goddess, who presided over the chase. This allegory signified that the light of the moon is favorable for hunters to lay snares for game, and that the exercise of hunting destroys the passion of love. There was no great harm in dedicating to her the pine in the forests; * this tree became a hunting rendezvous. Nor was there any great

* In like manner the oak was dedicated to Jupiter, the olive to Minerva, the pine to Pan, the laurel to Apollo, the myrtle to Venus, &c. Trees were likewise consecrated to demi-gods and heroes: the poplar was the tree of Hercules. Finally, nymphs, shepherds and shepherdesses had a share in the rest of the vegetable kingdom; the jealous Clythia gave her color and attitude to the sun-flower, and Adonis stained the flower that bears his name with his blood. Plants and trees in particular, were the first monuments of men. I have therefore made two cocoa-trees serve in the Isle of France, as monuments of the birth of Paul and Virginia, without borrowing that idea from a celebrated modern poet, who has complained without occasion; he is rich enough in his own ideas to permit others to borrow from him; but if that to which I allude did not exist in Nature, I should have found it, like him, in his models, the Ancients. It is very common among botanists who mark with new plants the epochs of friendship and gratitude, by giving them the names of their patrons and their friends. Finally, astronomers have extended this sentiment to the stars and mariners to the lands, rivers, and islands they discover, to which they assign the names of saints, of kings, of captains, of events, of conquests, of massacres, the remembrance of which they are desirous to perpetuate. When most of the objects on earth, and in the heavens, serve as monuments of the passions, and frequently of the fury of men, may not I be permitted to consecrate two trees in a forest to innocence and maternal affection?

harm in a huntsman's suspending from it the head of a wolf, in order to obtain the protection of Diana. But when he hung up the entire skin, there were people who resolved to take advantage of the circumstance. They erected a chapel to the goddess, where not only the skins but whole sheep were offered, to preserve the rest of the flock from those ravenous animals. These offerings were multiplied on account of some prodigious boar which had overturned the vines, and had brought about his heels all the dogs and youths of the adjacent country. The huntsmen drew pilgrims, and the pilgrims brought merchants to the spot. A village was soon formed around the chapel, to which credulous people soon ascribed oracles. As victories were likewise predicted, kings sent presents thither; the chapel was then transformed into a temple, and the village into a city, which had its priests, its magistrates, and its territories. Imposts were soon laid upon the people for the purpose of erecting magnificent temples, like that of Ephesus; and as fear has more power over the human mind than confidence, to render the worship of Diana terrific, human victims were sacrificed to her in the regions of Taurus. Thus an allegory invented for the good of the people, contributed to their wretchedness, because it turned to the profit of a particular city or temple.

Truth itself, is prejudicial to men, when it becomes the patrimony of one class. There is certainly a great difference between the toleration of the gospel and the intolerance of the inquisition; between the precept which Christ gave to his apostles, to shake the dust from their feet at the houses, whose owners refused to admit them, and his indignation when they besought him to call down fire from heaven, and the destruction of the ancient Indians of America, and the faggots of an auto-da-fé.

At the gallery of the Tuileries, to the right, on entering the garden, is an Ionic column, which the celebrated Blondel, professor of architecture showed as a model to his pupils, observing that all the succeeding ones gradually

decrease in beauty. The first, said he, is the work of a famous sculptor, and the others were successively made by artists, each deviating more than his predecessor from its forms and proportions. He who made the second has produced a tolerable imitation of the first, but the third is a mere copy of the second; thus proceeding from copy to copy, the last is far inferior to the original. I have often compared the gospel to this beautiful column of the Tuileries, and the works of ancient commentators to those of the rest of the gallery. But if the series were continued with the modern commentators up to the present time, what shapeless columns would their volumes exhibit, and who durst place any reliance upon them amid the tempests of life!

Since truth is a ray of celestial light, it will ever continue to shine for all men, provided their windows be not taxed; but how many societies founded for the purpose of propagating it, because it turns to their advantage, substitute in its stead the light of their tapers and of their lanterns. They soon find means, if they are powerful, to persecute those who discover it; and if they are not, they oppose to them an inert force, which prevents its circulation: for this reason its admirers often withdraw from men and cities. Such is the truth which it was my intention to prove in this little work; happy if I can contribute, in my native land, to the felicity of one single unfortunate individual, by painting the happiness of a Paria in his cottage in India.

PREAMBLE

TO THE

INDIAN COTTAGE.

THIS little work on being ushered into the world was distinguished by three species of success.

In the first place, it was no sooner published than several pirated editions appeared in the Palais Royal. This was undoubtedly doing me great honor, but it was making me pay very dearly, and deceiving the public by presenting them with faulty impressions.

The second kind of success of the Indian Cottage was, that it procured me the praises of the most distinguished journalists, and letters replete with interest from many of my readers. Nothing is more agreeable than a new friendship. All first-fruits are pleasing, and particularly those of the heart. Whatever sensibility I may possess, it is impossible for me to cultivate them all. Among those who do me the honor to court my correspondence, there are some, and they are not all ladies, who, for fear, as they say, of intruding upon me, write short letters, which require long answers: the contrary would suit me much better. It is undoubtedly one of my highest pleasures to behold the sentiments that emanated from the soul returning thither with those of my friends, whom they have procured me: but it is one of my greatest pains that I am

unable to cultivate such interesting connections. I am a lonely being; my health is bad, and I can only write a few hours in the morning. I have considerable quantities of materials to arrange, which I have neither strength nor time to put in order; nay, my circumstances are an obstacle to an extensive correspondence; for many letters come to me, from a great distance, with the postage unpaid. I hope these considerations, which impose upon me in so many ways, the necessity of brevity or silence, will plead my excuse with most of my readers, whose approbation I acknowledge the most pleasing recompense of my labors.

The third kind of success obtained by the Indian Cottage is, that it excited envy. Certain journalists attacked me in their publications. An abbé, disguised under an English name, asserted, in his journal, that I designed to turn our priests into ridicule under the appellation of Bramins. He said, it is true, to one of his subscribers, a lady who reproached him for his conduct, that, had he known she had been a friend of mine, he had not published the letter to which I allude: so true is it, that interest and not truth is the guide of a mercenary writer.

An academician bitterly complained of a note to my introduction, in which I treat the hypothesis of the flattening of the poles as an error. Another journalist of the same class, having no objection to make, either on the score of religion or of the poles, felt his natural jealousy roused by successes, for which he had not paved the way. Having no fault to find with my Indian Cottage, he has attacked my Rudiments of Education with great acrimony. Accustomed to repeat only the ideas of others, he will not permit me to have any of my own; he censures me for interdicting ambition in children, whom he is for educating, like himself, with academic corals; he thinks it wrong that I should forbid them to strive to be the first; that I should substitute in their youthful minds the love of humanity, instead of the love of themselves, the general interest instead of private interest, and that I should teach them

to live peaceably in the age of innocence, that they may be disposed to concord in that of the passions. If I wanted any striking proof of the bad effects of the old system of education, in rendering men jealous, and unjust, with great pretensions, and little talents, I should certainly produce no other example than himself.

There are creatures that are ill-natured without necessity. I have seen magpies turning round the cages of pigeons, merely for the purpose of pecking out their eyes. These babbling and mischievous birds snatch away every thing that glistens, to conceal it in their holes. I was doubtful whether I should not introduce the detractors of my works into the Preamble to my Indian Cottage, as magpies are nailed on the door of a pigeon house; but I recollect this precept of Pythagoras: Charge not thy children with thy vengeance. Ye thoughts, offspring of solitude and of Nature, ye are not enclosed in cages, nor can envy tear out your eyes! Free as your mother, ye will one day traverse the different regions of the globe, alighting near tender hearts, and bring them, like doves, love and peace!

In defending the truth against my enemies, I shall therefore suppress their names, though they have mentioned mine in their journals. These trumpets of different parties have set up for the dispensers of praise or censure; but they are formidable only to minds enervated by our ambitious education. We never give a man the power of disgracing, except when we give him that of honoring us. Every flatterer is a calumniator. For my part, I await my sentence from the public opinion alone: it is for this to do justice to those petty tribunals set up by their own authority to give it laws. It has destroyed the aristocracies which had monopolized honor and justice, and tyrannized over the conscience of the people; it is for this to reform those that have usurped the dominion over the arts, the sciences, literature, and the most noble faculties of human reason, and all, very often, for the profit of ~~an~~

adventurer, who traffics with their politics, with their philosophy, and with their theology.

Setting aside then every thing that relates personally to myself, I shall merely answer some objections made against moral truths, that are the first principles of the love we owe to God and to men. With regard to the physical truths, on which depend, in my opinion, the rudiments of the knowledge of the globe, I mean the prolongation of the poles, and the circulation of its seas, which alternately flow from them, these I reserve for another work, in which I hope, by the blessing of God, after refuting the contrary systems, to add new proofs to my theory, and to arrange them, with the former, in such order as will leave nothing to be desired.

In the mean time I will answer those who accuse me of having a design to satirize our priests under the name of Bramins, that, had this been my intention, I should have sent the English doctor on his travels, not among the Bramins, but to the Dalai Lama, the living image of the God Fo, whose clergy have an hierarchy, ceremonies, and tenets, so nearly resembling those of the Romish church, that the Jesuit missionaries Grebner, Desideri, Gerbillon, and Father Horace de la Penna, a Capuchin who visited their country, and have given us descriptions of it, are of opinion that the christian religion was formerly preached there. On the subject of these conformities, the reader may consult the 7th volume of the General History of the Abbé Prevost; but, according to the observation of that compiler himself, the religious customs of the Lama priests, appear of much higher antiquity, since Fo, or La, the founder of their religion, was born 1026 years before Christ. I could not therefore intend to delineate in the Bramins any thing but the Bramins, and this must be obvious to all those who have been in India, or who have read descriptions of that country.

Nay more—so far from having intended to attack the christian religion, I have represented a man imbued with

its spirit, in the honest inhabitant of an Indian Cottage. The Paria is the man of the Gospel: he loves all mankind, he does good even to his enemies, and he confides in God alone. He has, it is true, no faith in books; in this he is very excusable, since he cannot read. But it was not with books that Christ, who never wrote any, called his disciples, who were nearly as illiterate as the Paria; it was by his benevolence, his charity, and the sublimity of his morality, the first laws of which are not impressed on books, but on the human heart, and the light of which illumines, according to St. John, every man that cometh into the world. Jesus never wrote any thing, excepting on one occasion, when the doctors of the law accused the woman taken in adultery. It has been plausibly supposed that he was recording their own sins; but it is worthy of remark that he wrote them only upon sand. I have, therefore, endeavored by the example of the Paria, and conformably to the doctrine of Christ, to console such persons as are afflicted by the hand of God, and by men, by shewing them that the Almighty has placed in their hearts a source of eternal truths, whence each of them may derive what is adapted to his wants, and which the wicked are unable to disturb. The Paria, being asked by the English doctor whether the truth ought to be proclaimed to men, replies, like Jesus, that it should not be told to the wicked; and by a simile, resembling that of the scripture, he compares truth to a precious stone, and the wicked to a crocodile. "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine," said Jesus, "lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Matt. vii. 6. Finally, it is to such men as the Paria, to the poor in spirit, to the meek, to the afflicted, to the victims of injustice, to the charitable, to the pure, to the peaceful, to the persecuted, that Christ promised the eight beatitudes of the earth and of heaven, even though they might not be able to read, while he threatens with the eight maledictions those who, assuming the title of doctor, which he forbids his disciples to

take, shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, devour widows' houses, and, for a pretence, make long prayers, compass sea and land to make one proselyte, absolve people from oaths, sacrifice justice, mercy, and confidence in God, to mere regulations of discipline, make clean only the outside of the cup, are like unto whited sepulchres, and ostentatiously erect religious monuments, for the purpose of obtaining consideration among men. Matt. v. and xxiii.

I shall not dissemble that in my attempts to succour the wretched, according to the motto of my work, I have endeavored to overthrow their tyrants, of whatever kind they might be. The most generally diffused of their maxims is, that children inherit the virtues and the vices of their parents. Thus ambition has not only bound the present in its chains, but likewise the past and the future. Every species of tyranny is founded on an error that is often consecrated by religion; and to the imaginary influence of birth are attached most of the evils that afflict mankind. Upon this basis are founded, on the one hand, the hatred and contempt which overwhelm a multitude of useful men, and even whole nations; the slavery of the Negroes, the persecution of the Jews, the ancient feudal servitude of our peasantry, the oppression of the Guebres among the Turks, the infamy of the Pariahs among the Indians; and on the other, the prerogatives and honors conferred on the noble and religious casts of Asia and of Europe, such as the Naires, the Bramins, &c. This opinion, when combined with religion, involves mankind in irrevocable misery; for it excites intolerable pride in the one, persuading them that they are of divine origin, and endued with a celestial power, and it plunges the others into despair, as it deprives them of the courage to raise their eyes towards an implacable Deity, whose victims they imagine themselves from one generation to another.

Had I been destitute of the arms of reason to combat an error so injurious to God and so fatal to men, I might have found abundance in the very books which evil-designing

doctors have made use of to establish it among us. At the time of the prophet Ezekiel, the Israelites, oppressed with the weight of their misery, accused God of injustice, alledging that he inflicted on them the punishment due to the sins of their fathers. "The fathers," said they, "have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Ezekiel answers them in the name of God: "As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine, as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him. Ezekiel, xviii. 2, 3, 20. Nothing more explicit could be desired to prove the natural innocence of man. The same truth is likewise to be found in the gospel. Though the Jews were then highly depraved, Jesus considers their children as innocent. He said to his disciples, who repulsed them with harsh language: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xix. 14. On another occasion he says: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me." He would certainly not have spoken in this manner of children, had they been defiled by the sins of their fathers.

I have made the Paria reason like the prophet Ezekiel, and act like a disciple of Christ. The Gospel is only the expression of the sublime laws of Nature. Had we not the authority of that sacred book, we have at least the authority of Nature herself. We daily behold children who differ essentially from their parents. If moral qualities were transmitted by birth, we should see invariable families of Socrateses, of Catos, of Neros, of Tiberiuses; or rather all men would be exactly alike, because they are all descended from one general father.

It is, however, on this opinion, so completely refuted by experience, that aristocracies ground their prerogatives

In our schools, which have flattered every species of tyranny, they are supported by subtle arguments. All men, it is there taught, were contained from father to son in the first man. Their birth is nothing more than their development. The same observation applies to all organized beings. Each individual issues from its first germ in which it was enclosed with all its posterity. The first acorn comprised within itself all the oaks in the universe. As a visible proof they adduce the root of a tulip, which contains its flower completely formed, and if you do not perceive, say they, in the seeds of that flower, a second generation of tulips, the reason is, because the eye of man is incapable of pursuing its observations any farther. Our doctors, not satisfied, with confining an infinite quantity of matter within a very small space, distribute with the same facility a very small portion of matter over a space of boundless extent. If, say they, you dissolve a grain of carmine in a quart of water, the whole of it will assume a red color. If you pour it into a cask nearly filled with water, each drop of water in that cask will contain a portion of the carmine. If you empty the cask into a lake, each drop in the lake will comprise a portion of a red-tinged water of the cask. Finally, if you cause the lake to discharge itself into the sea, each drop in the sea will comprehend a portion of the carmined water of the lake. Thus a grain of carmine is diffused throughout the whole ocean. In this manner they pretend to prove the divisibility of matter in an infinite progression, descending from great to small, and ascending from small to great. I passed the flower of my youth in combating these chimæras in our schools of philosophy, as they are called. When I represented the incomprehensibility of these arguments, they raised objections against the insufficiency of my reason. They opposed to me the authority of geometry, in the instance of two lines, which are continually approaching the curve, without ever touching it. This was only an additional sophism. The misfortune is, that from this

progression *ad infinitum*, consequences are deduced prejudicial to the happiness of various classes, and what is still worse, of mankind in general.

I could have demonstrated the falsehood of this principle, from the injustice of its consequences, for every evil springs from some error, as every good emanates from some truth. Thus God is the source of intelligence only because he is the source of bounty. But my object was not so much to guide my heart as to enlighten my understanding. It was therefore necessary to disencumber it of the subtleties of the schools. I thought that it could not be of a different quality from that of our doctors, who pretended to conceive and explain their mystery; and as I saw nothing but contradictions where they declared they perceived the clearest evidence, I concluded that either their reason or mine must be in error. To correct in myself this rule of our judgment, I applied it not to the laws written in books, those works of men, liable, like myself, to mistakes, but to the laws of Nature, that work of the Almighty, who never errs. It is the sense of his laws that constitute evidence, that *ne plus ultra* of human reason.

In the first place, it appeared certain that all progression, descending to infinity, must terminate at zero. I took, for an object of comparison, a ladder formed of two poles, inclining toward each other. It appeared evident, that these two poles, lengthened at the end where they approached each other, must necessarily meet, and that the steps between them must likewise continue gradually to diminish: so that at the point where the two poles met, the last step would be reduced to nothing. I suppose then, that these two poles represent the first male and the first female of every class of beings, and the steps the generations from the father and mother; it is obvious that these generations will progressively diminish, since the first comprehends the second, the second the third, and so forth. Thus the last generation inclosed in the father and mother, like the last step comprehended between the two

poles of the ladder, must, in a few degrees, be reduced to nothing.

This demonstration appeared much clearer when I had studied the laws of Nature herself. In these I plainly saw that had God inclosed all the generations of each being in the first germ, he had violated the laws he himself established for the procreation of successive generations and for rendering them productive in their turn. These laws are those of love, which exist for men, for animals, for vegetables, and perhaps for beings of another kingdom. Of this the example of the tulip root, which contains the flower completely formed, affords a proof. This enclosed flower is composed only of floral embryos, the petals of which require to be developed by the concurrence of the elements. Its antheræ, or male parts, must likewise acquire a fecundating power by means of the action of the sun, and the stigmata of the pistil, or female parts of the flowers must be fecundated by the seminal powder of the antheræ, in order that the seeds contained in the ovary may be capable of producing tulips. Thus the whole scale of this supposed infinite progression of tulips terminates at the first bulb. Besides, the seed of the tulip is not a bulb; for before it can arrive at that state, it must be put into the ground, and be covered by each moon with a new concentric coat, like bulbous plants and various other roots. If we take, for example, an acorn, and suppose that we may discover an oak comprized in it, we shall certainly not find in it the rudiments of its knotty roots, which are destined to pierce the bed of rocks, nor those of its trunk, the work of ages, to which each solar year adds a circle, as each lunar month adds a circle to the bulbous plants. It is farther impossible that this embryo-oak can actually produce acorns; for the generation of these acorns depends on the fecundation of their male and female flowers, which as yet do not exist, since they never appear on the tree till after a certain number of years, when it may be said to be grown up.

Thus this imaginary infinite succession of oaks, comprehended in the first acorn, terminates at the farthest, with the first embryo-oak. The same is the case with the successive generations of men. If we suppose that the first of men contained a human embryo, this embryo must have required the maternal womb in its passage to elementary life, and twelve or fourteen for its expansion, and the formation of the seminal particles, which are to produce a second generation. Anatomists have never discovered seminal particles in children that have died before the age of puberty: they cannot then exist in the first embryo, which requires the concurrence of the two sexes before it can receive elementary life, or its organs can be developed. Accordingly Nature could not have inclosed all the generations of each being in the first germ, since each generation can receive existence only from the combined action of a father and a mother, and cannot in its turn communicate life to the succeeding generation but by the same means. To say that all oak-trees were comprehended in the first acorn, and all the generations of the human race in the first embryo, is the same thing as to assert that all the ages of the world were contained in the first minute. A son, then is not actually contained in his father, any more than to-morrow is comprehended in to-day, or next year in the present year. Every child owes its existence to the coition of a male and of a female, as does each year to the combined motion of the sun and of the earth; and the child, like the year, is rendered capable of procreating only by a periodical series of days and of seasons, which the orb of light, the image of the Deity, successively produces.

Nevertheless, by maintaining that all men were comprehended in their ancestors, our schools misled the mind for ages. How many dangerous consequences have been deduced from this system of metaphysics to the misfortune of mankind! For, I repeat it, there is no error but what is productive of mischief, and no evil but what proceeds from error. Writers, moreover, have represented tribes, nay,

whole nations, as infamous or illustrious, vicious or virtuous, merely on account of their origin: others, and very often the same, have comprised the whole human race in one general proscription, regardless how they contradicted themselves by their exceptions. Nature, however, shewed them that, in the same families, there were good and wicked men, which could not have happened had all borne the same original impression, like pieces of metal struck with the same die: besides, had virtues and vices been transmitted, so would talents, arts and sciences. A scholar would have begotten scholars, in the same manner as it is supposed that a virtuous father produces a virtuous child, but experience proves that knowledge and error, as well as virtues and vices, are the fruits of education and of habit.

I believe that all men sprung from one progenitor, but that they were successively formed by the copulation of the sexes. The wonderful law by which they are supposed to be contained one in another, would, after all, be nothing more than a merely mechanical law; but that which produces them by the harmony of the loves, is a divine law.

It is an ever-living, ever-loving law, and worthy of the Author of the universe alone. He once created the genera, he still procreates the individuals: he is incessantly active; he causes the alternate intervention of the elementary harmonies, filial, vegetable, animal, fraternal, conjugal, maternal, tributive, national, and even those of the whole human race, to form a single man. From the physical harmonies he produces moral harmonies; from the elementary, the first sentiments of love and of hatred in children; from the filial, their gratitude and piety towards their parents; from the vegetable and animal, the intelligences of Nature and its author in boyhood; from the fraternal, the sentiment of friendship and equality in youth; from the conjugal, fidelity, constancy, generosity, and all the affections of lovers; from the paternal, economy, prudence, courage, and all the domestic virtues that adorn the age of

manhood; from the tributive, the love of glory, which springs from the desire of serving one's fellow-creatures; from the national, the love of country, which in advanced years extends its affections to every class; and from the harmonies of the human race, the philanthropy which embraces all nations, and which results from the experience and the wisdom of old age. All these physical and moral harmonies are subdivided into active and passive, into positive and negative; and from their combination results the admirable concert of the universe and of mankind.

Will it now be said, that a man comprehends within himself all his posterity? By the mere harmony of the sexes, each generation is modified in such a manner, that, in general, the males favor the mother, and the females the father in their character and physiognomy. Thus nature perpetuates herself by an incessant round of variations. I have presented, in my *Studies*, a few links of this admirable chain of harmonies; but if God should, one day, grant me the leisure and the favor to trace, remote from cities, this circle of loves and of virtues, I shall shew that round these harmonic laws all the social laws ought to revolve, because they are those of Nature herself. I hope, at least to attach to them the laws of education; for education ought to be nothing more than the apprenticeship of human life.

We derive then the first germ of our bodies from our parents, and frequently our physical constitution, whether good or bad; but this is not the case with our moral constitution. Our souls are given to us innocent and pure, because they proceed from God, and are his alone, as says the prophet Ezekiel: it behoves us, with his aid, to keep them virtuous and just. For the purpose of expanding them, he traced a circle of loves and of virtues; if we have been thrust out of this track by the depravity of society, we shall regain it by silent and serious reflection. The felicity of an individual is grounded on the same laws that ensure the happiness of the species.

Conformably to this natural sentiment, the Paria divests himself of all the prejudices of his country. I have frequently looked upon it as one of the greatest misfortunes incident to humanity, that superstition should seize, even in early infancy, an innocent soul, which has no possibility of defending itself from its power: but considering how obstinate, intolerant, austere and cruel the superstitious are in every country, notwithstanding the means offered them by nature, in the course of their lives, to recal them to truth and to virtue, I discovered that superstition was, like atheism, a consequence of ambition, and that in like manner it was the punishment of the latter. You cannot render a child superstitious without exciting in him a religious ambition, either positive or negative: you begin by impressing him with fear, and he strives to terrify others in his turn. Every one is glad to communicate the object of his terror, but keeps to himself that of his hopes.* The most tyrannical religions have always obtained the greatest number of proselytes. It is, therefore necessary to prepare an innocent soul with some foreign vice, to make superstition fix upon it, in the same manner as alum is employed as a mordant for white wool before it is dyed black. The Paria, by dint of reflection, divests himself of the prejudices of the Bramins, and then finds himself in the state that Nature created him, like a savage who, on throwing off the dress in which Europeans have clothed him, escapes at once from the vanity they had excited, and the servitude to which they wanted to reduce him.

Many persons, on considering the errors and the terrors which seize the human mind, even in earliest infancy, and

The superstitious man frequently turns atheist, for his probabilities of salvation being very few, and those of damnation innumerable, he has consequently much greater reason to fear than to hope; and in this anxiety he at length determines to believe nothing at all. He chuses rather to believe that there is no God, than that he is an eternal tyrant. The atheist seldom becomes superstitious, for the same reason that a man who is once dead cannot again fall sick. True religion is between superstition and atheism; it is the health of the soul.

envelope it during life, have wished for the profound solitude of the Paria, beneath the genial climate of India, in order to be preserved from their power; but we shall find retreats more inaccessible than the rocks, more delightful than the fig-trees of the Banians, if we retire into our own hearts. Fate might have caused us to be born at the time of the Druids, or under the tyranny of the Bramins; or, what embraces every species of misery, in the form of an African Negro, consigned in America to the scourges and the opinions of Europeans, and adoring the very errors that make him wretched: in all these modifications of human misery, we should have received from Nature, as a counterpoise to the evils of societies, a soul friendly to truth. Let us then seek in ourselves and in Nature, who never deceives, that truth which is to enlighten us. O man, who believest that there is in the universe no other book than that in which thou hast been taught to read, no other light than what proceeds from thy glimmering lamp, look at the book of Nature and the orb of day, which shines for the instruction of every mortal! Read in Nature and thou wilt find that all truths emanate from God, as all lights from the sun. What then is requisite to collect and to retain them? A pure heart open to truth, and shut against prejudices. This Nature bestowed on thee at thy birth, in the same manner as she has given thee eyes to behold the light, and eye-lids to cover them

THE INDIAN COTTAGE.

ABOUT thirty years ago a society of English literati was formed at London, who undertook to visit the various regions of the globe, in quest of information in every department of science, with a view to enlighten mankind, and to make them more happy. The expences of this society were to be defrayed by subscriptions contributed by merchants, peers, bishops, the universities, the royal family, and even by several sovereigns of the north of Europe. These literati were twenty in number, and the Royal Society of London had furnished each of them with a volume, containing a list of the questions to which they were to procure answers. These questions amounted in number to 3500. Though they were all different for each of the travellers, and adapted to the country which they were about to visit, they were all connected with each other in such a manner that the light diffused over one, must necessarily have extended to all the others. The president of the Royal Society, who had drawn them up with the aid of his colleagues, was perfectly sensible that the explanation of one difficulty frequently depends on the solution of another, and this again on that which precedes it; so that we may be led, in the search of truth, much farther than we could have at first imagined. In short, to use the very expressions employed by the president in their instructions, it was the most splendid edifice that

any nation had ever erected for the purpose of promoting general knowledge; which, he added, was a sufficient proof of the necessity of academical societies to arrange and embody the truths dispersed over the whole extent of the earth.

Besides being provided with this volume of questions each of the learned travellers was commissioned to purchase by the way the most ancient copies of the Bible, and the rarest manuscripts of every kind, or at least to spare no pains to procure accurate copies of them. For this purpose the subscribers to the fund had procured all of them letters of recommendation to the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of Great Britain in the places they were to visit; and what was still more useful, good bills of exchange, endorsed by the most eminent bankers in London.

The most learned of these doctors, who understood the Hebrew, Arabic, and Hindoo languages, was sent overland to the East Indies, the cradle of every art and of every science. He first went to Holland, and visited successively the synagogue of Amsterdam and the synod of Dordrecht; in France, the Sorbonne, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris; in Italy, a great number of academies, museums, and libraries; among the rest the Museum of Florence, the Library of St. Mark at Venice, and that of the Vatican at Rome. While in the last-mentioned city, he was uncertain whether he should go to Spain, to consult the famous university of Salamanca, before he proceeded to the East; but being afraid of the Inquisition, he determined to embark direct for Turkey. He repaired to Constantinople, where an Effendi permitted him, for money, to inspect all the books in the Mosque of St. Sophia. Leaving the Turkish metropolis, he went to Egypt, and after visiting the Copts, the Maronites of Mount Libanus, and the monks of Mount Cossin, he continued his journey to Sana in Arabia, and afterwards to Ispahan, Kandahar, Delhi, Agra. At length after a peregrination of three years he arrived on the banks of the Ganges at Benares,

the Athens of India, where he conferred with the Bramins. His collection of ancient editions, original works, rare manuscripts, copies, extracts and annotations of every kind, by this time exceeded in magnitude any thing that had ever been made by an individual. Suffice it to say, that it formed ninety packages, weighing together nine thousand five hundred and forty pounds, avoirdupois. He was on the point of embarking for London with this rich cargo of knowledge, overjoyed at having exceeded the hopes of the Royal Society, when a very simple reflection converted all his pleasure into mortification.

He considered that, after having conferred with the Jewish Rabbis, the Protestant Ministers, the Catholic Doctors, the Academicians of Paris, of la Crusca, of the Arcades, and twenty-four more of the most celebrated Academies of Italy, the Greek Papas, the Turkish Molhas, the Armenian Verbiests, the Persian Seidres and Casys, the Arab Sheikhs, the ancient Parsees, the Indian Pandects, so far from having elucidated any one of the three thousand five hundred questions of the Royal Society, he had only contributed to multiply doubts relative to them; and as they were all connected with each other, the result was the very reverse of the illustrious president's idea, namely, the obscurity of one solution darkened the evidence of another; the plainest truths had become quite problematical, and it was even impossible to discover a single ope in this vast labyrinth of contradictory answers and authorities.

The doctor formed this judgment from a general survey. Among these questions were two hundred on the theology of the Hebrews; four hundred and eighty on that of the different communions of the Greek and Romish church; three hundred and twelve on the ancient religion of the Bramins; five hundred and eight on the Sanscrit or sacred language; three on the present state of the nations of India; two hundred and eleven on the commerce of the English in India; seven hundred and nineteen on the ancient

monuments in the island of Elephanta or Salsette, near Bombay; five on the antiquity of the world; six hundred and seventy-three on the origin of ambergris, and on the properties of the bezoar; one on the yet-unexamined cause of the current of the Indian ocean, which flows six months toward the east, and six months toward the west, and three hundred and seventy-eight on the sources and periodical inundations of the Ganges. On this occasion the doctor was advised to collect by the way all the information he could relative to the sources and inundations of the Nile, which for so many centuries engaged the attention of the learned in Europe: but he thought that this subject had been sufficiently discussed, and it was irrelevant to his mission. Now he had obtained upon an average five different solutions to each of the questions proposed by the Royal Society, which gave for the whole three thousand five hundred questions, a total of seventeen thousand five hundred answers; and supposing that each of his nineteen colleagues should bring home as many, the Royal Society would consequently have to resolve three hundred and fifty thousand difficulties, before they could establish one single truth on a solid basis. Thus their whole collection, instead of making each proposition converge towards one common centre, according to their instructions, would, on the contrary, 'cause them to diverge from each other, without any possibility of approximating them. Another reflexion likewise gave the doctor great uneasiness. It was this, that though he had employed in his laborious investigations all the coolness of his country, and a politeness for which he was eminently distinguished, he had yet made implacable enemies of all the doctors with whom he had argued. 'What then,' said he, 'can secure the peace of my countrymen, when, instead of truth, I bring them in my ninety bales new subjects of doubt and of dispute?

He was on the point of embarking for England, with a mind divided between perplexity and disgust, when the Bramius of Benares informed him that the superior Brantiu

of the celebrated pagoda of Jagernaut, situated on the coast of Orixá, on the sea-shore, near one of the mouths of the Ganges, was alone capable of resolving all the questions of the Royal Society of London. He was, in truth, the most famous Pandect or doctor that ever was heard of; people came to consult him from all parts of India, and even from various other regions of Asia.

The English doctor immediately set out for Calcutta, and applied to the principal officer of the English East-India Company at that place, who, for the honor of his nation and the glory of the sciences, gave him for his conveyance to Jagernaut, a palanquin, with an awning of crimson silk with gold tassels, and two relays of vigorous coulis, or bearers, of four men each; two porters, a water-carrier, a carrier of refreshments, a pipe-bearer, a parasol-bearer, to screen him from the sun by day, a masalchi, or torch-bearer for the night; a wood-cutter, two cooks, two camels and their guides, to carry his provisions and his baggage; two runners to announce his approach; four seapoys, or rajahpoots, mounted on Persian horses to escort him, and a standard-bearer with a standard, on which were displayed the arms of England. You would have taken the doctor, with his splendid equipage, for some deputed agent of the India Company; but there was this difference, that instead of receiving, the doctor was commissioned to make presents. As it is not customary to appear empty-handed in India before persons in dignified stations, the governor gave him at the national expence, a beautiful telescope and a Persian carpet for the chief of the Bramins, some magnificent dresses for his wife, and three pieces of China taffeta, red, white, and yellow, to make scarfs for his disciples. The camels being laden with these presents, the doctor set out in his palanquin, with the book of the Royal Society.

By the way he considered what question he should first put to the chief of Bramins of Jagernaut, whether he should begin with one of the three hundred and sixty eight that

related to the sources and inundations of the Ganges, or that concerning the alternate and half-yearly currents of the Indian sea, which might contribute towards the discovery of the sources and periodical movements of the ocean over the whole globe; but though this question would have been infinitely more interesting to physics, than all the inquiries made for so many ages relative to the sources and inundations even of the Nile itself; it had not yet engaged the attention of the literati of Europe. He therefore preferred to interrogate the Bramin on the universality of the Deluge, which has excited so many disputes; or to go back still farther, and enquire whether it be true that the sun has several times altered his course, and risen in the west and set in the east, according to the tradition of the priests of Egypt, recorded by Herodotus; or to question him concerning the period of the creation of the world, to which the Indians give an antiquity of several millions of years. Sometimes he thought it would be more useful to consult him upon the best form of government for a nation, or upon the rights of man, of which no code exists in any country; but these last questions were not in his book.

However, said the doctor to himself, I should think it advisable in the first place to ask the Indian Pandect how it is possible to discover truth; for if this is to be done by means of reason, as I have hitherto been endeavoring to find it, reason varies in every individual. I must therefore ask him where truth is to be sought, for it is in books, they all contradict one another; and, lastly, whether truth should be communicated to men, for no sooner do you make them acquainted with it, than you set them at variance with you. These three preliminary questions were not thought of by our illustrious president. If the Bramin of Jagernaut can resolve them, I shall possess the key to all the sciences; and what is still more desirable I shall live in peace with all the world.

In this manner the doctor reasoned with himself. After

a journey of ten days, he reached the shores of the gulph of Bengal, and met a great number of people returning from Jagernaut, and extolling the knowledge of the chief of the Pandects whom they had been to consult. On the eleventh day at sun-rise, he perceived the famous pagoda of Jagernaut built on the sea-shores, which it overlooked with its high red walls, and its galleries, its domes, and its turrets of white marble. It rose from the centre of nine avenues of ever-verdant trees, which branch off towards the same number of kingdoms. Each of these avenues is formed of a different species of trees, of the areka-palm, the teak, the cocoa, the mango, the latanier, the camphor, the bamboo, the badamier, the sandal, and lead toward Ceylon, Golconda, Arabia, Persia, Thibet, China, Ava, Siam, and the islands of the Indian ocean. The doctor proceeded towards the pagoda by the avenue of bamboos, which runs along the bank of the Ganges, and by the enchanting islands at the mouth of the river. This pagoda, though situated in a plain, is so lofty, that the traveller who perceives it in the morning, cannot reach it before night. The doctor was filled with the highest admiration on a nearer view of its grandeur and magnificence. Its gates of brass glistened with the rays of the setting sun, and eagles hovered about its roof, which was lost in the clouds. It was surrounded by vast basins of white marble, which reflected in their pellucid waters its domes, its galleries, and its gates; all round it were immense courts and gardens enclosed by capacious buildings, the habitations of the Bramins, by whom the sacred edifice was attended.

The doctor's runners hastened to announce his arrival, and a company of young bayaderers immediately advanced from the gardens to meet him, singing and dancing to the sound of tabors. Round their necks they had collars made of the blossoms of mougria, and about their waists they had garlands of odoriferous flowers. Amidst their perfumes, their dancing and their music, the doctor proceeded to the

door of the pagoda, at the farther end of which he perceived, by the light of several lamps of gold and silver, the statue of Jagernaut, the seventh incarnation of Brahma, in the form of a pyramid, without feet or hands, which he had lost in the attempt to carry the world, in order to save it. At his feet a number of penitents lay prostrate, with their faces to the ground, some of whom promised aloud to hook themselves by the shoulders to his chariot on his festival, and others vowed to submit to be crushed to death under its wheels. Though the spectacle of these fanatics, who heaved deep sighs while pronouncing their horrible vows, excited a kind of terror, the doctor was preparing to enter the pagoda, when an aged Bramin, who officiated as door keeper, stopped him and inquired what business had brought him thither. Being made acquainted with it, he told the doctor that, as he was a frangui, or impure man, he could not be permitted to appear before Jagernaut, or his high priest, till he had washed himself three times in one of the lavers of the temple, and had stripped off every thing that had belonged to any animal; that he must not have about him, in particular, either the hair of cows, because they are adored by the Bramins, or of hogs, because they hold those creatures in abhorrence. "What then shall I do?" replied the doctor. "I have brought as presents to the chief of the Bramins, a Persian carpet, made of the hair of the goat of Angora, and China stuffs, which are of silk." "All offerings," replied the Bramin, "to the temple of Jagernaut, or to his high priest, are purified by the very gift; but this cannot be the case with your garments." The doctor was therefore obliged to take off his coat of English wool, his goat-skin shoes, and his beaver hat; after which an aged Bramin, having washed him three times, covered him with a kind of cotton stuff, of a yellow color, and conducted him to the entrance of the apartment of the chief of the Bramins. The doctor was preparing to enter, carrying under his arm the volume of questions by the Royal Society, when his conductor inquired with what

material the book was covered. "It is bound in calf," replied the doctor. "What!" said the enraged Bramin, "have I not told you that the cow was adored by the Bramins, and would you presume to appear before their chief with a book covered with calf's skin?" The doctor would have been obliged to return and purify himself in the Gauges, had he not spared himself the trouble, by presenting a few pagodas to his conductor. He therefore left the book of questions in his palanquin, consoling himself with the reflection, that he had only three questions to ask of the Indian doctor. I shall be perfectly satisfied, said he, if he tells me how truth should be sought, where it may be found, and whether it should be communicated to men.

The aged Bramin now introduced the English doctor, clad in his cotton robe, bare-headed and bare-footed, to the high priest of Jagernaut, seated in a vast saloon, supported by columns of sandal wood. The walls were green, being plastered with stucco mixed with cow dung, so brilliant and so highly polished, that you might see your face in it. The floor was covered with very fine mats, six feet square. At the farther end of the saloon was an alcove, surrounded with a balustrade of ebony; and over this alcove was seen through a lattice-work of red-tinged bamboo, the venerable chief of the Pandects with his white beard, and three stripes of cotton, fastened like a shoulder-belt, according to the custom of the Bramins. He was sitting cross-legged on a yellow carpet, so completely motionless, that he did not even turn his eyes. Some of his disciples were driving the flies from him with fans of peacock's feathers; others were burning the wood of the aloe in silver censers; and others were playing in the softest manner on the dulcimer: the rest, in great numbers, among whom were faquirs, joguis and santous, were ranged in several rows on either side of the hall, in profound silence, with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms crossed on their bosoms.

The doctor was advancing to the chief of the Pandects to pay his compliments, but his conductor stopped him at

the distance of nine mats, telling him that the omrahs, or grandees of India, were never suffered to go any farther; that the rajahs, or Indian sovereigns, advanced no nearer than within six mats; the princes, the sons of the Mogul, no nearer than three; and that the Mogul alone was allowed the honor of approaching so near to the venerable chief as to kiss his feet.

Meanwhile several Bramins carried to the foot of the alcove the telescope, the silks, and the carpet, which the doctor's attendants had brought to the entrance of the hall; and the aged Bramin having looked at them without giving any mark of approbation, they were conveyed into the interior of the apartments.

The English doctor was then going to begin a very florid harangue in the Hindoo language, when his conductor informed him that he must be silent till the high priest should speak to him. He then directed him to squat down on his heels, cross-legged like a tailor, according to the custom of the country. The doctor murmured within himself at so many formalities; but what will not a man do in order to find truth, especially after he has travelled so far as India in quest of it?

As soon as the doctor was seated, the music ceased, and after a profound silence of a few moments, the chief of the Pandects enquired the cause of his visit to Jagernaut.

Though the high priest of Jagernaut had spoken in the Hindoo language so distinctly as to be heard by the whole assembly, his words were repeated by one faquir to a second, by the second to a third, by whom they were repeated to the doctor. The latter replied in the same language, that, having heard of the extraordinary reputation of the chief of the Bramins, he had come to Jagernaut to consult him, and to enquire the means by which truth might be discovered.

The doctor's answer was conveyed to the chief of the Pandects by the same interlocutors that had transmitted

the question; and the rest of the conversation was conducted in the same manner.

After a little recollection the aged chief of the Pandects replied: "Truth can be known only by means of the Bramins." The whole assembly bowed, impressed with admiration for the answer of their chief.

"Where must truth be sought?" abruptly rejoined the English doctor. "All truth," replied the aged Indian seer, "is contained in the four beths, written one hundred and twenty thousand years ago, in the Sanscrit language, which is known only to the Bramins."

"At these words shouts of applause resounded from the whole saloon.

The doctor recovering his temper, then said to the high priest of Jagernaut: Since God has confided truth to books, which are only understood by the Bramins, it must thence follow that God has withheld the knowledge of it from the greatest part of mankind, who are ignorant even of the existence of Bramins. Now, were this the case, God would not be just."

"Such was the will of Brama," replied the high priest "It is impossible to oppose the will of Brama." The plaudits of the assembly became still louder. As soon as they had abated, the Englishman proposed his third question: "Ought truth to be communicated to men."

"It is often prudent," said the aged Pandect, "to conceal it from the world, but it is the duty of all to tell it to the Bramins."

"What!" cried the indignant English doctor, "should the truth be told to the Bramins, who never communicate it to any one? In truth the Bramins are exceedingly unjust."

These words produced a dreadful tumult in the assembly. They had heard God taxed with injustice without murmuring; but they could not so calmly hear the same reproach made against themselves. The Pandects, the Faquirs, the Santons, the Joguis, the Bramins, and their disciples, were all desirous to argue at once with the English doctor; but

the high priest of Jagernaut commanded silence, by striking with his fista, and saying with a loud voice: "The Bramins dispute not like the doctors of Europe." He then rose, and retired amidst the acclamations of the whole assembly, who murmured loudly against the doctor, and would probably have done him a mischief, but for fear of the English, whose credit is all-powerful on the banks of the Ganges. The doctor having quitted the saloon, his conductor said to him: "Our most venerable father would, according to custom, have caused sherbet, betel, and perfumes to be presented to you; but you have excited his anger."—"Tis I that ought to be angry," replied the doctor, "for having taken so much useless trouble. But what cause can your chief have to complain?"—"What!" answered his guide, "would you pretend to dispute with him? Do not you know that he is the oracle of India, and that every one of his words is a ray of intelligence?"—"I never doubted it," said the doctor, putting on his coat, his shoes, and his hat. The weather was tempestuous and night approached; he requested leave to remain in one of the apartments of the pagoda, but this was refused him, because he was a frangui. As the ceremony had made him thirsty, he asked for something to drink. Some water was brought him in a cup, which was broken as soon as he had done drinking, because, as a frangui, he had polluted it with his touch. The doctor, highly incensed, called his attendants, prostrate in deep adoration on the steps of the pagoda, and seating himself in his palanquin, he returned by the bamboo alley, along the sea-shore, it being now dusk, and the sky overcast with clouds. He said to himself by the way: The Indian proverb is but too true, that every European who comes to India, acquires patience if he has none, or loses it if he has. For my part, I have certainly lost mine. How provoking, that I cannot learn by what means truth may be found, where it should be sought, and whether it ought to be communicated to men! Man, therefore, is doomed over the whole world

to errors and disputes: it was truly worth while to come to India to consult the Bramins on the subject.

While the doctor was thus reasoning in his palanquin, one of those storms which in India are called a typhoon, came on. The wind blew from the sea, and drove back the waters of the Ganges, which broke foaming against the islands at its mouth. It swept from their shores columns of sand, and from their forest clouds of leaves, which it carried across the river and the fields to a great height into the air. Sometimes it spent its force among the bamboos, and though these Indian reeds are as high as the tallest trees, it agitated them like the grass in the field. Amid clouds of dust and of leaves was perceived their long undulating avenue, one part of which was bending to the right and left to the ground, while the other rose again with a creaking noise. The doctor's people, afraid lest they should be crushed by them, or carried away by the waters of the Ganges, which already began to overflow their banks, turned off across the plain, directing their steps at random towards the neighboring eminences. Night, however, came on, and they proceeded three hours in the most profound darkness, not knowing whither they went, when a flash of lightning, cleaving the clouds, and illumining the whole horizon, enabled them to perceive the pagoda of Jagernaut, the islands of the Ganges, and the agitated sea, at a great distance to their right, and close to them a little valley with a wood, situated between two hills. Thither they hastened for shelter, and already heard the dismal roaring of the thunder when they reached the entrance of the valley. It was flanked with rocks, and covered with aged trees of prodigious size. Though the tempest bowed their tops with a terrible roaring, their enormous trunks stood as unshaken as the rocks by which they were surrounded. This portion of the ancient forest seemed to be the asylum of repose, but it was difficult to penetrate it. Rotins, which crept around its skirts, covered the foot of the trees, and liannes, entan-

gled from trunk to trunk, formed a rampart of foliage behind which appeared caverns of verdure, but without any entrance. The rajahpoots, however, opened a passage with their sabres, and the whole retinue entered with the palanquin. Here they thought to find shelter from the storm, when the rain, descending with excessive violence, formed around them a thousand torrents. In this dilemma they espied a light and a hut, beneath the trees in the narrowest part of the valley. The masalchi hastened to light his flambeau; but soon returned, out of breath, crying: "Dont go near the house; it belongs to a Paria." The whole affrighted troop immediately exclaimed: "A Paria! a Paria!" The doctor, supposing it to be some ferocious beast, seized his pistols. "What is a Paria?" said he to the torch-bearer. "'Tis a man who has neither faith nor law." "'Tis an Indian," added the chief of the rajahpoots, "of a cast so infamous, that it is lawful to kill him if he only touches you. If we enter his house we shall not be permitted for nine moons to set foot in any pagoda, and to purify ourselves, we must bathe nine times in the Ganges, and be washed as many times from head to foot with cow's urine, by the hands of a Bramin." "No," cried all the Indians, "we will not enter the house of a Paria!" "How could you tell," said the doctor to the torch-bearer, "that your countryman was a Paria, that is, a man without faith or law?" "When I opened the door of his hut," answered the torch-bearer, "I saw him lying with his dog on the same mat with his wife, to whom he was giving some drink in a cow's horn." "No," repeated all the doctor's attendants, "we will not enter the habitation of a Paria." "Stay here, if you please," said the Englishman; "for my part all the casts of India are alike to me, when I am seeking a shelter from the rain."

So saying he leaped out of his palanquin, put his book of questions and his night-cap under his arm, and taking his pistols and his pipe in his hand, proceeded alone to the door of the hut. No sooner had he knocked, than a

man of a very mild countenance opened the door, and immediately drew back, saying: "Sir, I am but a poor Paria, who am unworthy to receive you, but if you think fit to take shelter here, you will do me great honor." "Brother," replied the Englishman, "I willingly accept your hospitality." The Paria then went out with a torch in his hand, a load of dry wood on his shoulder, and a basket full of cocoa-nuts and bananas under his arm; he approached the doctor's attendants, who were at some distance from the hut under a tree, and said to them: "Since you will not do me the honor to come to my habitation, here are fruits wrapped in their rinds, which you may eat without fear of pollution, and there is fire to dry yourselves, and to protect you from the tigers. God preserve you!" He immediately returned to his hut, and said to the doctor: "Sir, I repeat to you that I am only an unfortunate Paria; but as I perceive by your complexion and your dress that you are not an Indian, I hope you will not dislike the victuals which your poor servant shall set before you." At the same time he placed on a mat upon the floor, mangoes, cream-apples, yams, potatoes roasted in the ashes, broiled bananas and a dish of rice prepared with sugar and cocoa-nut milk, after which he withdrew to his mat seating himself by his wife and his infant child, who was asleep near her in a cradle. "Virtuous man," said the Briton, "you are much my superior, since you do good to those who despise you. If you refuse to honor me with your company on the same mat, I shall believe that you take me for a wicked man, and shall instantly leave your hut, were I even to be drowned by the rain, or devoured by tigers."

The Paria then advancing, sat down on the same mat with his guest, and both began to eat. Meanwhile the doctor enjoyed the pleasure of being under shelter in the midst of the tempest. The hut was as immovable as a rock: it was not only situated in the narrowest part of the valley, but was built under a *wax*, or banyan fig-tree, the ends of whose branches, bending down to the ground, take root;

and form as many arches, which support the principal stem. The foliage of this tree was so thick, that not a drop of water penetrated through it; and though the hurricane howled horribly, and the pealing thunder roared over head, yet the smoke of the fire which passed through the middle of the roof, and the flame of the lamp were not in the least agitated. The doctor admired the tranquillity of the Indian and his wife, still more profound than that of the elements. Their child, black and smooth as ebony, slept in its cradle, which the mother rocked with her foot, while she amused herself with making for her infant a necklace of red and black Angola peas. The father looked with eyes beaming affection, first at one and then at the other. The very dog participated in the general happiness; he lay with a cat before the fire, opened his eyes from time to time, and looked with a sigh at his master.

As soon as the Englishman had done eating, the Paria held him a live coal to light his pipe; and having lighted his own, he made a sign to his wife, who placed upon the mat two cocoa-nut-shell goblets, and a large calabash full of punch, which she had made during supper, with water, arrack, lemon juice, and the juice of the sugar-cane.

While they were smoking and drinking by turns, the doctor said to the Indian: "In my opinion you are one of the happiest, and consequently one of the wisest men that I ever met with. Permit me to ask you a few questions. How comes it that you are so tranquil in the midst of such a tremendous storm? You have no other covering than a tree, and trees attract lightning."—"Never was there an instance," replied the Paria, of a banian fig-tree being struck by lightning."—"That is very curious," replied the doctor, "that tree must undoubtedly have a negative electricity, like the laurel."—"I do not understand you," answered the Paria, "but my wife believes that the reason of it is because Brama one day took shelter under its foliage: for my part I think that God, having given the banian fig-tree very thick foliage and arched bowers to

shelter man from storms in this tempestuous climate, does not permit them to be struck by lightning."—"Your answer is truly religious," rejoined the doctor. "Then it is your confidence in God that imparts such composure to your mind. A good conscience is much more cheering than knowledge. Tell me, I pray, to what sect you belong; for you are not of any of those that are found in India, since no Indian will associate with you. In the list of learned casts which I have consulted in my travels, I have not found that of the Parias. In what part of India is your pagoda?"—"Every where," replied the Paria; "my pagoda is Nature; I adore her author at the rising of the sun, and bless him at the decline of day. Taught by misfortune, I never refuse my aid to one more wretched than myself. I endeavor to make my wife, my child, and even my cat and my dog happy. I await death at the end of my life, as a sweet slumber at the close of day."—"From what book have you imbibed these principles?" asked the doctor.—"From that of Nature," replied the Indian, "I know no other."—"Ah!" rejoined the Englishman, "that is a great book: but who taught you to read in it?"—"Adversity," answered the Paria. "As I was of a cast reputed infamous in my country, and could not be an Indian, I made myself a man; being an outcast from society, I sought refuge with Nature."—"But you must at least have a few books in your retirement," said the doctor.—"Not one," said the Paria, "I cannot even read or write."—"You have spared yourself many doubts and difficulties," said the doctor, rubbing his forehead: "as for me, I have been sent from England, my native country, to seek truth among the learned of many nations, in order to enlighten men, and make them more happy: but after much useless research, and many serious disputes, I have concluded that it is folly to seek truth, because when you have found it, you cannot declare it without making a great number of enemies. Tell me now sincerely, are not you of the same opinion?"—"Though I am but an igno-

rant man," answered the Paria, "since you permit me to express my opinion, I think that it behoves every man to seek truth for his own happiness; otherwise he would be avaricious, ambitious, superstitious, nay even a cannibal, according to the prejudices or interests of those by whom he was educated."

The doctor, who still bore in mind the three questions he had proposed to the chief of the Pandects, was delighted with the answer of the Paria. "Since you believe," said he, "that it behoves every man to seek the truth, tell me what means should he employ to discover it; for our senses frequently delude us, and our reason leads us still farther astray. Reason varies almost in every individual; in fact, I should conceive that it is nothing more than the particular interest of each of them: and on this account it differs so much all over the world. There are not two religions, two nations, two tribes, two families, nay, not even two men that think alike. With what sense then should truth be sought, if that of intelligence cannot be employed for the purpose!"—"I should imagine," replied the Paria, "that it should be sought with a simple heart. The senses and the understanding may be deceived; but a simple heart, though it may itself be deluded, never deludes."

"Your answer is just," said the doctor. "Truth should be sought with the heart, and not with the understanding. All men feel in the same manner, and reason differently, because the principles of truth are in Nature, and the consequences they deduce from them are their interests. Truth must, therefore, be sought with a simple heart; for a simple heart never pretended to understand what it did not understand, or believe what it did not believe. It is not instrumental either in deceiving itself or others; accordingly, a simple heart, instead of being weak like those of most men seduced by their interests, is strong, and adapted to the search of truth."—"You have explained my idea much better than I could have done," replied the

Paria; "truth is like the dew of heaven; to keep it pure, it must be received in a pure vessel."

"Admirably well said, sincere man!" answered the Briton; "but the most difficult part still remains to be settled. Where should truth be sought? A simple heart depends on ourselves, but truth depends on others. Where shall we find it, if those about us are seduced by their prejudices, or corrupted by their interests, as they in general are? I have visited many notions: I have ransacked their libraries; I have consulted their doctors, and have found nothing but contradictions, doubts, and opinions, a thousand times more varied than their languages. If truth cannot be found in the most celebrated store-houses of human knowledge, whither shall we go in quest of it? What advantage shall we derive from the possession of a simple heart, among men of false understandings and corrupted hearts?—"I should be inclined to suspect truth," answered the Paria, "were it conveyed to me only through the medium of men: it is not among them, but in Nature that it should be sought. Nature is the source of every thing that exists: her language is not unintelligible and variable like that of men and of their books. Men make books, but Nature makes things. To ground truth on a book would be as absurd as to deduce it from a picture or a statue, which can instruct only one country, and which time is daily impairing. All books are the art of man, but Nature is the art of God."

"You are perfectly right," answered the doctor. "Nature is the source of natural truths, but where exists the source of historical truths, for example, if not in books? How can we, at the present day, ascertain the truth of a circumstance which occurred two thousand years ago? Were those by whom it has been transmitted to us, free from prejudices and from party-spirit? had they a simple heart? Besides have not the books they transmit to us occasion for copyists, printers, commentators, translators; and do not all these alter the truth more or less? as you

justly observe, a book is but the art of man. We must, therefore, renounce all historic truth, since we receive it through the medium of men, liable to error."—"Of what importance to our happiness," said the Indian, "is the history of past events? The history of the present, is the history of the past and of the future."

"Very well," said the Englishman; "but you will admit that moral truths are necessary for the happiness of mankind. How are these to be found in Nature? The animals wage war, kill and devour each other; the very elements contend with the elements: shall men follow their example?"—"Oh, no!" replied the good Paria, "but every man will find the rule of his conduct in his own heart, if his heart be simple. Nature has engraved on it this law: Do not to others what you would not that others should do to you."—"It is true," answered the doctor; "she has regulated the interests of mankind by those of individuals: but how are religious truths to be discovered among so many traditions and forms of worship which divide nations?"—"In Nature herself," said the Paria; "if we contemplate her with a simple heart we shall there behold God in his power, his intelligence, his bounty; and as we are feeble, ignorant and miserable, this is sufficient to make us adore and love him all our lives, without engaging in foolish disputes."

"Admirable," exclaimed the Englishman. "But now: answer me this question; when we have discovered the truth, ought we to communicate it to others? If you publish it you will be persecuted by an infinite multitude of persons who live by the contrary error, maintaining that this very error is truth, and that whatever tends to destroy it is error."—"Truth," replied the Paria, "should be told only to such as have simple hearts, that is, to good people who seek it, and not to the wicked by whom it is rejected. Truth is like a valuable pearl, and the wicked man like a crocodile, who cannot hang it to his ears, because he has none. Throw a pearl to a crocodile; instead of adorning

himself with it, he would try to devour it; he would break his teeth, and rush furiously upon you as the cause of his disappointment."

"I have but one more objection to make," said the Englishman, "which is this. From what you have said, it follows that men are doomed to error, though truth is necessary for them; for since they persecute those who proclaim it, what teacher will venture to undertake the task of instructing them?"—"That teacher," replied the Paria, "who persecutes men with a view to enlighten them; I mean adversity."—"For once I think you are mistaken, man of Nature," replied the Englishman: "Adversity plunges men into superstition; it debases the heart and the understanding. The more wretched men are, so much the more vile, credulous, and servile they are."—"That is because they are not sufficiently wretched," rejoined the Paria. "Adversity resembles the black mountain of Bember on the confines of the burning kingdom of Lahor; while you are ascending you perceive nothing before you but barren rocks, but when you have gained the summit, you see the heavens over your head, and at your feet the delicious plains of Cashmir."

"A just and charming comparison!" replied the doctor, "every man has, indeed, in this life, his mountain to climb. Yours, virtuous recluse, must have been very rugged; for you have raised yourself to an elevation which no man that I ever knew had attained. You must have experienced great distress. But tell me for what reason is your cast so degraded, and that of the Bramins so highly honored in India? I have been to visit the superior of the pagoda of Jagernaut, who thinks no more than his idol, and is adored like a god."—"The reason is," replied the Paria, "because the Bramins pretend that they originally sprung from the head of Brama, and that the Parias issued forth from his feet. They add farther, that Brama, as he was travelling one day, applied for some refreshment to a Paria, who set before him human flesh. Since that time their cast has

been honored, and ours held in abhorrence throughout all India. We are not permitted to approach the towns, and any naire or rajahpoot may kill us, if we go only so near as to breathe upon him."—"By St. George," exclaimed the Briton, "that is exceedingly foolish and unjust! How could the Bramins have persuaded the Indians to believe such nonsense?"—"By instilling it into their minds in their infancy," answered the Paria; "and by incessantly repeating it to them: men may be taught like parrots."—"Unfortunate man!" said the doctor, "how did you contrive to extricate yourself from the abyss of infamy into which the Bramins had plunged you at your very birth? No greater calamity can befall a man, than to be debased in his own eyes; he is thus deprived of the first of consolations; for the most soothing of all is that which is found in the resources of his own mind."

"I first said to myself," replied the Paria: "Is the history of the god Brama true? It is related by none but the Bramins, who are interested in ascribing to themselves a celestial origin. They have, undoubtedly, invented the story of the Paria who endeavoured to make Brama a cannibal, to revenge themselves on the Parias, for refusing to believe the reports they circulated concerning their sanctity. I reflected farther: Admitting this circumstance to be true, God is just; he cannot involve a whole cast in the guilt of one of its members, when the cast had no participation in it. But supposing the whole cast of Parias had been accomplices in this crime, their descendants could not have been implicated. God punishes not in the children the faults of their ancestors whom they never saw, any more than he punishes in the forefathers, the sins of their unborn descendants. But farther, supposing I am now included in the punishment of a Paria guilty of perfidy against his god, thousands of years ago, without having participated in that guilt, can any thing, hated of God, continue to exist, and not be immediately destroyed? If I lay under the divine malediction, nothing that I plant

would thrive. Lastly, I said to myself, Admitting that I am hated of God, who is good to me, I will endeavour to make myself agreeable to him, by following his example, and doing good to those whom I ought to hate."

"But," asked the Englishman, "how did you contrive to live, being an outcast from the world?"—"In the first place," answered the Indian, "I reasoned in this manner: If all mankind are thine enemies, be a friend to thyself. Thy calamity is not too heavy for human strength. Be the rain ever so violent, a little bird receives but a drop at a time. I rambled in the woods, and on the banks of the rivers in quest of food, but in general could find nothing but some wild fruit, and was under great apprehensions from beasts of prey. Hence I was convinced that Nature had made scarcely any thing for man alone, and that she had attached my existence to that very society which had cast me out from its bosom. I then repaired to the deserted fields, which are very numerous in India, and always found some eatable plant which had survived the ruin of its cultivators. In this manner I roved from province to province, certain of finding every where a subsistence amid the relics of agriculture. When I found the seeds of any useful vegetable, I sowed them, saying; 'If I reap no benefit from them, others will.' I felt myself less wretched when I saw that I could do some good. There was one desire which I was very anxious to gratify, that of visiting some towns. I admired at a distance their ramparts and their towers, the prodigious concourse of vessels on their rivers, and caravans on their roads, laden with merchandise, conveyed thither from every point of the horizon; the troops who repaired thither on duty from the remotest provinces; the processions of ambassadors with their numerous retinues, arriving from foreign kingdoms, to make known fortunate events, or to conclude alliances. I approached as near as I might to their avenues, contemplating with astonishment the vast columns of dust raised by so many travellers, and I trembled with desire at the

confused noise proceeding from great cities, which sounds in the adjacent country like the murmuring of the waves breaking on the sea-shore. I said to myself: An assemblage of men of so many different conditions, uniting their industry, their riches, and their joy, must make a city a most delightful abode. But if I am not permitted to approach by day, what should prevent me from entering by night? A feeble mouse, which has so many enemies, goes to and fro wherever he pleases under cover of the darkness; he passes from the hut of the beggar to the palace of the king. The light of the stars is sufficient to enable him to enjoy life; why should I require that of the sun? It was in the vicinity of Delhi that I made these reflections; they emboldened me to approach the city at night, and I entered by the gate of Lahor. I first traversed a long solitary street, lined on either side with houses, in front of which are piazzas, and under these the shops of tradesmen. Here and there observed large caravanserais securely shut up, and vast bazars, or markets, where reigned profound silence. Advancing into the interior of the city, I came to the magnificent quarter of the Omrahs, full of palaces and gardens, situated on the banks of the Jumna. It rang with the sounds of instruments and the songs of the bayadares, who were dancing by the river-side by torch-light. I stopped at the gate of a garden to enjoy such a pleasing sight, but but was soon compelled to retire by the slaves, who drive away the poor with sticks. On leaving the quarter of the grandees, I passed by several pagodas of my religion, where a multitude of wretches were lying prostrate on the ground and weeping. I hastened away from these monuments of superstition and of terror. Farther on, the loud voices of the mollaha, announcing from aloft the hours of the night, informed me that I was at the foot of the minarets of a mosque. Near this place were the factories of the Europeans, with their flags, and watchmen incessantly crying: *Kaberdar!* take care! I then passed a large building, which I knew to be a prison from the clanking

of chains, and the groans that proceeded from it. I soon heard the cries of pain from a vast hospital, out of which were conveyed cart-loads of dead bodies. By the way I met thieves running along the streets, and watchmen pursuing them; groups of beggars who, in spite of the blows they received, continued their solicitations at the gates of the palaces, for the offal of their banquets, and women who publicly prostituted themselves for a subsistence. At length I arrived at an immense square, in the centre of which stands the palace of the Great Mogul. It was covered with the tents of the rajahs, or nabobs of his guard, and their divisions, distinguished from each other by torches, standards, and long canes, with tails of the cows of Thibet at the top: the fortress was surrounded by a wide ditch full of water, and defended by artillery. By the light of the fires kindled by the guards, I contemplated the towers of the castle which were lost in the clouds, and the length of the ramparts, which extended farther than the eye could reach. I should have liked to enter, but great korahs, or scourges, suspended from the posts, took away all desire of setting foot in the place. I stopped, therefore, at one end of it, near some negro slaves, who permitted me to rest myself by the fire round which they were sitting. There I viewed the imperial palace with admiration, and said to myself: Here then he dwells the happiest of men; it is for his obedience that so many religious preach; for his glory that so many ambassadors arrive; for his exchequer that so many provinces are strapped; for his pleasures that so many caravans travel; and for his safety that so many armed men watch in silence!

“While I was making these reflections, loud shouts of joy resounded over the whole square, and I saw eight camels, decorated with streamers, pass by. I was informed that they were loaded with the heads of rebels, sent to the Mogul by his generals from the province of Decan, where one of his sons, whom he had appointed governor, had

been carrying on war with him for three years. Soon afterwards arrived a courier on a dromedary, bringing intelligence of the loss of a frontier town of India, through the treachery of the governor, who had delivered it up to the king of Persia. Scarcely had this courier passed, when another dispatched by the governor of Bengal, came to announce that the Europeans, to whom the emperor for the benefit of commerce, had granted a factory at the mouth of the Ganges, had built a fortress there, and made themselves masters of the navigation of the river. A few minutes after the arrival of these two couriers, an officer came out of the palace at the head of a detachment of guards. The Mogul had ordered him to go to the quarter of the Omrahs, and to bring three of the principal of them in chains, being accused of a correspondence with the enemies of the state. He had the night before caused a Mollah to be confined, for having in his sermons pronounced a panegyric on the king of Persia, and declared the emperor of India an infidel, because he drank wine, in violation of the law of Mahomet. It was further reported that he had ordered one of his wives and two captains of his guard to be strangled, and thrown into the Jumna, for being concerned in the rebellion of his son. While I was reflecting on these tragic occurrences, a long flame of fire rose all at once from the kitchens of the seraglio: volumes of smoke mingled with the clouds, and its red light illumined the towers of the fortress, its ditches, the square, the minarets of the mosques, and extended to the very horizon. Large kettle-drums of copper, and the karnas, or hautboys of the guard, immediately gave the alarm with a dreadful noise: troops of cavalry spread over the city, breaking open the doors of houses near the palace, and obliging the inhabitants with stripes to hasten to extinguish the fire. I too found how dangerous the neighbourhood of the great is to the little. The great are like the fire which burns even those who throw incense into it, if they approach too near. I endeavoured

to escape, but all the avenues of the square were blocked up. I should have found it impossible to get away, had not the side on which I was providentially been that of the seraglio. As the eunuchs were removing the women from it upon elephants, they facilitated my escape; for as fast as the guards compelled the inhabitants, with stripes, to go and assist at the fire, the elephants, with their trunks, obliged them to retire. Now pursued by the one, now driven back by the others, I at length escaped from amidst this terrible confusion, and by the light of the fire proceeded to the other extremity of the suburbs, where, in their humble cottages, far from the great, the poor rested in piece from their labors. There I again began to take breath. I said to myself: I have at last seen a city; I have beheld the abode of the masters of nations! Oh! by how many masters are not they themselves enslaved! Even in the season of repose, they are subservient to voluptuousness, ambition, superstition and avarice: they have reason to fear, even in their sleep, a multitude of wretched and mischievous creatures by whom they are surrounded, robbers, beggars, prostitutes, incendiaries, and their very soldiers, priests, and grandees. What must be the state of this city by day, if it is so turbulent during the night? The miseries of man increase with his pleasures. How much, then, is the emperor, who possesses them all, to be pitied! He has occasion to fear civil and foreign wars, and the very objects that constitute his consolation and his defence, his generals, his guards, his mollahs, his wives and his children. The ditches of his fortress cannot check the phantoms of superstition, nor can his well-trained elephants repel gloomy cares. For my part, I fear none of all these things; no tyrant possesses any empire either over my body or my soul. I can serve God according to the dictates of my conscience, and have nothing to apprehend from man, if I do not torment myself: in truth, a Paria is less wretched than an emperor. As I uttered these words, my eyes overflowed with tears; and dropping

upon my knees, I returned thanks to heaven, which, to teach me to endure my miseries, had exhibited to my view others still more intolerable.

"Since that time I have confined my visits to the suburbs of Delhi; there I beheld the stars shining upon the habitations of men and mingling with their fires, as if the heavens and the city had formed one and the same domain. When the moon rose to illumine the scene, I perceived other colors besides those of day. I admired the silvery hue of the trees reflected at a distance in the waters of the Jumna. I traversed unmolested whole quarters solitary and silent, and the entire city then seemed to be my own; and yet its inhabitants would have refused me a handful of rice, so great was the destestation in which religion caused me to be held! As I could not find a subsistence among the living, I sought it among the dead, I repaired to the cemeteries to eat upon the tombs the food offered there by the piety of relations. Here I loved to meditate: Here, said I to myself, is the city of peace; here neither power nor pride can intrude; here innocence and virtue are secure; here all the fears of life, even that of dying, are extinct; here is the inn where the weary traveller rests for ever from his fatigues, and here the persecuted Paria reposes. With such ideas I began to think death desirable, and to despise the world. I fixed my eyes on the sky, where multitudes of stars were every moment bursting forth to view. Though a stranger to their destinies, I was convinced that they were connected with those of men, and that Nature, who has rendered so many things which they cannot see subservient to their wants, had assuredly connected with them such as she had placed in their sight. My soul then soared into the firmament among the stars, and when Aurora added her rosy tints to their soft and everlasting rays, I fancied myself at the portals of heaven. But no sooner did her beams gild the tops of the pagodas, than I disappeared like a spirit; I withdrew far from men, to repose in the fields at the foot

of some tree, where I was lulled to sleep by the singing of birds."

"Tender and unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Briton; "how affecting is your narrative! Believe me most cities are not worth seeing but by night. After all, Nature has nocturnal beauties which are not the least touching; a famous poet of my country has celebrated no others. But, tell me, how did you contrive to make yourself happy by daylight?"

"It was a great thing," replied the Indian, "to be happy by night. Nature resembles a beautiful woman, who by day exhibits only the beauties of her face to the eyes of the vulgar, but at night reveals all her secret charms to her lover. But if solitude has its pleasures, it has likewise its privations; it appears to the unfortunate a peaceful haven, whence he beholds, unaffected, the impetuous current of the passions of others; but while he is congratulating himself on his tranquility, time hurries him also along. It is impossible to cast anchor in the river of life; it carries away both the man that struggles against its current, and him who abandons himself to it, the wise man as well as the fool, and both arrive at the conclusion of their days, one after abusing, and the other without enjoying them. I desired not to be wiser than Nature, nor to find happiness beyond the limits of the laws she has prescribed for man. I ardently wished for a friend to whom I might communicate my pleasures and my pains. Such a person I long sought among my equals, but found them all infected with envy. I, however, found one that was affectionate, grateful, faithful, untainted with prejudices: he was not, indeed, of my species; it was the dog you there see at your feet. He had been turned out, when quite young, into the street, where he was near perishing of hunger. I felt compassion for his fate; I took care of him; he grew attached to me, and I made him my inseparable companion. This was not sufficient: I wanted a friend that was more wretched than a dog,

who was acquainted with all the miseries of human life, and could assist me to bear them; who was desirous only of the gifts of Nature, and with whom I could enjoy them. It is only by entwining their branches that two feeble shrubs are able to resist the storm. Providence accomplished my wishes by giving me a good wife. At the source of my wretchedness I found that of my felicity. One night when I was in the cemetery of the Bramins, I perceived by the moon-light a young female Bramin, half covered with her yellow veil. At the sight of a woman of the blood of my tyrants, I drew back with horror, but I approached her from compassion, when I beheld the duty in which she was engaged. She was placing food upon a hillock that covered the ashes of her mother, who had recently been burned alive, with the corpse of her father, according to the custom of the east; she was burning incense over it to call her spirit. My eyes filled with tears on beholding a person more wretched than myself. Alas! I exclaimed; I am bound by the bonds of infamy; but thou by those of glory. At any rate I live peacefully at the bottom of my precipice, while thou totterest on the brink of thine. The same doom which has befallen thy mother, threatens one day to be thy own. Thou has received but one life, and thou must die two deaths: if thy own death should not bring thee to the grave, that of thy husband will plunge thee into it alive. I wept and she wept: our eyes, suffused with tears, met and spoke to each other the language of affliction; she turned from me, covered herself with her veil, and retired. The next night I repaired to the same place. This time she had placed a greater quantity of food on the grave of her mother; she judged that I wanted it, and as the Bramins frequently poison their funeral meats to prevent the Pariahs from eating of them, she brought nothing but fruit, that I might entertain no apprehension of the kind. I was touched with this token of her humanity, and to shew the respect I felt for her filial offering, instead of taking her

fruits, I strewed flowers over them. These were poppies, expressive of the part I took in her sorrows. The next night I observed with joy that she approved my homage; the poppies were watered, and she had placed a fresh basket of fruit at some distance from the grave. Compassion and gratitude made me bold. Not daring to speak to her as a Paria, for fear of exposing her to trouble, I resolved, as a man, to express all the affections she had excited in my soul. To make myself understood, I borrowed, according to the custom of India, the language of the flowers; to the poppies I added marigolds. The next night I found my poppies and marigolds refreshed with water. The night following I became still bolder; joining with the poppies and marigolds a flower of fousapatte, which is used by shoemakers to stain leather black, as the expression of a humble and unfortunate passion. The next morning, at the dawn of day, I hastened to the grave; but found the flower withered, because it had not been watered. The succeeding night I placed there, with trembling hand, a tulip, whose red leaves and black heart expressed the flames by which I was consumed: the next day I found my tulip in the same state as the fousapatte. I was overwhelmed with grief; yet the second day afterwards I carried thither a rose-bud with its thorns, as a symbol of my hopes mingled with many fears. But what was my despair when I beheld, by the first glimmering of day, my rose-bud hurled far from the grave! I thought I should have lost my senses. I then resolved to speak to her, let the consequences be what they would. The following night the moment she appeared, I threw myself at her feet, but unable to utter a word, I presented her my rose. 'Unhappy man?' said she, 'thou speakest to me of love, to me who shall soon be no more. After the example of my mother, I must accompany my husband who is just dead, to the funeral pile. He was old; I was married to him when a child. Adieu; retire and forget me; in three days I shall be but a handful of ashes.' She

said, and sighed. Impressed with profound sorrow, I replied: 'Unfortunate Bramin, Nature has burst the bonds which society had imposed upon you; now break yourself those of superstition. This you may do, by accepting me for your husband.'—'What!' exclaimed she, with tears, 'shall I shun death to live with thee in disgrace! Ah! if thou lovest me, let me die!'—'Heaven forbid,' I rejoined, 'that I should extricate you from your misery only to plunge you into mine! Beloved Bramin! let us flee together to the recesses of the forest; it is better to trust ourselves with tigers than with men. But heaven, in which I confide, will not abandon us. Let us go: love, night, thy wretchedness, thy innocence, are all in our favor. Let us hasten, unfortunate widow, thy funeral pile is already preparing, and thy deceased husband summons thee away!' She then fixed her eyes with a sigh on the grave of her mother, then turned them towards heaven, and dropping one of her hands into mine, took my rose with the other. I took her immediately by the arm, and we departed. I threw her veil into the Ganges, to make her relations believe that she had drowned herself. We continued our course several nights along the banks of the river, concealing ourselves by day in the rice-fields. At length we arrived in this country, formerly depopulated by war. I penetrated into the recesses of this wood, where I have built this hut, and planted a little garden, and here we live perfectly happy. I revere my wife as the luminary of day, and I love her as that of night. In this retirement we are every thing to each other; we were despised by the world; but as we mutually esteem each other, the praises which I bestow, or which I receive from her, appear more grateful than the applause of a whole nation." So saying he looked at his infant in his cradle, and at his wife, who was shedding tears of joy.

The doctor wiping his eyes, said to his host: "In truth, what is honored among men, is often deserving of their contempt, and what is despised by them is often worthy

of being honored. But God his just ! you are a thousand times more happy in your obscurity, than the chief of the Bramins of Jagernaut in all his glory. He is exposed, like the rest of his cast, to all the revolutions of fortune : on them fall most of the calamities of the civil and foreign wars which have for so many ages desolated your beautiful country ; 'tis they who are required to raise forced contributions, on account of the empire they possess over the opinion of the people. But what is still more cruel for them, they are the first victims of their inhuman religion. By preaching up error, they impress it so deeply on their own minds, that they lose the sentiment of truth, justice, humanity, and piety ; they are bound in the chains of superstition, with which they endeavour to enthrall their countrymen. They are obliged to perform incessant ablutions and purifications, and to abstain from a great number of innocent pleasures. Finally, what cannot be said without horror, in consequence of their barbarous doctrines, they behold their relatives, mothers, sisters, daughters, burned alive. In this manner they are punished by Nature, whose laws they have violated. As for you, you may be sincere, benevolent, just, hospitable, pious ; and you escape the strokes of fortune, and the miseries of opinion, by means of your humiliation itself."

After this conversation, the Paria left his guest to take his repose, and retired with his wife taking with him the cradle of his child, into an adjoining room.

At day-break the next morning the doctor was awaked by the singing of the birds, which had built their nests in the branches of the Indian fig-tree, and by the voices of the Paria and his wife, who were jointly offering their morning supplication. He rose, and was exceedingly mortified when the Paria and his wife, opening their door to wish him good morning, he perceived that they had no other bed in the hut than the conjugal couch, which they had relinquished to him, and had sat up all night themselves. After they had saluted him, they hastened to

prepare breakfast. Meanwhile he took a turn in the garden ; he found that he was surrounded, like the hut with arcades of the Indian fig-tree, so thickly entwined as to form a hedge impervious even to the eye. He only perceived above their foliage the red sides of the rock which flanked the valley all round him ; and from which issued a little stream that watered this garden, planted without any kind of order. He observed mangoustans, orange-trees, cocoa-trees, litches, durions, manguias, jacquiers, bananas, and other vegetables, in fruit or flower, growing promiscuously. Their very trunks were covered ; the betel twined itself round the areka-palm, and the pepper climbed up the sugar-cane. The air was embalmed with their perfumes. Though most of the trees were still in the shade, the first rays of Aurora began to tinge their tops, around which fluttered innumerable colibris, sparkling like rubies and topazes, while the beugali and the sensasoule, or the bird with five hundred voices, executed their melodious concerts on their nests. The doctor was walking beneath these charming shades, free from learned and ambitious thoughts, when the Paria came to invite him to breakfast. "Your garden is delightful," said the Englishman, "the only fault I find with it is, that it is too small. Were I in your place I would add a green to it, and extend it into the forest." "Sir," replied the Paria, "the less space we occupy, the more secure we are : a leaf is sufficient for the nest of the humming-bird." They entered the hut, where they found the Paria's wife in a corner, suckling her child. After a silent repast, the doctor was preparing to depart, when the Indian said to him : "My guest, the country is still inundated with the rain of the night, the roads are impassable ; stay this day with us." "I cannot," said the doctor, "I have too many people with me." "I see," rejoined the Paria, "that you are in haste to quit the country of the Bramins, and to return to that of the Christians, whose religion teaches all men to live like brethren." The doctor rose, sighing ; on which the Paria made a sign to his wife, who, with down-

cast eyes, silently presented to the doctor a basket filled with flowers and fruits. The Paria then addressed the Englishman in these terms :

“Excuse our poverty, Sir: we have neither ambergris nor the wood of aloes with which to perfume our guests, according to the custom of India; but I hope you will not despise this little basket, filled by the hand of my wife. There are in it neither poppies nor marigolds, but jasmin, mougri, and bergamotte, which, by their perfumes, are emblems of our affection, the remembrance of which will remain when we shall see you no more.” The doctor took the basket and said to the Paria: “I cannot make a sufficient acknowledgment for your hospitality, or testify all the esteem I feel for you. Accept this gold watch; it is the work of the most celebrated watchmaker in London.” “We have no occasion for a watch, sir,” answered the Paria; “we have one which never stands still, and is never out of order; I mean the sun.” “My watch strikes the hours,” added the doctor. “Our birds sing them,” rejoined the Paria. “At least,” said the doctor, “accept these strings of beads, to make necklaces for your wife and child.” “My wife and child,” answered the Indian, “will never want red necklaces as long as our garden produces Angola peas.” “Then take these pistols,” said the doctor, “to defend yourselves against robbers in your solitude.” “Poverty,” said the Paria, “is a rampart which protects us from robbers; the very silver which decorates your pistols would be sufficient to attract them hither. In the name of God who protects us, and from whom we expect our reward, deprive us not of the recompence for our hospitality!” “And yet,” replied the Englishman, “I should wish you to have some token of remembrance.” “Well, my honoured guest,” replied the Paria, “since you desire it, I will take the liberty to propose an exchange; give me your pipe, and take mine. When I smoke in yours I shall call to mind that an European Paundect once deigned to accept the hospitality of a poor Paria.” The doctor immediately presented to him his pipe of Eng-

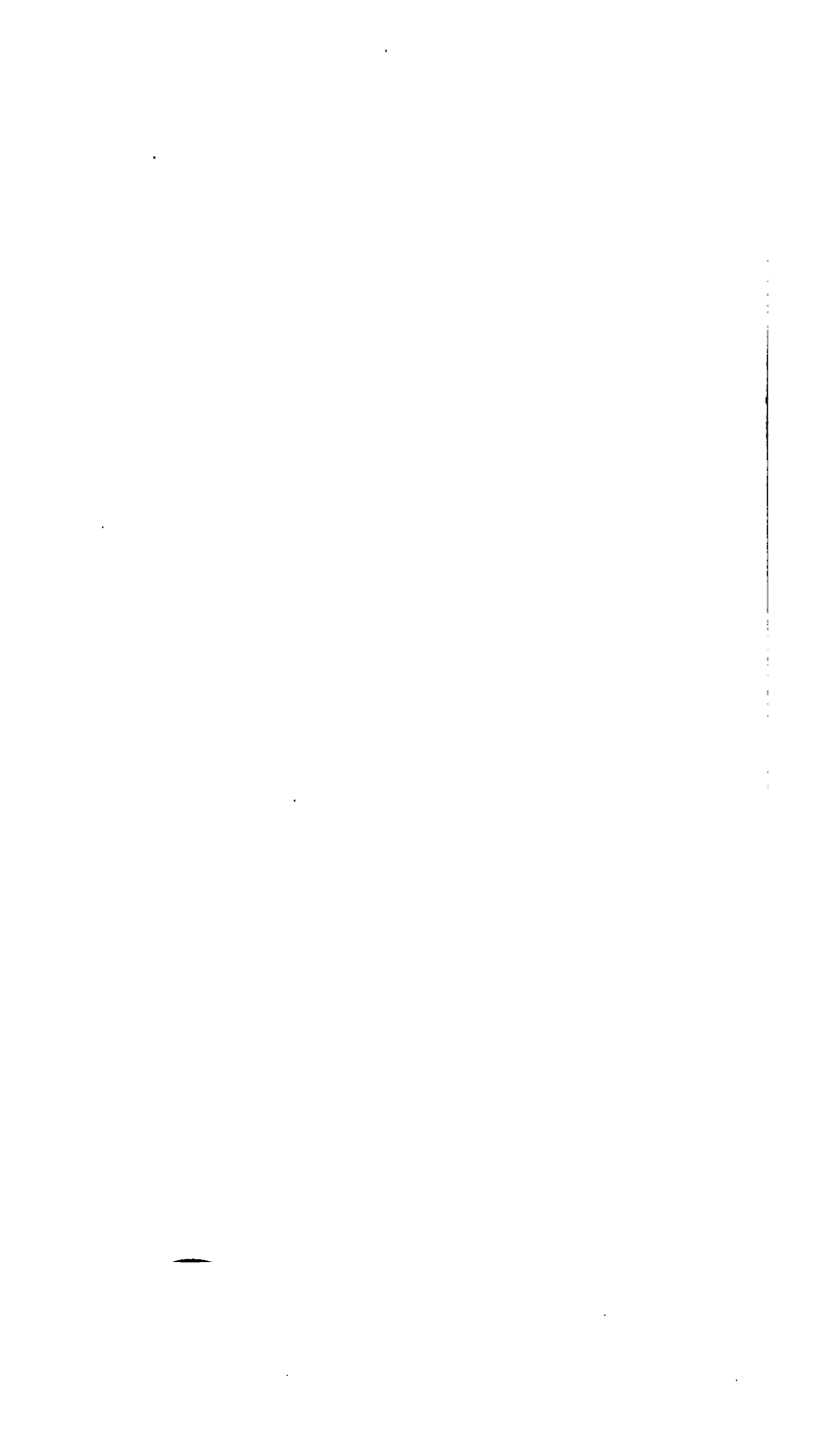
lish leather, with a mouth-piece of yellow amber, and receive in return that of the Paria, made of wood, with a bowl of baked earth.

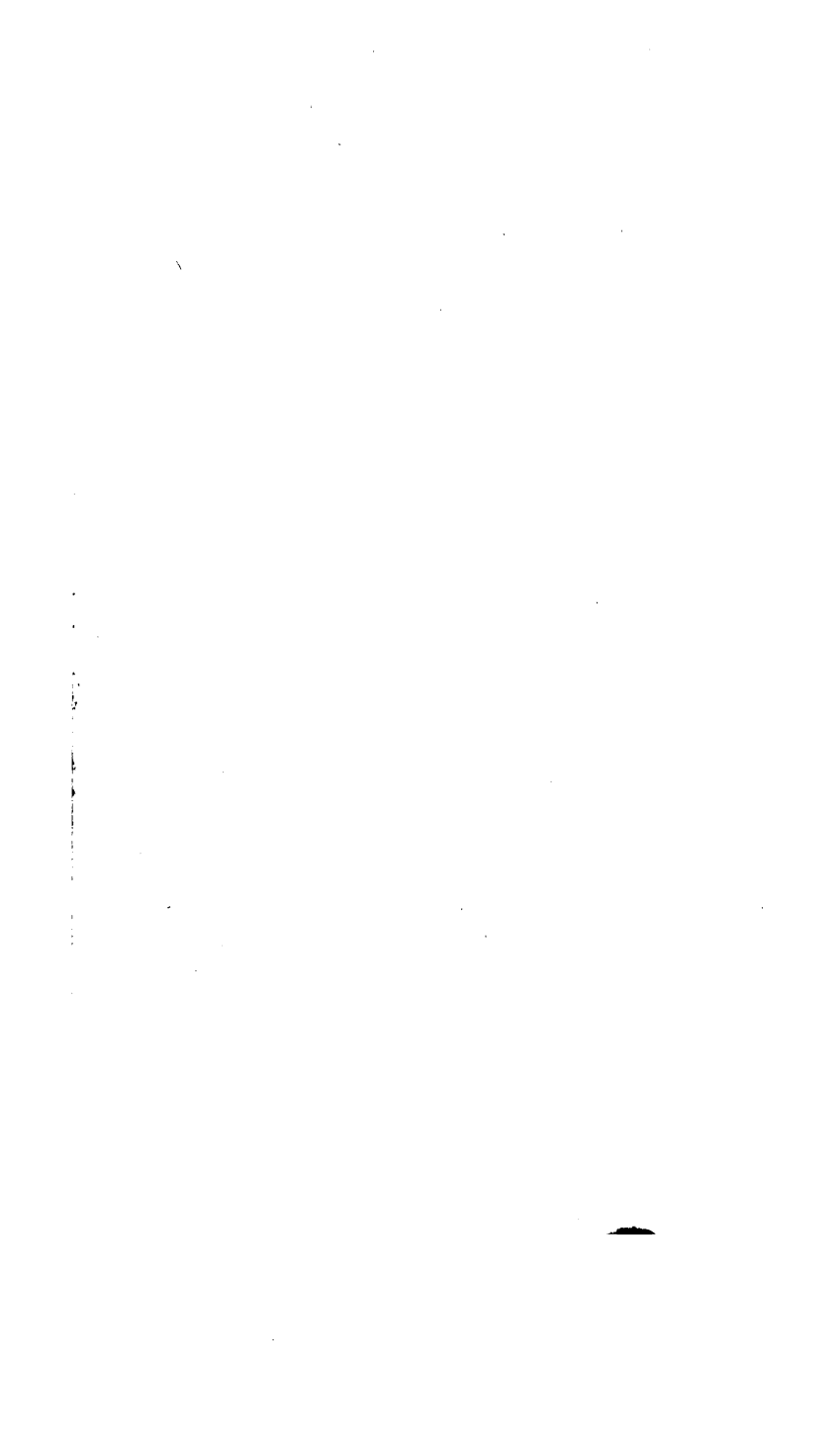
He then called his attendants, who were in a deplorable condition after such a dismal night, and having embraced the Paria, he stepped into his palanquin. The Paria's wife, who could not restrain her tears, remained at the door of the hut, with her child in her arms; but her husband accompanied the doctor to the extremity of the wood, loading him with benedictions. "May God reward you," said he, "for your goodness towards the unfortunate! May he conduct you in safety to England, that land of learning and of friendship, whose children seek the truth over the whole world, for the happiness of mankind!" "I have traversed half the globe," replied the doctor, "and have met with nothing but error and discord: I have found truth and happiness no where but in your cottage." At these words they parted with mutual tears. The doctor was already at a great distance, when he still saw the virtuous Paria at the foot of a tree, making signs with his hands to bid him adieu.

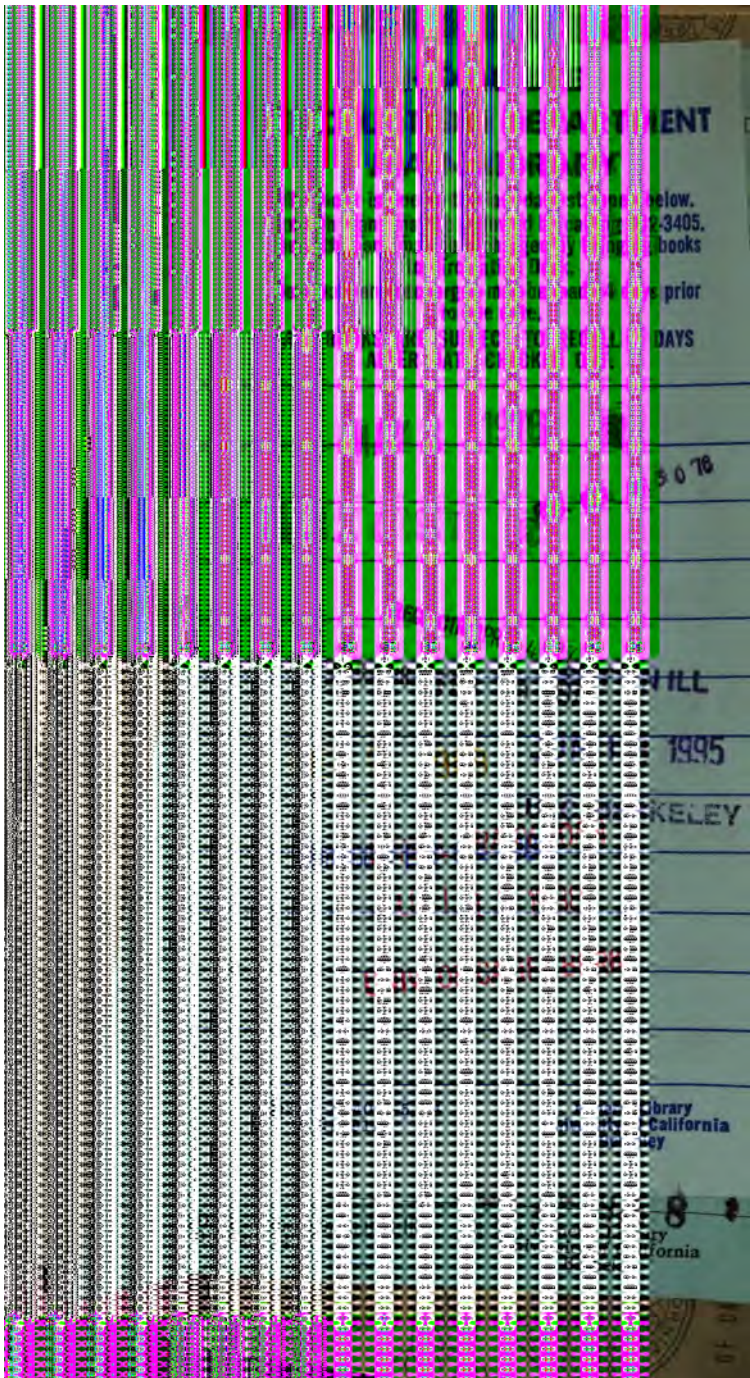
The doctor, on his return to Calcutta, embarked for Chaderagoer, whence he set sail for England. On his arrival in London, he delivered the ninety bales of manuscripts to the president of the Royal Society, who deposited them in the British Museum, where the literati and journalists are still engaged in translating, praising, abusing and criticising them. As for the doctor, he kept to himself the Paria's three answers on truth. He often smoked in his pipe, and when he was asked what was the most useful information he had acquired in his travels, he would reply: "Truth should be sought with a simple heart; it is to be found only in Nature, and should be communicated only to the good." To this he would add: "Happiness is to be found no where but in the company of a good wife."

THE END.









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